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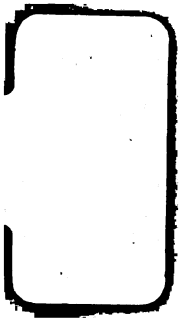

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PREFACE.

WHILE congratulating our friends on the commencement of a New Year, we have also to congratulate ourselves on the continuance of their favour, encouraging us to renew the willing task of administering, as the Lord shall enable us, to their pleasure and profit. Many an anxious and prayerful thought, we can honestly assure them, does the work cost; encompassed as it is with difficulties that do not appear on the surface. One or two of these we will submit to our indulgent supporters.

The incidental mention, in an early 'Chapters on Flowers' of the work in which a valued friend had been diligently engaged among the Irish poor in St. Giles', brought to our hands, altogether unexpectedly, some donations towards carrying it on. These multiplied; and when mention was made, on the return of a centenary, of the state to which the persecuted Irish Clergy were reduced, no less a sum than nine hundred pounds was actually forwarded to us, in various contributions, which we faithfully applied, to the best of our judgment, directed as it was by friends on the spot. Again, the blessed institution at Edgeworthtown, the valuable schools in St. Giles', the Achill mission, the Female mission, and the rescued

children of poor Mrs. O'Neil, all bear a rich testimony to the abounding liberality of our dear Christian friends—to whom may the Lord render a thousand fold for their readiness in ministering to the temporal and spiritual wants of others, for His name's sake!

But a very serious difficulty has grown out of this blessing: we are now assailed on all sides by societies—or rather by individuals especially interested in them—and on behalf of private families or persons, proposed institutions, and a variety of cases to which we find it very painful to say *no*, but which, if we admitted them, would really so occupy our pages, and weary the minds of our readers, that we must alter our title into that of the Monthly Mendicant, or at least the Monthly Advertiser, and be amenable to the revenue for no small amount of duty on the latter score. Indeed, there are moments when we should half be tempted to regret having raised such general expectations by pleading in a few special cases, did not a glance at what has been done, and what is yet doing through the bounty of our Christian Ladies, fill our heart with joy and our lips with praise. We claim the privilege of adverting, from time to time, to those institutions already under the patronage of our subscribers; but we cannot hold forth encouragement to press the admission of others, more particularly as most of the former are progressive works, and need continued support. There is still great distress among the Lord's ministers in some parts of Ireland: Edgeworthtown is struggling on. Our Schools and Dispensary in St. Giles' have more than once been on the point of being closed, through the difficulty of raising funds. The Achill

work would spread over every island on that western coast, with the most brilliant prospect of triumphant success, could we but enlarge the means of sending forth scripture-readers and teachers among them: and the Female Mission houses are full—always full—and many a fainting applicant reluctantly but unavoidably sent from the doors. On these grounds we plead for indulgence with those whose benevolence leads them to desire publicity for their various appeals through our pages.

The other point is one where the only difficulty is rapidly disappearing. We have had a few applications, strongly urged, to banish the subject of Protestantism; or at least the open and sustained Protestation against Rome, from our little miscellany. We cannot say that we have ever, for a moment, hesitated on this point: to lay down the pen would be no difficult matter—we could find other ways of working: but to waver or falter in the course of determined, open hostility against the destroying enemy of God's truth and of men's souls, we dare not. Neither is there any temptation so to do; for we have many delightful testimonies to the utility of this course, even from some who at first disliked and reprehended it: and to such as yet feel unconvinced of the perils that overhang our church and nation from the rapid advances of that enemy, we only say, Bear with us a while longer—you will confess that there was a cause for what you now object against; and that, seeing as we do the approach of what you may not discern till it actually arrives, we may no more dare to cease from directing your attention to it than we might dare, if we saw your dress on the point of being ignited by an undiscovered coal at your feet, to re-

frain from pointing out the source of your imminent danger.

We again return grateful acknowledgments to all our friends; beseeching them, whether or no they concur in our sentiments on these and other subjects, to seek for us at the Fountain of all grace the wisdom which is from above; and a blessing on the endeavour to use it rightly.

1838.

THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1838.

CHAPTERS ON FLOWERS.

THERE is, I think, only one among the usual phenomena of our climate, to which I cannot reconcile myself. A clear sunny sky is exhilarating, a cloudy one generally picturesque. Light rain is refreshing; a good pelting shower is emphatic. A gusty day is pregnant with amusing incidents, a steady gale rouses all one's energies to withstand it; and a regular tempest is the *ne plus ultra* of magnificence. But a fog! a misty drizzle distilling from a low, colourless, shapeless, monotonous sky—this is a sore trial of patience. Nor am I singular in acknowledging the ungenial influence of such a season: for my dog drops his ears, and looks pensive; my cat exhibits an aspect decidedly melancholy; my playful squirrel huddles himself up in a corner of his box, disregarding the call to come forth; and even my noble falcon, bold as the mountains of her native

Donegal, and sprightly as the peasant maidens who cull the flax at their feet—even my beautiful Jess, sits with ruffled plumage and depressed head, a miniature personification of the king of birds, as described by Gray, when slumber has quenched

> The terror of his beak, the lightning of his eye.

Who would not pity a poor scribbler under such circumstances, reminded by a hint from the region of types—I mean a typographical, not a typical hint —that it was full time to supply the cravings of the press with a Chapter on Flowers. With loitering step and woful countenance, and head as misty as the weather, I entered my study this morning, trying to conjure up the phantom of some flower, with its appropriate reminiscences, when behold! just placed on my table by the hand of affectionate indulgence, —unconscious how timely was the boon—appeared two flower-pots, the one containing a most beautiful heath, the other a plant of fragrant mignonette. Both of these are full to overflowing with recollections precious to my heart. The language of flowers, addressed to me as I walk along, is ever, 'Don't you remember?' and oh, in what touching unison the heath and mignonette appeal to my spirit now! The seed of the latter was the first that my fond father gave me to sow in the little garden portioned out, in his own most noble and spacious one, and divided between me and my lovely brother, with the scrupulous impartiality that tends above all other things to keep unbroken the bond of fraternal love: the former, the flowering heath, was the last gift bestowed by that beloved hand on his delighted girl,

before a sudden, instantaneous blow, laid it powerless in death. I know not now, but hereafter I shall know, why two out of the three precious ties which bound my heart from infancy, were snapped with such fearful abruptness;—why my midnight sleep was broken by a frantic summons to come and see my father die; and why, after many a long year, my waking eye must fall upon a letter exciting no alarm, but holding out the hope of pleasant news from the distant object of my fondest affection—and telling me that he was drowned!

"Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." There is not in man, nor in any created intelligence, that which will enable the lacerated heart secretly and sincerely to breathe those words. I say secretly, because, without any conscious insincerity, the lip will often utter such language, when the spirit is internally writhing with resisted, but not subdued, rebellion. I know not whether perfect and unvarying resignation to the stripes of our Father's rod is the experience of any of his children. It is not mine; rebellion is written on me, in legible characters; but sometimes, when the tide of awakened emotion sets in with a rush of recollections the most overwhelming, a voice mightier than the noise of many waters, says, "Peace, be still!" and immediately there is a great calm; so great, so sweet, so wonderful, that it can be no other than the work of Him, who, touched with a feeling of our infirmities, has the sympathy of man, to comprehend the sorrow, and the omnipotence of God to subdue it.

Now, looking again upon the flowers before me, I am struck with the vast privilege of mind; its prerogatives so far above the nearest approach that

animal instinct in its highest developement can attain to. My dumb companions are all remarkably sagacious, and have been brought to such an amicable understanding, that the little dog frequently shares his basket with the cat,—the latter has many a game of play with the squirrel, through his bars,—and I have seen the falcon between the dog's paws,—without either exhibiting alarm or anger, although the whole party combine in testifying the hottest displeasure, if a strange animal enters their presence. So companionable they are, that sometimes I can hardly trace the separating line between their fine instinct and the reasoning principle in man; but here it stands out in striking inferiority. There is in them no perception of what is so thrillingly felt by me: they all look at the beauteous plants, because their vigilance is alive to the introduction of any new object among them: the squirrel is fearful, the cat suspicious, the falcon curious, and the dog jealous: but the whole world of flowers may bloom, in all their splendid tints, and breathe their united sweets, without affording aught that can counteract the atmospherical influence. In short, matter remains buried in the fog, while mind soars far above it to regions of sunshine and joy.

The Mignonette, as I have remarked, takes precedence of all other flowers in my gardening associations. Well do I remember the site of my small estate, skirting a gentle grassy ascent in the orchard, down which it was our special delight to roll our plump little persons on a warm dry day. My father, whose taste for floriculture was remarkable, had requested his favourite gardener to procure a new and choice specimen of the flower; and, on opening the

paper, he exclaimed, 'Why, Thorne, you promised me a particular sort; but this is the common Mignonette.' 'No, no, sir,' replied the gardener, proudly pointing to the inscription on the wrapper; 'this is the Mig-no-net-te.' The deep dimple in my father's cheek betrayed the smile that his kind feeling strove to repress; and without farther remark, he served out to us respectively a pinch of the distinguished seed, which we carefully deposited and raked over: though I cannot suppose that it came to maturity; as an obstinate propensity for having what is called too many irons in the fire, generally induced me to set one plant over another, to the destruction of all. The Mignonette became, however, from that day, a prime favourite with me; and such it will remain, 'while memory holds her seat;' for it brings to mind, almost to view, that noble orchard, with its many trees; in the midst of them a magnificent mulberry, of great age and extraordinary dimensions, from whose topmost height I have often seen the large white owl sally forth on her nocturnal foray, and the bat wheel round and round, then plunge into the impenetrable fortress of twisted boughs and broad luxuriant leaves. On the opposite side of the garden, a shrubbery wound, interspersed with many rare and beautiful plants; while our own little grassy knoll stretched down even to the low windows of the principal room in an old-fashioned brick house, covered to the eaves with a vine that seemed coeval with itself. These recollections are the sweeter, because the scene survives in memory only. I was but ten years old when we bade a final adieu to the abode; and, eight years after that, having an opportunity of revisiting it, I flew, rather than ran, to the window of

my old apartment overlooking the garden, and beheld —a timber-yard!

Sometimes I regret having ever undertaken these Chapters on Flowers. They lead to much egotism; and no doubt provoke many smart observations from readers whose minds, unsoftened by adversity, and, perhaps, naturally superior to the comparative trifles that always had power to engage mine, see little besides puerility, affectation, and prejudice, in their pages. Yet, occasionally, I meet a tearful look, accompanied with the remark, 'Your chapter touched a chord in my bosom and soothed a troubled spirit;' or something similar. Therefore, in the commencement of a new year, I have again resumed the floral biography, desiring to assure those who feel with me that their approval is dear to my heart; and protesting to those who do not, that they cannot think more contemptuously of me and my work, than, by God's grace, I am myself enabled to do.

Next after the heartsease, I think the Mignonette is the most perseveringly delightful of flowers. As lowly in situation, less attractive in aspect, but so fragrant, so durable, so willing to take root, and grow, and gladden all around it, in any soil, on any spot, under any circumstances, it seems to typify the active, unassuming Christian, with singular propriety. How often, on entering a garden, or a room, the sense is feasted as by the odour of a thousand flowers, when not a single bright tint meets the eye, until the faint blush upon those tiny blossoms, distinguishing them from the green stem and leaf, reveals the source of such welcome fragrance. That blush especially becomes the lowly flower, and the retiring Christian, who lives, and grows, and works, while

others live, and grow, and sparkle. There are many such; my Mignonette, like the ivy, represents a class; and I will name that class forthwith, and glory in it, while I name it—The Irish Scripture Readers.

'What! more of Ireland and the Irish?' Dear friend, yes. You do not know enough of them yet, not even if you be cradled in the very bosom of the Green Isle. Some of you are, I know; and some will read this, who may remember when, amid a cluster of warm hearts, beneath the shade of a noble grove, near a venerable ruin, where a very paradise of bright flowers, and brighter smiles, is watered by the majestic Slaney, a fair twin said to me, 'We do love your chapters, and cherish all the flowers you name.' That day was one of deep enjoyment, and infused new energy into me: it taught me that young hearts might be roused, and young hands nerved, in the cause of their country, even by such means as these. Let those who refreshed my spirit then, cherish the little, lowly Mignonette, and blend with its character the humble work of men, who, unobserved, disregarded, yea, often trampled upon, are breathing through the wilderness the savour of life unto life.

These men are generally, indeed almost exclusively, taken from the humblest walks of society, day-labourers, weavers, and sometimes the keepers of hedge-schools. The word of life, by some appointed means, reaches the ear and heart of the poor native Irishman: he feels its quickening power, and being himself raised from the death of trespasses and sins, he looks abroad upon his countrymen, still lying under the shadow of death, and, constrained by the

love of Christ, burns to make known among them the unsearchable riches of his Saviour. The Irish being his vernacular tongue, he speedily learns to read it, by means of some circulating school of the blessed 'Irish Society,' and, armed with the Sword of the Spirit, he goes forth to assail the strong holds of Satan, in the heart of the Beast's dominions. This exposes him to a storm of persecution, well understood by such as reside in Ireland, but inconceivable by an English subject. As regards his own neighbourhood and class in society, it may truly be said that every man's hand is against him, though every man's heart is not. The power of priestly intimidation is brought to bear on all who venture to encourage him; for there is not upon earth so terrible an object to a true priest of Rome, as the Holy Bible; unless it be the man who dares to proclaim its sacred truths, in a language understood by the people. Consequently, the vassals of popery must stand arrayed to oppose him; and it is too undeniable a fact, that, except where the mind has been spiritually enlightened, the nominal Protestant beholds with suspicious dislike one who has forsaken the religion of his fathers; and sneeringly denounces 'the turncoat,' though the turn that he has taken is from darkness to light, from the power of Satan to God.

There is not, perhaps, among the hundreds of Irish scripture readers, at this moment one, who cannot set the seal of his individual experience to Paul's declaration—"No man stood by me." The enemy levels his fiery darts at every child of God: how much more anxiously and accurately at one who goes about to assail the strongest foundations of his most elevated throne! I know, and I avow, that to attack

popery is to incur the fiercest assaults of hell: to rouse up a host of opposers, calumniators, open foes and false brethren, from without; fears, temptations, and fiery trials within. Our solemn convictions are denounced as prejudices, our zeal as intemperance, our forethought, fanaticism. Shielded from violence, surrounded by encouraging helpers, and cheered on our path by their approving countenance, still we, who, in Protestant England, dare to act a Protestant part, are liable to many an almost disabling wound in the house of our friends. What then must be the lot of the poor, despised peasant, in the very citadel of popery, taking an unsupported stand against the united forces of Satan and man, while the great contest that forced Paul to cry out, "Oh, wretched man that I am!" is carried on within, by the Spirit warring against the flesh, and the flesh against the Spirit.

But the Scripture Reader has taken up his cross, and follows Christ. He goes on, often through persecutions, afflictions, stripes and imprisonment. He enters the obscure cabin, at dusk, and addressing the poor, doubly benighted inmates, in the loved accents of their native race, he draws from his bosom the proscribed "story of peace," and tells them in the most persuasive of all words that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners—that wine and milk, without money and without price, is freely held forth to those who, up to that hour, had been spending their money for that which is not bread, and their labour for that which satisfieth not. Some, whose hearts the Lord opens, receive the word with gladness; and the patient labourer, leaving it to a mightier hand to give the increase, proceeds on his thorny

way, to plant in another spot. His life is thus passed, until, perhaps, the hand of persecuting violence waylays him, and sends him to his sure reward by the blow of a stone, or the stab of a knife, while his last breath sobs out the dying prayer of Stephen, in hope that the murdering, blaspheming Saul may become like himself a preacher of the faith that now he persecutes. Or, if rescued from the assassin's hand, this lowly Mignonette of the Lord's parterre maintains his inobtrusive station at the foot of loftier shrubs, and breathes the odours of heaven around the heel that tramples upon his unresisting form.

Taking one of the class, I will name an individual well known to me, and to many in England. His name was Dennis Sullivan; his native place was Kerry. Converted to the truth as it is in Jesus, he abjured the soul-destroying errors of popery, and made himself eminently useful, as a Reader, to the Irish Society of London. When, in 1830, the Lord first blessed our efforts to the establishment of an Irish church in St. Giles', Sullivan gave his whole soul to the cause; and I well remember that our earliest meeting was as fellow-labourers in it. About that time, the Reformation Society engaged his services, first as a reader, then as a clerk in their office; and most faithfully, zealously, diligently did he perform the duties of his station there, until the hour of closing it dismissed him to the post he so dearly loved—a teacher's place in the adult evening school, where the Irish labouring poor assemble to be instructed in reading the language of their distant homes. Often have I seen him, his honest countenance all alive with intelligence and shrewdness, seated in the midst of a motley crew, paviours, bricklayers, blacksmiths,

and such like, now patiently instructing his tall pupils in the first rudiments of literature, now plunged into a hot controversy on some disputed point, and maintaining his ground with inimitable steadiness. Just behind him was a closet, stored with books of reference, which he used in a masterly manner; and I once witnessed a scene of curious uproar, provoked by a contumacious tailor, on a point of popish doctrine, when Sullivan reached backwards to his treasury, produced the decrees of the council of Trent, and silenced them all.

There was also another point in which I found the most perfect sympathy in Sullivan: his attachment to D——, the beloved heartsease, was intense. On the day after D—— was called to his Father's house, Sullivan walked down some miles to where I was; and it being Sunday, he only arrived after we were in church. Entering another pew, I did not immediately observe him; but when at last our eyes met, he burst into tears, and sat down. Never did I see a babe weep more unrestrainedly than that stout and resolute man continued to do during the whole service. I afterwards took him to visit some of our poor lost sheep, scattered in that neighbourhood; and most touchingly did he address them. At the grave of D——, ten days afterwards, his ardent Irish feelings again defied all control. I scarcely saw him since; he was seized with fever, and in the London Hospital he yielded his spirit into the hands of the Lord Jesus: poor in this world, rich in faith, and an heir of the kingdom of heaven.

Dennis Sullivan's soul would have magnified the Lord, could he have beheld what is now our rejoicing and joy, the re-opening of the Irish church, after

being for two years and a half closed, under the ministry of one who loves to labour for the outcasts of his native land. There is a work progressing even here: much more in Ireland. Whenever a sifting day arrives, it will amaze the most sanguine to survey the vast quantity of good grain now buried amid the chaff. Self-sown, as it were, that is to say, directed by the hand of God without the intervention of presiding men, our Mignonette spreads with rapid increase, and the produce of an inch covers many a rood of ground. Oh, that there were more universally, among the Lord's people, a heart to cherish the young plants, to fence them from the foe, to shelter them from the frost, and spread them yet more widely by the aid of judicious cultivation! What kings and statesmen, ecclesiastics and warriors, have failed in attempting, until the numbness of despair has paralyzed their efforts, even that is being effected, by the slow and imperceptible, but sure progress of Irish Scripture Readers. The cabin inmate is christianized, and thereby the turbulent, sanguinary rebel becomes a peaceable, loyal subject, both to his earthly and his heavenly Ruler. *The axe is laid to the root:* while it lopped the branches its movements were alike conspicuous and vain; now they are equally retired and successful. To cut at the foundation of the evil, and to lay the foundation of the good work, we must go low; and with the lowly is wisdom. Let us keep our eye upon the operation, raise our heart to the Lord, and extend our hand to the workmen, unwearied as they are in well doing: we shall then both see and share the sure and precious promise, "In due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not."

C. E.

THE DESOLATE HERITAGE.

ISAIAH XLIX. 8.

"WOE to Ariel, to Ariel, the city where David dwelt!" Isaiah xxix. 1. Thus spake the prophet of the Lord; yet were the palaces of Zion still excelling in beauty; yet were the walls of Jerusalem still strong with towers; yet poured the gay rejoicing multitudes through her spacious streets. But, as when the Spirit of God led the prophet Ezekiel to see the abominations which the ancients of Israel did in the dark, every man in the chambers of his imagery, so did Isaiah behold the transgressions of the people, their separation from the covenant of their God, and the swift desolation which should follow: and thus, however flourishing may be our outward condition, however prosperous our ways, if in our hearts we are serving the world and its vanities, and not our God, then is our heritage desolate: "for what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Not one stone is left standing on another, of all those goodly edifices, of which Christ said, "Seest thou these great buildings?" The chosen land is "as an oak whose leaf fadeth, and as a garden that hath no water," Isaiah i. 28; but it is not more desolate, more barren, more forsaken, than the soul whose sins have separated it from God, which is alien from

Christ, and a stranger from the covenant of the promise, Eph. xi. 12.

As the miserable heir of a wasted patrimony beholds his dilapidated mansion, the ruined walls, the windows no longer fringed with a light wreath of filmy vine-leaves, but darkened with twisted and straggling boughs, excluding alike the air and the day; the noxious plants forcing themselves through the crevices, and springing up in a rank luxuriousness even on the floor of the summer-parlour; the garden and the pleasant places overgrown with weeds, and choked with rubbish; the flowers, planted and nursed in perfect beauty, now stifled by a thick canopy of useless vegetation, or piercing through its shade, only to show a pale and sickly blossom, almost degenerated into the likeness of a weed:—he surveys the scene with sorrow, but, sunk in poverty, can neither repair the broken walls, nor restore the beauty of the wild deserted land. Thus mournfully sits the soul amidst her ruined inheritance. She has spent her money for that which is not bread, and her labour for that which satisfieth not, Isaiah lv. 2. and she has no power to repair her fall, or return to her first state of virtue and happiness. She has warm affections, but they cleave to the earth; she has an eye which looks forward to immortality, but behold! its golden porch is filled with the shadows of death, and the torch of faith, which alone would enable her to see beyond them, is still unlighted. Many an evil weed springing up troubles her, and those few fair flowers of her blessed estate, (for once, in the days of her first creation, she was as the garden of God, and watered abundantly with the dew of his Spirit,) put forth but pale and sickly leaves.

Her very virtues are tainted with corruption, her imagination is become vain, her foolish heart is darkened, Rom. i. 20. But God hath said, "The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose;" and he hath given Christ "for a covenant of the people, to establish the earth, to cause to inherit the desolate heritages." Isaiah xlix. 8.

At this season of the year the Church commemorates the advent of Christ; and the song of the angels at his birth is echoed on earth, by many a renewed and grateful heart, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men." Let us then look well into the evidences of our being faithful followers of our Redeemer, and privileged to join our voices in that heavenly anthem of glory and peace. Not greater is the difference between the waste and solitary place, where the voice of gladness is heard no more, and all joy hath ceased, and the desert "which rejoices and blossoms as the rose," —than between the soul lying barren under the curse of sin, and the soul which by the outpouring of the Spirit is become as a fruitful field. Nor is this difference only in name, profession, or opinion; it is a thorough alteration of the character, and of the feelings of the heart. Turn, turn! Repent! change! is the language of the Bible; and the necessity of this change is fully intimated by the sacrament used by the church of Christ, (and instituted for that purpose by the Lord himself,) to signify the admittance of the soul, as a subject of his spiritual kingdom "Buried with him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life," Rom. vi. 4; even as the corpse of the

A SCENE.

IT was the declared opinion of our blessed martyrs, that no one could be ever be present at the celebration of the Romish mass without incurring the guilt of treason against the majesty of the Most High God. So gross is the idolatry practised on those occasions, that the servants of Christ resisted, even to the shedding of their heart's blood, all persuasion to defile themselves with it. Passing by this awful feature of the case, we will now present to our readers a faithful description of the inconceivably ridiculous ceremonies preceding and attending this act of worship. Not that ever we witnessed it—God forbid! The account is given by the late Rev. Dr. Brownlee; and represents the performances as conducted by a bishop of the apostate church.

'The mass, as viewed by a spectator, may be said to consist of five divisions. The first we may call the robing of the bishop in his pontificals, which must afford a highly intellectual and spiritual feast of soul to the spectators, and *worshippers*—shall I call them? The bishop enters the chapel in a woollen pontifical cope, which has its tail borne up by a chaplain; and going to the altar, he kneels down and says the '*Introibo*, I will go in,' &c. He then goes to the place where the *paramenta*, or robes and ornaments, are placed, and seats himself, surrounded by the proper quota of chaplains and deacons, one of

whom acts as his prompter, to tell him what to say, and to point with his finger to the place in the book where he is to read; near them lie the various paraphernalia and sacred vessels. The attendants having duly put on their sanctified robes and surplices, the bishop rises, and turning towards the altar, says the Lord's prayer secretly; then crossing himself from his brow to his breast, he says, 'God be my helper.' And while the choir responds, he turns towards the altar, between two bearers of wax candles, and says, 'The Lord be with you,' and other prayers. Then gravely laying aside his *plurial*, or cope, he takes the ornament called his planet, and approaches the altar, and sits down, while the psalm of the hours is being sung. During the singing, the *holy sandals* are brought out, one deacon lifts up the corner of his cope, while another takes off the holy man's shoes; then uttering certain prayers, he at last says, 'Shoe me with the sandals of gladness.' The dutiful deacon then puts on the consecrated sandals. And thus he answers his prayer. Then standing up he says, 'O Lord! strip the old man off me.' The scutiferus, or shield-bearer, answers this prayer by stripping him of his flowing cope. Then looking at his hands, he says, 'O Lord, give virtue to my hands.' This prayer is answered by another, bringing a basin of water to wash his hands while he sits. The towel and basin are held by the most honorable and exalted layman, who, throwing himself on his knees, and pouring out a little water into the basin, sips and tastes it. Meanwhile, another of the ghostly menials is taking the consecrated rings off the bishop's fingers; and then the distinguished layman, rendered immortal by this honour allowed him,

with the aid of a deacon, washes the holy bishop's hands, and dries them, and then carries back the basin and towel to the credentia. The bishop's feet being shod with the gospel preparation, by putting on sandals, and the old man being put off by pulling off his old woollen cope, and having washed his hands in virtue and innocence, by getting them washed in water, he approaches the robes, and says, 'O Lord, put on me the helmet of salvation.' At this signal the paramenta, or robes and ornaments, are all brought forward with sanctimonious grimace—fifteen in number. The bishop approaches, bows, and kisses five of them, viz. the *amictus*, the *pectoral*, the *cross*, the *stole*, and the *pall*. All these the deacons receive from the chaplains, one by one, and put upon the bishop. And first, with holy solemnity, they take the amictus, and having all kissed it, they put it over the bishop's head, and fix it on him. His head being thus armed with the *helmet of salvation*, he stands up and says, 'O Lord, cloth me in white.' Upon this they put on the white surplice. Then he utters another prayer, while all the people look on with wonderful edification and blessed instruction, saying, 'O Lord, gird me with the girdle of faith.' On this, in answer to his humble and devout prayer, the ghostly menials take his girdle, and place it round his holy corporation, and buckle it in front. Then addressing the cross, the bishop thus prays, 'Deign, O Lord, to fortify me.' On this, the deacon, in his sacred functions, takes the cross, and holding it up to the bishop to be kissed, hangs it round his neck, so as to make it rest upon his pure breast. Next the bishop in his very holy devotions, says to the stole, 'O Lord, give me the robe of immortality.'

The deacon, whose office it is to answer this solemn prayer, now puts on the robe, nicely adjusting it, as a mantua-maker's maid would do, on his sacred body. Next the saintly man prays, as he looks on the tunicella, or little coat, 'Put me in the coat of jucundity, and clothe me, O Lord, with the garment of joy.' Here they put it on him, fitting it, with mantua-maker-like exactness, to his holy neck and holy hands. He next prays thus, 'O Lord, clothe me with the garments of salvation." Here they put on him the Dalmatic, or Episcopal vestment, with tasteful exactness. The holy man next fixes his devout eyes on the gloves, and prays, 'Clothe my hands, O Lord, with the purity of the new man.' On this the deacon, whose office it is to answer all these devout prayers, first kisses his right hand, and then puts a glove on it; then kisses the left, and puts on a glove on it; and so clothes his hands with heavenly purity. This being over, the bishop prays another new prayer, saying, 'O Lord, thy yoke is easy.' On this, the spiritual menials, who are illuminating the congregation by this display, take the bishop's ornament, called the *planet*, and swing it back so as to give his arms full exercise. The pall is next brought; the deacon takes a hold of it by the cross on the right side, and the sub-deacon by the cross on the left side, and hold forth the cross in the middle, that the bishop may kiss it. Then they put it round his neck, making that part on his left shoulder to lie double, and the whole is so tastefully and so tailor-like put round his neck, that his arms are not hindered. Then comes the putting on the three thorns with their jewels. This, none but the sanctified and initiated can well understand. The first thorn goes into the

breast of the pall, the second into the cross on the left shoulder, and the third into the cross behind. And these thorns by the orthodox dressing must not go quite through the cross! It is a great thing to be orthodox here. After this, the good bishop, speaking to the mitre, says, by way of prayer, 'Put on me, O Lord, the mitre and the helmet of salvation.' Here he sits down, and the dutiful, busy deacon, devoutly puts the mitre on the bishop's head, the sub-deacon as devoutly holding up the ribbons that hang from it. The bishop sitting, then prays, 'Decorate with virtue, O Lord, the fingers of my hand and body.' Here the deacons, in consummating his devout prayer, put the rings on his fingers. Next the gremial, a rich piece of silk to be held by two priests between the bishop and the people, when he says mass, is laid on his lap. This done, he prays to the *manipulum*. Then the cloth called by this name is laid across his arm.

'At this stage of the religious manœuvre, the incense is prepared in the proper vessel, with about one dozen gesticulations and contortions. Then, with a nicely arranged procession, the bishop comes to the steps of the altar and makes a full halt. Here the deacon takes off his mitre, and combs and smooths down his hair. Then follows the *confession* of each of this holy confraternity. The bishop bowing reverentially to the altar, begins the confession of his sins. The deacon, kissing the bishop's left hand, goes up to the altar with the manipulum and the gospel open in his right hand. The bishop next, with suitable prayers, goes up to the altar and kisses it with deep solemnity, and also the book of the gospels. Having next approached the *horn of the*

epistle, he takes the incense pot, puts incense in it, and causes the cloud of smoke to cover the altar. This holy and edifying service is done thus: having adored with profound reverence the image on the cross, he whirls the pot of incense three times round it, then he whirls the pot twice round the image and sacred relics on the right, and then around those on the left as often. Next he gives three holy swingings of the pot round the image and relics near the *corner of the epistle*; and as many he gives to the *corner of the gospel*. He then delivers the pot to the deacon, who swings it round the bishop himself, and smokes him effectually. After a number of other edifying gestures and motions, the bishop is helped up by the arms as if he were suddenly become paralytic, and being on his legs, he says, 'Glory to God!' taking care to join his hands on his breast at the word God. While the choir sings a hymn, he has his mitre and gremial brought to him; they are again taken off him as the hymn ends. He is again helped on his legs by the sturdy deacons, and he cries out unto the people, "*Peace be unto you*," and he keeps his hands before his breast, until the edified and devout audience reply, "*and with thy spirit*." He then says, 'Let us pray:' and then goes on with the prayer in Latin, to console and edify those who do not understand one word of what is mumbled by him. After an incredible number of similar gestures, and the burning of incense, and kissing of the bishop's hands, and bowing, and reading what they call the gospel, and after the bishop has been again perfumed with incense smoke, and has stood up without mitre and gremial, he sits down to listen to a sermon. The preacher comes up, and on his knees adores the

bishop, kisses his hand and asks his blessing. This he freely gives by making the sign of the cross over him. That finished, with much gesture and bowing the preacher gives the bishop his absolution.

'Second. The bishop, or priest sings five psalms, then uncovers, combs down his hair, and washes his hands. Next comes the sprinkling of holy water, and singing of the introitus, as the bishop approaches the altar. After a great many gestures again adroitly performed, there is much chanting. A linen cloth, full of pictures, is carried as a canopy over the bishop, by four sturdy ecclesiastics. Here again follow incense and chanting. There is the *gradual* and the *hallelujah*, and the *tractus*, so called from the long drawling tone, and nasal twanging of the priests, affecting much sorrow as they sing it.

'The third part is the consecration, more properly so called. The gestures, and particularly the bowings and adoration here are not easily recounted. The sub-deacon puts on a long veil, takes the patina, with two choice hosts or wafers, and the chalice, and covering them with the veil, goes up with them to the altar, following the bishop. Another brings the wine and water. The bishop now puts on his episcopal ring and mitre, and comes to the altar. At the altar his mitre is taken off, and he adores with lowly bowing to the altar. The deacon now takes one of the hosts, and touching the patina and chalice with it, inside and outside, makes the sub-deacon taste of it. The other host he offers to the bishop, who takes it with both hands, and holding it up before his breast, repeats the prayer, 'O Lord, accept it,' &c. This is called the *offertory*, from its being offered to God, and from the priest's making an of-

fering of gifts to the priests. The priest, before he offers the host, washes his hands a second time. In the interim the deacon throws over the altar a clean linen cloth, called a *corporale*, or *palla*, because they say it covers Christ's body. The chalice is also covered with another *palla*. The deacon having presented the *patina*, with the host upon it, to the bishop, also presents the chalice, in which the priest mixes wine and water, and consecrates it. In the consecration the water is blessed by the priest when mixed, not the wine, because the wine, they say, represents Christ, who needs no blessing. The host is placed on the altar, between the people and the priest, to intimate that Christ is Mediator between God, who, they say, is represented by the priest, and the people, which the water in the chalice, as they imagine, represents. The priest again perfumes the altar and sacrifice three times in the manner of a cross, bows himself, and kisses the altar, and repeats very softly the prayer which they call *secreta*. Though this prayer is said in silence, yet the conclusion of it is uttered in a loud voice, *per omnia secula seculorum*. Then follows what they call prefatio, which begins with thanksgiving, and ends with the confession of God's majesty. The minds of the people are prepared up with these words, '*Lift up your hearts.*' The answer to which is, 'We lift them up unto the Lord.' Then is sung the hymn, 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God,' &c. 'Heaven and earth is full of thy glory.' Then follows the hymn *Hosanna*, and the canon, which is also called *actio*, because it is giving of thanks, which is uttered with a loud voice. The canon, besides thanksgiving, consists of various prayers for the pope, cardinals, bi-

shops, kings, all orthodox Christians, Gentiles and Jews. Those also are particularly remembered for whom the sacrifice is to be offered, and their names rehearsed. Prayer is also made for those that be present at the mass, and for the bishop himself. Then mention is made of the Virgin, the apostles, the evangelists, and martyrs, and many crossings follow; then the solemnity of the consecration of the host, by pronouncing aloud these words, '*Hoc est corpus meum.*' To this the people answer, '*Amen.*' The priest now falls down on his knees before the consecrated host, and worships it, offers prayers to it, and rising up, he elevates it, that it may be worshipped by all the people. Then after several crossings of the host and chalice, this part of the mass is concluded with prayers for the dead, and the people's offerings of money to the priest, as a reward for praying in behalf of their dead friends, for their deliverance out of purgatory.

'The fourth part of the mass begins with the paternoster, and some other prayers. The sub-deacon delivers the patina, covered, to the deacon, who uncovers it, and delivers it to the priest, and kisses his right hand. The priest kisses the patina, breaks the host over the chalice, and puts a piece of it in the wine, to show that Christ's body is not without blood. Then the bishop pronounceth a solemn benediction. Next is sung the hymn, 'O Lamb of God, that takest away the sin of the world.' Then the kiss of peace is given, according, as they allege, to the apostolic command.

'The fifth and last part of the mass contains their *communion*. The priest, or bishop, communicates first himself. He takes the one-half of the host for

himself, the other half he divides into two parts, one for the deacon, and the other for the sub-deacon. Next the clergy and monks communicate, and after them the people, but the latter have only the consecrated wafer (or bread) allowed them, and put in their mouths, the cup being withheld from them, and drunk by the priests or clergy only. The priest holds the chalice (or cup) with both hands, and drinks three times, pretending thereby to signify the Trinity. The whole is concluded with what they call post-communion, which consists in thanksgiving and singing of *Antiphonies*. The priest then kisses the altar, and removes again to the right side of it, where, having offered some prayers for the people and blessed them, the deacon with a loud voice cries, "Go in peace; the host is sent to God the Father, to pacify his anger."

'Behold, O Christian reader, a faint outline of the chief parts of the MASS. To comprehend the imposing puerility you must see it. I repeat nothing of what we said of the idolatrous and outrageous insult offered by it to the one only atonement of our blessed Redeemer: I now speak of it as a splendid compound of imposition, quackery, and childish inventions, played off upon an ignorant, gaping assembly, by large and bearded youths, each of whom, as a sophomore, is taught to strut his boyish parts on the ecclesiastical stage of the consecrated theatre, and to go through his ghostly pantomime.'

SABBATH MUSINGS.

No. X.

THAT 'happiness is a 'Will o' the Wisp,' ever attracting, still eluding the eager hand outstretched to grasp it,' is one of the most common-place truisms in daily use among us. We have been accustomed to hear it from our cradles: the same moral sounds in our ears wherever we turn in this delusive world,—and yet, however ready the assent we give to so acknowledged a fact, it is, perhaps, in our secret hearts, the last we are willing to admit. High even over the wreck of our hopes rises the bright, the far, the unattained object, the beau ideal to which the heart still clings, and yearns after it with desperate fondness and hydra-headed aspirations; that are cut off in one direction only to spring up more vigorously in another. Hence it is, that the checks and disappointments we meet with at many a stage of our journey through life, are, to sensitive minds especially, fraught with such bitter poignancy. To the child of God on such occasions this feeling is aggravated by another and a painful one. While writhing in the pangs of disappointment at the frustration of some cherished object of his wishes, he is alarmed and dismayed to find *how* keenly he feels that disappointment. He, whose treasure and whose heart should be in heaven! Alas! at such moments how painful is the discovery

of the strong hold the things of the earth still maintain over him! He had been fondly deceiving himself with the idea that his affections were set on things above, and now his wounded spirit testifies but too surely that he too is pursuing the 'Will o' the wisp,' lured by that fatal phantom away from the solid joys that lie beyond the ever receding horizon of earthly happiness. It is, I am convinced, in great mercy that our heavenly Father ordains us to be now and again baffled in our dearest earthly hopes. The medicine is bitter,—hard to take; and we turn away from the cup with many a throe; but our wise and kind Physician can bless what his hand has mixed, if we ask him to do so, and humble ourselves as we ought. Oh that those chastenings, which, though often unknown and apparently trifling in the eyes of the world, are, nevertheless, so grievous to the sensitive and the sanguine,—oh that they may be received with submission, and afterwards yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby!

Divine grace, which renews the heart, and completely changes its objects and aspirings, is of course the only means of effectually disabusing it in the vain pursuit of earthly peace. Increased experience and reflection, and above all the view of the constant restlessness that pervades every class of society, shew us plainly that man is above his situation,—that he feels the stirrings of a nobler principle within, and that the cravings of the immortal are not to be satisfied with any thing, no matter how exalted, which this world can afford. The Holy Spirit has taught the regenerate person the cause of this. He understands something of the nature of the God-like image from which

sin caused man to fall: he knows that that image is not totally effaced, and recognizes its voice in the insatiable yearnings and longings after better things than can be found here below. He knows where these things alone are to be obtained, and seeks them not in a scene where the time is short, of which the fashion passeth away, which is not our rest, for we have no continuing city here.

The natural man, on the contrary, impelled by the same restless desires after the unattained, and whose views do not extend beyond the grave, commences a fruitless search in this world for the peace which this world cannot give. Every one imagines that it is to be found in some particular position which he does *not* occupy. The high-born damsel, surrounded even to surfeiting, with all that can minister to taste, luxury and refinement, leans back in her cushioned equipage in listless discontent, and directs an envious glance towards the bright-eyed cottage maiden, past whose lowly dwelling she is borne. Visions of Arcadian peace and sylvan happiness, far from the cloying, wearying pomps of the world, float across her imagination; and amid scenes of village life and cheerful toil,—the quiet stream, the busy mill, the shady walk, the harvest home, the hay-field, the picturesque cottage with its clustering vines and smiling garden, —she builds her airy castle of happiness. Meanwhile, the rustic maiden pauses in her work;—she lays down her pail to take a long gaze at the jewelled beauty sweeping by, pillowed in luxury and pomp. The rosy smile of health and exercise dies away from her round cheek,—a shade darkens her merry black eye,—and a sigh of intense admiration and envy swells her kerchief as she looks after the brilliant

equipage, and thinks how supremely blest must be its happy occupant! The unlearned imagines that intellectual attainments procure happiness, while the learned and the cultivated exclaim that 'Ignorance is bliss,' and declare that to refine the feelings is only to make them more acutely alive to painful impressions; and that the beauty of the polish is too dearly bought at the cost of the rubs and injuries to which it is rendered liable.

One reason of our proneness to place happiness in a situation foreign to our own, is that we see ourselves as we are, and "the heart knoweth its own bitterness:" whereas others appear decked out in the conventional smiles of society,—that mask which keeps out of view the hopes and fears, anxieties and annoyances that throb alike in every human breast. Could we see into the homes and hearts of others, how far more justly should we estimate the impartiality of our heavenly Father in the distribution of his gifts,—how much more gratefully and contentedly should we receive that portion which he has been pleased to allot to ourselves! I have often thought how delightful it would be to have, just for one hour, the power possessed by Le Sage's *diable boiteux*, of knowing what is going on in the interiors around: not for the gratification of idle curiosity, but as an interesting picture of human nature in its many shades and varieties. One of the most amusing promenades I ever made, and which afforded a glimpse into many little domestic scenes of this kind, was through the streets of a town where a general illumination was going on. It was on the occasion of the return to parliament of a popular candidate; disturbances were expected, and the military had been

called out. This added very much to the picturesque effect of the whole thing. The ringing hoofs of the cavalry horses and the clank of their accoutrements, at that deep midnight hour; the arms of the troopers now gleaming in the cold pale moonshine, and now flashing brightly in the vivid stream of light from the illuminated spots. Large bonfires were burning at the head of every street, and the groups gathered round these, their eager and excited faces brought out into high relief by the strong red glare,—the flames mounting fiercely upwards, and now and again descending upon the crowd in a shower of brilliant sparks—all combined to form a striking and most picturesque scene.

In returning home, we had to pass up a long street of dwelling houses. They were illuminated by candles fixed in each window-pane, and so strong was the light from these, that every object within the rooms was distinctly visible even to the farthest corner. The succession of domestic interiors, and the curious contrasts between some of them, were most interesting,—a regular gallery of moving, living pictures. The first, I remember, was a dingy looking parlour where a solitary old lady sat buried in the ample pillows of an easy chair before the fire. She was very much wrapped up, and looked infirm and paralyzed, with her head sunk on her chest. There were no symptoms of any kind of occupation, books, work, or knitting about; and the tall candles on the bare mahogany table had long, unsnuffed wicks.

In the next house to this, a cheerful family party were gathered round the tea-table, on which 'the bubbling and loud-hissing urn' sent up its 'steamy

column;' and farther on was a school. Crowds of eager, happy young faces were pressing round the windows, gazing out with delight and curiosity at the brilliant illuminations. This was a most animated little picture, and in perpetual movement. At the end of the room stood a harp and a piano-forte, and beyond them, in the corner, with her face to the wall, was a poor little girl, apparently in grievous disgrace and sad woe, prevented from sharing with her merry companions in the pleasures of the evening. How I longed to intercede for her!

The next room—it is before me now; and what a contrast to the last! It had been converted into a sort of office or counting-house; and the only articles of furniture therein contained were a large dreary-looking wooden desk, and two high stools without backs, placed one at each side of it. The desk was covered with papers and parchments, and on the stools sat two pale, worn-out looking clerks, apparently overwhelmed with care and business. One of them, with his shoulders up to his ears, and his back bowed like a semi-circle, was writing away most diligently. The other, a half-starved, forlorn figure, his elbows resting on the wooden desk, his knees drawn up to his chin, the tails of his thread-bare coat depending from the high, back-less stool, and a pen behind his ear, was poring over what seemed, from his puzzled looks and contracted brows, to be some complicated account. The room, with its cold, grey, comfortless walls, and bare unadorned appearance, was quite in keeping with the occupants; and altogether there was something in the whole group that made us pause for a moment opposite. The lower rooms of the next two or three houses, I remember, were all

dark and boarded up, belonging probably to some political opponents of the returned candidate, who had thus secured their windows against the stones and missiles of the mob. Then came a small house, within which was a quiet scene of 'home-born happiness, fireside enjoyments:' a cheerful blaze, books, musical instruments, a work-table. A lady, young and pretty, was seated at the latter, and beside her on the sofa a young man, her husband perhaps, with a volume in his hand, which he seemed to be reading aloud for her. In a handsomely fitted-up drawing-room, at the end of the street, I observed another pair, very different from this. The gentleman, with his coat buttoned up to the throat, hands buried in his pockets, head sunk down between his shoulders, and long outstretched legs, looked the very picture of ennui, or rather of dogged stupid resignation to his fate. Opposite him sat his unprepossessing-looking help-mate, whose fretful discontented countenance seemed to promise but little sunshine either to herself or her companion.

But I must pause in my sketches. These little scenes, though every-day and common-place, interested me at the time, owing perhaps to a peculiar fondness and turn for observing character, as well as to this rather unusual mode of indulging the propensity. Doubtless the various actors, in these and many more tableaux, had no idea how completely their movements were laid open to the observation of the passers by; for, without trying it, no one can imagine the effect of even a single candle at night, in making objects within a room visible outside. To return to where I set out: If we could all see into each other's situations, as on an *illumination night*, we should begin to

discover that every class and circumstance has its joys and sorrows, its comforts and discomforts. Doubtless the solitary old lady, who seemed to have outlived all that makes life desirable, might have envied the youthful limbs and bounding activity of her little neighbours in the school; not considering that the transitory sorrows of childhood are as poignant while they last, as those of riper years, and that the tear that flows down the rosy cheek of infancy, is not the less bitter because so soon followed by a smile. The poor toil-worn clerks again might have coveted the leisure-time, and lazy stretch before the fire, of the unoccupied gentleman last described; whereas he, in his turn, would probably consider the domestic evil *he* was burdened with as far more grievous than the most intricate account that ever puzzled the brains of a calculator.

Yes; in every situation of life there is a ruffled rose-leaf in the Syborite's couch, a vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite. And it is well it should be so. Had we all we wished for and desired, we should sit down satisfied in this world: were the jewel of earthly happiness within our reach, we should never seek after the pearl of great price. They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick; and thus were we not sometimes weary, heavy-laden, and disappointed, we should not go to Christ to find rest unto our souls. Rest! Ah that is a word that belongeth not to this earthly scene; the Christian dares not rest. We have a Master to serve, a work to do, a race to run, a battle to fight, talents to employ. We must watch and pray, and strive to enter in at the strait gate, and work out our salvation with fear and trembling, and that in the face of our adver-

sary the devil, with powers and principalities arrayed against us. Yes, the Christian has need to keep his armour bright; he is surrounded by enemies; without are fightings, within are fears. But, blessed be God, there *is* a rest. And when at last all is over—when to the weary pilgrim, after the burden and heat of the day, the time of departure is at hand—when he has fought a good fight and finished his course, and kept the faith, there is the crown! the crown of righteousness laid up, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give at that day to all that love his appearing. Then will be found that rest which remaineth unto the people of God. In their Father's house are many mansions!

M. F. D.

THE sum of all true religion and godliness is this, "Let Israel hope in the Lord:" that is, there is no other salvation, there is no other consolation, there is no other sure peace of conscience for any mortal, than the apprehending and embracing the promise of grace.—*Martin Luther.*

THE ORANGEMAN'S SUBMISSION.

The following stanzas were written, and published, anonymously, at the time when, by an act of the most exalted loyalty, the Orangemen of Ireland prostrated, at the royal command, the strongest earthly prop of the British throne in their country. Having been adopted by that maligned and maltreated body, it is now reprinted, and gratefully avowed.

We've furl'd the banner that wav'd so long
Its sunny folds around us:
We've still'd the note of our ancient song,
And burst the tie that bound us.
No, no—that tie, that sacred tie,
Can ne'er be loos'd or broken;
And thoughts will flash from eye to eye
Although no word be spoken.

Go, raze old Derry's tell-tale wall,
Bid Enniskillen perish,
Choke up the Boyne—abolish all
That we, too fondly, cherish:
'Twill be but as the pruning-knife
Us'd by a skilful master,
To concentrate the sap of life
And fix the strong root faster.

We love the throne.—Oh, deep ye plann'd
The hateful wile to prove us!
But firm in stainless faith we stand,
Our Queen shall know and love us.

When WILLIAM came to free the isle
From galling chains that bound her,
Our fathers rear'd, beneath his smile,
A living rampart round her.

Ye've ta'en the outer crust away,
But, secret strength supplying,
A spirit, shrined within the clay,
Dwells, quenchless and undying:
A sparkle from the hallow'd flame
Of our insulted altars,
Pure as the fire whence first it came,
Our love nor fades nor falters:—

Our love to thee, dear injur'd land,
By mocking foes derided;
Our duteous love to the royal hand
By traitorous craft misguided.
Banner, and badge, and name alone,
At our monarch's call we tender;
The loyal truth that guards her throne
We'll keep—and NO SURRENDER!

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

MADAM,

IN a small society of which I am a member, a question is often debated, but never settled. We should be glad to have your opinion upon it.

In our parish church there are three ways of behaving at the second clause in the Apostles' and the Nicene creed. Some of the congregation merely repeat the words, as they do the rest of the form: others bow, at the name of Jesus Christ our Lord; and a few, however they may be standing, turn round to the altar, looking at, or towards it, when they make their obeisance. I have heard some clergymen exhort their flock in private to do the last; of which they set them the example in public. None of our party do this: we think it rather *too* popish. I used to bend my knee, as I stood, and am not quite satisfied to leave it off, though I am told that it is an idle ceremony at best, foolish, and without any warrant of scripture. I have no opportunity of examining what the ancient fathers of the Christian church say about it. I wish to do right; and would avoid the appearance of failing in respect to the adorable name of Jesus; though I don't like to incur the reproach of doing a thing for which, they say, I can assign no reason. I know of others in the same dilemma; and as you have better opportunities than

we for knowing what was the practice of the early church, and have influence in our circle of humble believers, perhaps you would favour us with some information on the subject. Do you feel any qualms of conscience about it?

Example goes so much farther than precept, that I will make bold to inquire, not only as to your belief but your practice. Excuse the liberty, Madam, and be so kind as to say whether you curtsey at that part of the creed; and if so, is it to the East?

By answering this, you will confer a great kindness upon many; and particularly on your constant reader, JANETTE.

WE have no qualms whatever upon this subject. On coming to years of discretion, we found a practice prevailing in the church to which we belonged, not founded, perhaps, on any direct command or precept of scripture, but in no wise contrary thereto. A practice, forming in itself an act of homage, not to any created or visible thing; but to the divine essence of our glorious Redeemer; therefore we conscientiously joined in it. At a later period, when it pleased God to impart, by his Spirit, far more of the excellency of the knowledge of his glory in the face of Jesus Christ, together with a deeper insight into the abominations of Antichrist, both in his Papal and Socinian demonstrations, this practice, together with many other things, was anxiously, prayerfully, and deliberately weighed in the balances of the sanctuary. The conclusion was arrived at, that it was comely, and befitting the children of God, so to honour the Lord Christ. It must be remembered, that in the creed, after acknowledging the Father

Almighty, in that stupendous character, Maker of heaven and earth, we proceed to speak of one who was born into this world, suffered a shameful death, and was buried. We pass at once from the unapproachable majesty of the High and Holy One, who inhabiteth eternity, to the last state of mortal degradation—the fulfilment of the final act of divine indignation on man, as regards the present world—the committal of the body to the dust whence man was taken. Now, it does appear to us almost an involuntary act, to bow the head and worship, at the moment of making this awful transition, if rightly bearing in mind that He of whose humiliation we thus tell, never ceased to be "the Mighty God, the everlasting Father." It is precisely in accordance with that sublime passage in Philippians ii. where, in recounting the aggravations of our Lord's abasement, the inspired writer prefaces the wondrous tale with a declaration of his equality with the Father, and follows it by announcing that *because* of this inconceivable humbling of himself, God has decreed that at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow.

As to the ancient fathers of the Christian church, we have all possible respect for them, so far as they were men spiritually enlightened; but we never dream of building, or of re-modelling our faith upon the dicta of either fathers or mothers. The four evangelists, with Paul, James, Peter, and Jude, are our ancient fathers of the Christian church. Many things are lawful and expedient which are not distinctly commanded, just as many things are inexpedient and unlawful that are not mentioned in Holy Writ: and these we ascertain, as satisfactorily as any doctor of antiquity could do.

With regard to the altar, we know of no such thing. In a Christian place of worship, where praises ascend from the ground of the heart, the whole building is an altar. We consider the spot where we kneel, or stand, every whit as much an altar as the railed-off space at the east end of the church; and the spectacle of minister and congregation facing about to one point, at that part of the service, would be, in our eyes, ludicrous, if it was not a serious departure from the godly simplicity of spiritual worship. While the temple stood, there was warrant for the Jew turning towards it, as an expressive type of the Lord Jesus, yet for to come; but when the word was fulfilled, after the destruction and raising again of the real temple of His body, and the hour came when neither at Jerusalem or on the mountain of Samaria any peculiar worship should be paid, it was a strange recurrence to weak and beggarly elements to adopt this ceremony; even before the Romish church laid hold of it, perverting an unmeaning exercise into an act of execrable idolatry.

When will the Protestant Church of England find her members duly attentive to the rubrick of what many among them regard with almost superstitious reverence—the Book of Common Prayer? In that, we read nothing about altars: our reformers knew better. Ridley, the blessed martyr, pulled down a part of the wall in St. Paul's cathedral, to root out every scrap of Bonner's altar; and set, as was most fitting, a good honest table in the chancel. Edward's bishops and counsellors wielded a besom that swept both wide and clean: but Elizabeth was exceedingly cautious. She used the extreme of lenity towards the butchering prelates of Mary's days, and brought

the nation, in a prudent, politic sort of way, to back out of the idol temples, whence her glorious young brother would have boldly, though affectionately, chased them with the sword of the Spirit. This was worldly wisdom, and under its dictates several gew-gaws were left to console the people for the loss of their darling abominations. In our day, we see what an advantage is hereby afforded to the adversary: he is making those very 'altars' the stepping-stones of farther advancement. He is restoring the popish candles, lighted at noon-day—meet types of the ecclesiastical illuminati who adopt them! By and by, he will just put up a crucifix, then bargain for the pix—and so back the deluded multitude in again, at the very doors by which Elizabeth backed them out.

In answer to our correspondent's last inquiry, we reply, that we curtsey neither to the east or to the west, to the north or south; neither to the communion-table, the pulpit, or the organ. But we bend the knee and bow the head, in thankful adoration of the Deity of HIM whose miracle of condescending, suffering, ransoming love, we are then verbally acknowledging. When we declare with our lips that we believe Jesus Christ to be very man, we, at the same moment of time, avow by our action that we know Him to be very God. We take our lesson, neither from the temple-worship of Jerusalem or the fire-worship of Persia. But we wish to join that mighty company who say, "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the LAMB for ever and ever, Amen:" and with the triumphant church in heaven we would fall down and worship Him who liveth for ever and ever.—EDITOR.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

Is not this peculiarly a day of religious privileges? Was there ever a period since the world began, in which scripture knowledge more abounded? How manifold are the swift messengers sent forth daily from the press, especially in this favoured land, the object of which is to simplify and illustrate revealed truth; addressing not alone the deep and anxious mind of the theological professor, but attracting with suitable instruction every variety of disposition, every grade in society, every class in age and attainment, down to the infants of the poor. And yet, have we not the most painful evidence afforded to us, on every side, that many of the plainest injunctions of God's word are fearfully neglected. Public attention is often called to the necessity and duty of cultivating for God the vast field of the world; and far, indeed, would we be from even appearing to check this noble Christian effort: but while we have reason to know that in many essential points our own vineyard is too frequently neglected, surely it is our bounden duty to devote some portion of our labour again and again to call home the attention of our hearers, to subjects which, from their very proximity, are apt to be overlooked; and thus to fulfil the apostle's injunction, "Exhorting one another daily, while it is called to-day, lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin." This being my

object, the present paper is directed to the regulation of that unruly member, which St. James declares to be "full of deadly poison." I enter not into the vast catalogue of positive evil which it inflicts upon the world. The absence of one virtue, namely, the law of kindness, and the important advantages its exercise would confer, will amply employ the present time and space.

We may confess with shame and confusion of face, that there are but few amongst us, of whom it could not with truth be affirmed, as of the virtuous woman in the book of Proverbs, "And in her tongue is the law of kindness." I allude not to that portion of society devoted to the things of time and sense, who are thoughtlessly carried forward in the giddy mazes of vanity and folly; of these it is proverbially true, that their flattering words of falsehood but ill conceal beneath the language of fashionable politeness, the sentiments of hearts hateful and hating one another. To expect that the law of kindness should regulate the conversation of such persons, would be as unreasonable as to seek "to gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles;" but we may take up a lamentation for those, who, I verily believe, have themselves experienced the kindness and love of God our Saviour; for those who have been called out of darkness into marvellous light, and who are therefore bound by the most sacred ties of obligation, to show forth the virtues[1] of Him who hath so called them. Yes, and while I write, I feel the arrow of conviction in my own heart. We are all verily guilty in this matter; for such then we will take up our lamentation, and it shall be for a lamentation; and

[1] Margin of our Bibles.

if our head were waters, and our eyes a fountain of tears, we might weep day and night for the daughter of our people, that there is so seldom found upon our tongues "the law of kindness."

And yet this exceedingly important duty, and very lovely grace of the Christian character is enjoined in the word of God, in intimate connection with our highest and holiest privileges. "Put on therefore as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercy, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering." "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil-speaking, be put away from you, with all malice, and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you." "If there be therefore any consolation in Christ, if any comfort of love, if any fellowship of the Spirit, if any bowels and mercies, fulfil ye my joy, that ye be like minded, having the same love, being of one accord and of one mind; let nothing be done through strife or vain glory, but in lowliness of mind; let each esteem others better than himself, not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing." for even hereunto are ye called, that ye should inherit a blessing." "Wherefore laying aside all malice, and all guile and hypocrises, and envies, and all evil-speakings, as new-born babes desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby; if so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious."

Such are some of the precepts of scripture, bearing on this subject; and if we could follow the Christian through all the relative duties of life, we should find, upon the most careful examination, his usefulness impeded, and his happiness interrupted, just in the

proportion in which he neglects to cultivate the law of kindness. I ask my readers to go with me to the investigation, and apply this thought to our own circumstances; bring it into the domestic circle, let it be the test of the most intimate communication between husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, master and servant, superior and inferior, friend and friend, pastor and people, visitors of the sick, distributors of bounty, all who by various means seek to benefit others, and bring them to Christ. Let the inquiry be but honestly made, and we shall be constrained to confess, that a more steadfast adherence to the law of kindness would have proved, in all these associations, a very bond of perfectness. Do we want a master-key to every affection of the heart, a lever to remove every impediment, a main-spring to keep every amiable feeling in action, and an ambassador of peace to precede us in all our approaches to our fellow-sinners? We shall find them all in a tongue wherein is the "law of kindness."

But I must not conclude, without giving some consideration to the force of the term law—the law of kindness. This is a point I believe to be very much lost sight of; kindness is too frequently considered as a voluntary and an arbitrary act, governed only by our own impulse and gratification; this I think very far removed from the *Law* of kindness; I should rather say it is of a self-denying character. It is one of the steps in which we are called to follow Him, who is kind to the unthankful and the evil: kindness as a law will be permanent, impartial, universal. It will enjoin its own observation, and forbid every opposite tendency. And, oh, if the believer

were more continually to remember, that in this respect, he is not without law to God, but under the law to Christ, we should not be so often pained, with the severe censure, the ungracious rebuke, the haughty crimination, the unkind inuendo, the bitter sarcasm, the repulsive coldness, and the unfriendly accusation—these things ought not so to be.

I desire to estimate very highly the value of a Preached Gospel, and the efficacy of the Word and Sacrament as means of Grace, but I am bold to rank next to these in usefulness, the law of kindness shewing forth in the conversation, and regulating the conduct of the people of God. And if I have been correct in the arraignment brought against myself and others: if it be true that were we now to be addressed as were the churches in Asia, this would be one, not, we fear, of the *few*, but of the *many* things, which our blessed Lord would have against us. Does it not become us, each and all, to remember wherein we have fallen, and to repent? Should we not strengthen the things which remain, which are ready to die? Let us then suffer the word of exhortation, let us provoke one another to love and to good works. In this thing we have given great occasion to the enemies of God to blaspheme, and have caused the way of truth to be evil spoken of. For the sake, then, of the cause of God and truth in the world, for the peace and prosperity of Zion, for the promotion of personal usefulness and happiness, I solemnly entreat the attention of my dear readers to this interesting subject. For myself, the Lord being my helper, I have said—"I will take heed unto my ways, that I offend not with my tongue."

J. J. C.

CRUELTY.

THE sufferings of the brute creation form a mystery which no finite mind can solve. The evil has its origin in the fall of Adam, the federal head of the whole human race. Before he fell, creation, animate and inanimate, shone forth in primeval beauty, and all nature teemed with blessings rich and fruitful. God placed man in the garden of Eden (in a limited sense) as sovereign lord of the universe; but by one act of disobedience he forfeited all the rights and privileges which belonged to him as such, and at the same time involved the whole creation in suffering and death.

As one of the direful effects of the fall, we read in the book of Genesis, chap. iv. 8., that the hand of Cain was lifted against his brother Abel, and this murderous act is but too just a picture of the evil passions which reign uncontrouled in the hearts of the wicked. When we contemplate the happy state of the brute creation in paradise, when they all passed before Adam, and he called them each by name, and contrast their present degraded and suffering condition, truly may we say, What has *sin* effected? To reason on a subject which is in fact beyond our reason—the permission of evil, and its entrance into the world—would be to impugn God's prerogative, and call in question his sovereignty and justice; but that evil does exist, and that its con-

sequences are most fearful and appalling, is a truth which none can doubt or deny. We feel the evil that works within our own heart, and we see its effects in all around us. There cannot be a more certain proof of the depravity of the human heart, than in the exercise of cruelty towards the brute creation. It pourtrays some of the worst feelings of our nature, and places man not on a level, but far below the brutes; for man endowed with sense and reason, acts in many instances with more ferocity than is depicted in their nature. Whoever is acquainted with history, and with facts which come before us from time to time, must be convinced that man, in a wild uncivilized state, has not the noble qualities which seem to be displayed in various instances among the animal tribe towards the human species, and towards each other. Man in an unregenerate state is ever man sensual and devilish.

To a Christian mind there arises very often a difficulty in reconciling the ill treatment and sufferings of animals; for although all creation groans under the sad effects of man's transgression, and even the ground is cursed for his sake,—yet unless we adopt the millennarian view, we are led to believe they are excluded from a state of future happiness; they suffer here, without reward hereafter. We know that the oppression and cruelty of man towards them will be visited in the way of retribution here, or at a future day; but this affords no alleviation to their sufferings, no benefit present or future. It then appears a mystery why man, tyrannical man, should have the power placed in his hand of inflicting so much pain and misery upon the comparatively innocent part of God's creation, who not only suffer cor-

poreally the same as ourselves, but who have an instinctive dread of the tyranny which is thus exercised over them. Oh, how painfully is that declaration manifested, "And the fear of you, and the dread of you, shall be upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, and upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea; into your hand are they delivered." Gen. ix. 2.

The contemplation of animal suffering is overwhelming: it is a mystery upon which even scripture throws little light. The savage nature of man is here most fearfully developed: the blows, the oaths, the injuries, which unoffending animals have to endure, is but too just a proof of the awful state of man by nature. The tender mercies of the wicked are indeed cruel. If animals generally were gifted, like Balaam's ass, with the power of speech, Oh, what a universal cry would burst upon us from day to day! How would it thrill the heart with *now* untold agonies which they have to endure, in every shape and degree! The cruelty which is practised in this great metropolis, during the course of *one night* only, would ring in our ears a peal of suffering, the sound of which would scarcely die away. It is declared in scripture that God made man upright; but he has sought out many inventions, and surely it is not one of the *least* wicked inventions, that of torturing poor defenceless animals. There is, however, no adequate remedy to meet this satanic feature in man's character, but that change of heart which is alone effected by the power of the Holy Spirit; then, and not till then, will be fully understood that exhortation, "Be ye merciful, as your Father in heaven

is merciful." The fruits of the Spirit are love, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness, which will be carried out into every thing relating to the various duties of life. True it is, that some individuals are naturally kind and benevolent, whose principles are not in accordance with the gospel; these are few comparatively; but the root of the evil, the exercise of cruelty, must be traced to its proper source, our fallen state in Adam, which has engendered a spirit of insensibility to pain and misery, not immediately connected with ourselves; and made man selfish, covetous, and merciless.

While *sin* exists, suffering must ever be closely linked in with it; the one is inseparable from the other. As such, there can be but a partial amelioration of the condition of animals; and this will be effected in a great measure by the combined efforts of benevolent individuals, and Christians raised up from time to time, to advocate their cause. Would that the latter were more prominently engaged in this work! and, oh, for that blessed period, when sin, sorrow, and suffering will be for ever at an end! when we shall cease to mourn over the cruel infliction of pain and misery, as well as disease and death, which all creation, in common with ourselves, are subject to. Rom. viii.

The writer cannot conclude these brief remarks on cruelty, without again adverting to the mystery which the subject involves. While it should lead every reflecting mind to deplore the evil consequences of sin, may we ever bear in mind that God's purposes, however mysterious to us, will be more fully unfolded in an eternal world. Our blessed Saviour said to his disciples, "I have many things to say, but ye

cannot bear them now." Every event in nature, providence, grace, is under his controul, without whose permission a sparrow does not fall to the ground. What we know not now, we shall know hereafter—the why and the wherefore for every sorrow and every trial, past, present, and future, is all foreknown by Him who giveth not account of any of his matters to us. It is the glory of God to conceal many things from his creatures; but he has not left us in doubt or darkness with respect to the things belonging to our eternal salvation. Though man, guilty man, is more debased in his nature by the fall, than the brute, a way is opened for his recovery, through the blessings of redemption, if Christ be formed in our hearts the hope of glory. Then what is most essential for us to know, as believers in him, is revealed; and we are assured, that with regard to other things which may, for wise reasons, not be so clearly manifested, we may adopt the language of Abraham relative to the destruction of Sodom, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

H. R.

The writer of the above hails with sincere pleasure the formation of a society, (now in full operation,) for the prevention of cruelty to animals. The cause has a strong claim upon the public, whose humane interference, in all cases of cruelty, may do much towards alleviating their sufferings.

A SKETCH OF A SYSTEM.

THERE is a system widely spread throughout Christendom at the present day, which, for its skilful contrivance and ramified machinery, is well deserving of general notice.

It is peculiarly distinguished by four characteristics; idolatry,—treason,—vice, and absurdity: for it is idolatry in religion,—treason in politics,—vice in morals, and absurdity in general.

It is not wise to state unproved facts, neither is it just to bring unsupported accusations; to the proof then, and let us see to the truth of the description.

The system is idolatry in religion; inasmuch as it inculcates the payment of divine honours to other beings than God. Sundry angels, men and women, and one woman in particular, are the objects of its adoration. It, moreover, prays before pictures of these men and women, and before dirty pieces of rubbish, said to be parts of their bones and garments, and beseeches them to procure pardon and to bestow holiness. Now if *this* be not idolatry, what is?

The system is also treason in politics; inasmuch as it teaches that kings have no dominion over their subjects, if a certain priest, the head of the system, is pleased to declare the said kings deposed or excommunicate; and also that the oath of allegiance to any sovereign, not thus deposed, is not binding, if

the cause and interests of the system can be served by breaking it. If *this* be not treason, what is?

The system is also vice in morals; inasmuch as it teaches that it is not murder to kill men who oppose the system; that it is not perjury to break any promise or oath, if, when you made it, you did not intend to abide by it; that it is no sin at all to commit certain crimes called *venial;* that it is not much of a sin to commit other monstrous crimes called *mortal*, provided you will pay money enough to the system to purchase forgiveness, and also whip yourselves, and kneel upon rough stones; that it is not sin to commit murder, adultery, theft, lying or false witness, if you have previously purchased indulgence from the system so to do. If *this* be not vice, what is?

The system is, moreover, absurdity in general; for it teaches that it is good and holy for numbers of idle men and women to shut themselves up for life in large buildings, where they profess to pray, fast and weep, but where they more usually eat, drink and make merry, with other practices less useful and commendable; that there is a saving virtue in eating fish, cakes, pies and puddings on a Friday, instead of flesh; that whip-cord and sharp flints properly applied, the one to the shoulders, and the others to the feet or knees, have the power of expiating sins; that bits of wood and bone can cure diseases, and procure fine weather and good harvests; that it is right and indispensable to repeat to a man, (and he perhaps a very wicked one,) all the acts of your life, all the secret thoughts of your heart, and all those internal temptations which you would wish forgotten as soon as they are resisted; that when a person is dying, it is needful to his eternal safety to touch his

hands and feet with oil, and to mutter Latin words over him; that after death, men's souls go into a penal fire, whence nothing but money can bring them out; that the book, written by the finger of God with the pen of man, and designed for "every creature under heaven," is apt to do more harm than good, and ought not to be read with the freedom in which it was given; that the traditions of men are of more weight than the commands of God; that forms are religion, and ceremonies are devotion; that a priest, always a mere mortal, (and frequently a person of indifferent character,) can, by saying a few Latin words, make Deity of a piece of paste; and, finally, that no man can be saved unless he believes and does all these things, and that no torment or death is too bad for those who do not. If *this* be not absurdity, what is?

Yet this idolatrous, treasonable, vicious and absurd system is followed by millions in Christendom, and is called by them the only apostolic church, the holy Catholic faith, the pure mother of all true believers; it is fostered by our rulers, is permitted to govern our sister-island, and may eventually prevail to govern ourselves. In one word, this system is—POPERY.

And how, it may be asked, can such an impious mass of folly possess the power to enslave these millions whom it enthrals, not only in degenerate Italy, bigotted Spain, and factious Ireland, but even in England herself, free, enlightened, religious England, where civilization is at its highest pitch, and where the light of the Bible shines out, unshaded and undimmed, in all its sacred lustre?

In few words, this mental slavery is based upon

that source of universal evil, man's corrupt nature, which loves "darkness rather than light," and to whose every selfishness, every folly, and every base passion the system addresses itself, with a craft and subtilty equal to its other characterising qualities. For all man's sins there is pardon which may be purchased without repentance, and self-satisfaction which may be gained by the daily heartless will-worship of attendance at the mass; for all his weaknesses there are palliatives and remedies which are willingly offered to his acceptance; for all his scruples, (if he have any,) there are cures in the blind obedience which the system requires, in its kind maternal care of his conscience, which saves him the trouble of thinking for himself, and in the pretended miracles of its juggling hierarchy; for the captivation of his outward senses it has the most enchanting music and the most fascinating mummeries,—the lofty aisle,—the 'dim religious light,'—the priestly splendour of vestment, and the seraph swell of harmony. It absolves him from oath and from promise; it gives a purchased immunity for sin, whether past, present, or to come; in fine, it adapts itself to every particular of our fallen humanity, and leaving the heart in a death-like sleep of insensibility, and the life in a round of pleasurable indulgence, it drains the purse to further its own aggrandisement, and flagellates the body as the best means of saving the soul!

SUCH IS POPERY!

X. Q.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

No. I.

MY DEAR A.

I am anxious to write you a few words on the interesting subject you mentioned in your letter; and am much gratified that you write so unreservedly on the state of your mind, because it enables me to speak more fully to you on the only things that would make our correspondence worth keeping up. I shall be very thankful if I am enabled to say any thing that may help you on, or lead you to think more seriously of your eternal state. And what I shall say, I shall hope to say not of myself, but in dependence on Him who alone can render our intercourse profitable. I quite enter into the difficulties of your situation, and well know of what value are a little Christian sympathy and interest, in such a case as yours. This is an important post for you; and depend upon it, Satan will be ever ready with some of his subtle devices, of which we are not ignorant, to hinder your growth in grace, and establish you as one of his own. Now is your time then to shew whose you are, and whom you serve, and in your own weakness, of which you complain, may God's strength be made perfect!

You say the family you are with are not what we

should call pious. Then what a doubly interesting situation is yours, with respect to the dear children whom you instruct! How incumbent it is on you to mix something of piety, something of God, with every thing you teach them! And as they are yet very young, who can say that the Lord may not bless the efforts made in his strength? And while you owe this to the children, you owe it to yourself, to the parents, and to your God, that your conduct, as respects the family, should be most uncompromising. Beware of making concessions to the world; show that you have no delight in worldly society; that you cannot make light of Christian duties. Remember that you are not your own, that you are bought with a price. And if you are ever called upon to violate the Sabbath, by devoting *any part* of it to folly or forgetfulness of God, in a company of worldly people, (for I well know how Sunday evening is spent by many families who think themselves sufficiently religious,) beware of robbing God thus of one single hour of that day which he has sanctified. I write thus, dear A., because these things are nearest my heart; and I would have them still nearer my own, and the hearts of all those in whom I am interested.

M. W.

No. II.

MY DEAR A.

I will try, as well as I am able, to answer your letter, which I read with many tears; for I could not bear to think that you should be placed in a situation

where heresy is constantly assailing your ears. I do trust, however, that the lessons of better things, taught my young friend under the same roof with myself, may be so blessed to her soul, that these things may only cause her to cleave yet more firmly to Him who is the way, the truth, and the life, and may lead her to pray for those who, while professing Protestantism and Christianity, are under such dreadful delusions. In answering the different points in your letter, my only desire is to lead you to Scripture, and you will see how the positions you have mentioned will stand by the side of that sacred authority.

And first, respecting the propriety of praying for the late king; the prayer, you say, was read by mistake, but the reading it was vindicated by the clergyman, 'because it is believed that the souls of the dead in Christ do not immediately enter into glory.' We have every reason to believe that the righteous, on their death, enter into a state of rest and peace; (Isaiah lvii. 1, 2. Heb. xi. 39, 40.) From these passages it appears that the righteous who have departed this life will not receive the kingdom promised, until all the people of God are gathered into the fold; when Christ shall come, and the dead in Christ shall rise with their bodies, to receive the blessed sentence, according to Matt. xxv: refer to the last few verses. But that "there is no repentance in the grave, or pardon offered to the dead," is also evident, (Eccl. ix. 10. Isaiah xxxviii. 18. Psalm lxxxviii. 10, 11; cxv. 17, 18, &c.); and the contrary declaration not only savours, but is the very principle of purgatory. In Rev. iv. 13, it is said that they who die in the Lord, *rest* from their labours. This I believe to be

the state of the justified after death, until the time of Christ's coming, when all who have died in him, in all ages, from Adam downwards, shall *together* receive the promise, and *together* be made perfect. Heb. xi. 40.

How does the declaration that religion is too sacred a thing to mix with our every-day affairs, coincide with the following—"Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." If this is not to mix up religion with every-day affairs, what is? But rather, it is *not* because religion is too sacred to mix up with every-day duties, but because it is too sacred to countenance Sabbath-breaking, forgetfulness of God, and profaneness, that the persons you speak of wish to drive religion from them. You have doubtless read the well-known hymn by Marriott, 'On being called a Saint.'

> "A saint! oh would that I could claim
> The privileged, the honoured name!
> And confidently take my stand,
> Tho' lowest in the saintly band."

Dear A., may you and I, with many who now deride the name, be amongst the number at that great day, when 'happy will that man be, who has no other accusation brought against him at the bar of God than that he is *a saint.*'[1]

How much I rejoice that you feel a conflict in your heart—the law of sin warring against the law of your mind (Rom. vii.) Oh, how much better it is to feel this striving against sin, even if we resist "unto blood," (Heb. xii.) rather than to be left to ourselves for Satan to take us captive at his will. There is

[1] Howels.

something very dreadful in the sentence pronounced on apostate Israel, in Hosea iv. 17. "Ephraim is joined to idols, let him alone." Wrestle on in prayer against this, dear A., and continue to give an uncompromising testimony against all sin: and above all, let not expediency induce you to admit that 'sin is not sin, because an end is to be gained by committing it,' for this I see is one of the points on which they would persuade you. "All unrighteousness is sin," and "whatsoever is not of faith, is sin."

M. W.

No. III.

MY DEAR A.,

I see more and more plainly, that yours is a situation that requires the wisdom of the serpent, as well as the harmlessness of the dove; for while it will be right for you to cultivate such a spirit of meekness towards those with whom you have to do, that they may "find nothing against you except they find it concerning the law of your God," it is at the same time essential that you "give place by subjection, no, not for an hour," to any thing that would interfere with your allegiance to Him. And it strikes me very forcibly, from what I know of intercourse with the world, that if you continue to follow an uncompromising line of Christian duty with respect to all parties, they will not brook the silent rebuke your example will give them, and they will soon desire one, more of their own spirit, to fill your place. This may startle you, but when one's path lies between

duty to God and personal profit, I need not tell you what must be done; for "what will it profit you, if you gain the whole world and lose your own soul?" This is a matter in which one person can scarcely judge for another; but if, in dependance on divine guidance, you feel it to be your duty not to leave your situation of your own accord—if it seems too much like a cowardly flight from the scene of battle, then remember that if you remain in the post of danger, it must be *to fight:* for you had better retire from the contest, than remain in the heat of the battle, only to dally with the enemy.

I will now venture a few words on the subject of Predestination or personal election. I do believe it to be one of the most comforting doctrines the church holds; look at the seventeenth article, where it is clearly explained. It is true that it is liable to much abuse; ignorant and wicked men sometimes say, 'Oh, I know that I am elected, so it matters not how I live—I am sure of heaven;' making this their excuse for the wilful commission of habitual sin. What dreadful condemnation such persons are heaping up to themselves! It is not known to men who are predestinated and who are not: all that we can judge concerning them is from their works, "By their fruits ye shall know them," and whenever predestination is spoken of in Scripture it is always coupled with sanctification. (Rom. viii. 28—30. Eph. iv. 6. 1 Pet. i. 2.) In these and many other passages you will see that those who are elected to salvation are also elected to shew the fruits of their election; for the apostle asks (Rom. vii. 2.) "How shall we that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?" Yet it is not for one man to judge another as to his everlasting state—if we see

a person living in heinous sin, how do we know that even at the eleventh hour he may not be constrained to shew forth the fruits of salvation; but be assured that whenever that change does pass upon him he will not glory in his sin; no, it will be his grief and shame, and his only glory will be in the cross of Christ his Saviour. When St. Paul was persecuting the church of Christ, who would have thought that he was a child of God? But now, who doubts of his election to eternal life? This doctrine is, then, not only comforting but charitable, however the world may pervert it, for it teaches us not to judge any, but to hope for all.

You ask how the service of God can be called perfect freedom, when it is at variance with every natural inclination? I answer, that in proportion as we serve God, we are free from sin, and if we could serve Him perfectly here we should enjoy perfect freedom. (John viii. 32—36.) Besides this we are no longer under the bondage of the law, (Rom. viii. 15.) and the gospel covenant is indeed freedom compared with the requirements of a law which we could never fulfil.

O what thraldom is so heavy as the captivity of sin? What yoke is so easy, to the Christian, as the yoke of the gospel of Christ? And what freedom is so perfect as the glorious liberty of the children of God?

M. W.

THE CHURCH NOT FITLY DESCRIBED.

THE following appeared in a recent number of the Record, whence we take the liberty of transcribing it. There is indeed some warrant in the epistles for using the personification here objected against: but we consider the abuse of the thing as loudly calling for a check. The 'Lyra Apostolica,' and other effusions of that curious sect, have made the very name of Mother, as applied to a church, ridiculous; save in its original application, Rev. xvii. 5.

"Permit me, in the fewest possible words, to offer a protest against the practice, almost universal with the Church of England writers and speakers, of using feminine pronouns or a female personification, to describe the church of Christ. *She* is the church; *her* rubric, *her* canons, and so forth.

"1. The practice is very objectionable in point of taste. It is but a poor and insipid method of conveying the intended idea. When St. Paul tells us that "the church is the pillar and ground of the truth," he impresses a simple and yet majestic idea in the mind. The church is a pharos amid surrounding darkness, holding forth the lamp of life to the wrecked mariner. But when the church is transmuted into a female, all the associations are tame and secular; and the metaphor must be translated before it can be made serviceable to any reasonable

purposes of instruction. When I hear the church represented as a female, I may think, perhaps, of Britannia and her trident, or I may be reminded of Virgil's 'Magnus et fama per urbes;' but assuredly I am reminded of nothing that is grave or edifying. And I might add that the constant use of figurative language or familar subjects tends only to degrade them. The effort to render them poetical succeeds in making them ridiculous.

"2. Besides, such descriptions are unscriptural, unless, indeed, any one should think fit to argue that the true church of Christ as well as the apostate church of Rome, are represented in the Revelations, each under the person of a woman. But no man of moderate education could adopt this defence; because it confounds a prophetic symbol with a metaphor. The language of symbolic prophecy is evidently unfit for the common uses of society. It is so peculiar that much learning was necessary to interpret it, and probably much of it is still unexplained. Metaphors are chosen to illustrate, or to adorn. Symbols are the hieroglyphics of the Bible: evidently never meant to be incorporated in the ordinary discourses of mankind. Indeed, from their very nature, this is, for the most part, impossible.

"3. But further still, the practice is mischievous—most mischievous: it has opened wide the door to error and to fraud. Under the shelter of this female impersonation things are predicated, from day to day, of the Church of England, which would at once appear not only false, but frequently ridiculous, if the metaphoric church were removed, and the church of St. Paul and of the nineteenth Article introduced its stead. Let me entreat your readers to try this

experiment, and to determine for themselves the truth or the folly of much that has lately been ascribed to the church so personified, by simply inquiring how far such things can gravely be affirmed, of any 'congregation of faithful men in the which the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments be duly administered?'

"I think that it would be by no means a difficult task, if your space allowed, to bring forward some painful illustrations from the writings of Dr. Pusey's school. I would not wrong those gentlemen, Dr. Pusey and his friends, deeply as I feel the injury which they are inflicting on the interests of true religion: but it appears to me that the church—that is the church personified and abstract- in their system, nearly corresponds with the Virgin Mary in the Romish apostacy: it is a kind of mediator through which they approach the Saviour. And if pious and orthodox clergymen are ministering unwittingly to such delusions, through the use of figurative language, the evil is so great and the remedy so simple, that I cannot but hope it will be at once applied.

J. B. M."

ON THE CHARACTER AND CONDUCT OF SERVANTS.

One or two papers have appeared in your publications relative to the conduct of masters and mistresses, professing religion, towards their servants, and I beg leave to offer a few remarks on the character and conduct of servants in general, particularly female servants. With a few pleasing exceptions, there are probably more complaints of this useful class of the community in the present day than at any former period. That system of luxury and extravagance which pervades the middle as well as higher classes of society, more particularly of late years, tends greatly to corrupt the lower orders; especially servants, who, from this evil example are often unfitted to enter the family of a frugal but honest tradesman, or one who from principle cannot sanction extravagance or waste. That profuse expenditure in housekeeping by which many families are ruined, the want of regularity and good management, so essential to their interest and happiness, are also very injurious in their effects upon servants. The frequent change of servants and situations is one great reason why heads of families and servants feel so little interested or concerned in the welfare of each other. The love of novelty and change, disproportionate wages, little work, and indolent habits, are often encouraged by the keeping a larger establishment than may be

really needful. Some years since it was no uncommon circumstance for a young female entering a household to remain in it for seven, ten, or even twenty years. She would then be regarded more as one of the family than as a servant; her earnings, year after year, would be carefully laid aside, and a certain provision made for old age: but how different is the present system too often adopted by servants! Many of them, when out of place, and in distress, being overlooked by their former employers (it may be for their unfaithfulness,) after many years of hard service, find no other asylum than a work-house; and too often dishonest practices and intemperate habits reduce individuals to this painful state of pauperism.

There is scarcely, perhaps, any class of persons so free from care as servants. So long as it pleases the Almighty to grant them health, and they conduct themselves in a becoming manner, a comfortable maintenance is provided for them, and they are often more happily situated than their employers, the extent of whose anxieties is often little known to them, as well as the hard struggle they have to maintain a family in respectability and credit. Under such circumstances, the misconduct or unkindness of servants is peculiarly vexatious; and when it is taken into consideration how much of the master's property is at the servant's disposal; and although, for interest sake, as well as from principle, he would neither sanction or encourage wasteful habits, yet how little, comparatively, is it in his power to prevent them; how desirable is it to have only persons of strictly honest principles, conscientious in the discharge of their duty, and actuated by the fear of God! Such

servants, whether male or female, are a blessing to their employers; 'their price is above rubies,' and into whatever family they enter, they ought to be treated with complacency, kindness, and confidence; for it is exceedingly painful to an upright mind to be regarded with an eye of suspicion. It is important also to impress upon them, as well as on those of a less worthy character, by a consistent temper and conversation, the reality of religion; to endeavour to lead them to the knowledge of that Saviour whom their employers profess to believe in, and especially to give them an opportunity at least once on the Sabbath of attending divine service. It is true that unhappily there are some untoward individuals, whom neither kindness can win, nor severity subdue; but generally speaking, kindness will prevail where harsher measures have failed. It is a bounden duty for professedly religious masters and mistresses especially to "give unto their servants that which is just and equal, knowing that they also have a Master in heaven;" "to forbear threatening;" not to dismiss upon slight grounds; and where they have enjoyed their long and faithful service, not to lose sight of them, but be ready to assist and shew kindness either in sickness or old age. If this spirit were more generally cultivated, there would not be that corruption among servants which is so prevalent in the present day, and which affects in no light degree the happiness of many worthy families.

M.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

HAS any among our numerous readers discovered a little shining piece of gold, or even of silver, lying unappropriated in some snug corner of her work-box, and has she been tempted, among the multiplicity of claims on such fragments, to ask, 'What shall I do with this?' In such a case, we will venture to suggest an answer, and should that suggestion prove acceptable, we hope, if spared to greet another New Year, to convey an account of blessings vouchsafed through the instrumentality of that, and other bits of current metal, similarly applied. Oh that we could, by means of some enchanted mirror, like those which poets loved to invent, and for which they retain an uninfringed patent—that we could give our dear Christian friends a glimpse, a little, momentary glimpse of what is, at the instant when they read these words, taking place in such spots as the one we are about to speak of. We have seen the flush of surprise die away into deadly paleness, within the last few hours, while the question was anxiously put, 'Are such things frequent in Ireland?' when we had merely been describing some circumstances that would apply to almost every Protestant household in almost every parish in the south. We will not here dwell upon the details; but shortly notice the case for which we are now begging a New Year's gift. The Rev. Robert O'Callaghan, Rector of Clog-

heen, would very well know what to do with such a thing; and delighted should we be to transmit it to his hands.

Clogheen is situated in a mountainous region, in that disturbed and distracted county, Tipperary. The Protestant portion of its inhabitants, especially of the poorer class, may be said to have been almost overborne by the vast preponderance of Romanists. Amongst many other discouragements known to us, the parish church, an old damp and dilapidated building, stood about two miles out of the town; attendance in winter, and at evening service was not alone inconvenient, but frequently dangerous. Under these circumstances, with the permission of the diocessan, and of the magistrates, divine service has been performed in a large room over the market-place. This building is now about to be fitted up for other purposes, and it has become absolutely necessary to seek funds to erect a church. The present rector has been in charge of the parish about three years, and it has pleased God to vouchsafe a manifest blessing upon his labours.

The almost expiring embers of Protestantism have been re-kindled, the children are collected for scriptural instruction. The attendants at church, and the number of communicants, are very considerably increased, and it is confidently expected that the congregation, when a suitable place of worship is erected in the town, will amount to four hundred! It would require an intimate, and almost local knowledge of the difficulties with which the united church of England and Ireland established in that country has, at this moment, to struggle; to estimate the importance of such a nucleus of Protestant and Christian

strength and light, in the midst of *darkness that may be felt.* To any one well acquainted with these circumstances, it seems little short of miraculous, that the Protestant faith has not long since been rooted out of this and similarly situated parts of Ireland. The good hand of our God has been upon it, and doubtless he has been pleased to say, "Destroy it not, for a blessing is in it." Yes, a blessing which we trust and believe, will break forth on every side, and make "the wilderness to rejoice and blossom like the rose."

As the wind serves to increase and blow up the flame, so do the windy blasts of affliction augment and blow up our graces. Grace spends in the furnace, but it is like the widow's oil in the cruse, which did increase by pouring out. The torch when it is beaten burns brightest; so doth grace when it is exercised by sufferings. Sharp frosts nourish the good corn; so do sharp afflictions grace. Some plants grow better in the shade than in the sun, as the bay and the cypress; the shade of adversity is better for some than the sunshine of prosperity. Naturalists observe, that the colewort thrives better when it is watered with salt water than with fresh: so do some thrive better in the salt water of affliction: and shall we be discontented at that which makes us grow and fructify more?—*Watson.*

THE TWO BURDENS.

SELF-WILLED man, and as ignorant as he is self-willed, is for ever engaged in a strange conflict with his Maker. The object of his contention is to get possession of a burden, safe nowhere but in the Almighty's keeping; and no sooner does he in any degree draw it upon himself, than he sinks, crushed beneath its ponderous weight. If, therefore, he finds it impossible to support the *entire* pressure, we yet behold him earnestly applying his shoulder to the labour, as if to assist His might, "who fainteth not, neither is weary."

This burden, which man so earnestly desires to bear, is the care and anxiety of his worldly condition. A *heavy* one truly, and altogether the property of his Maker, and when man laid hands upon it, he grasped at what it was clearly not the divine purpose to have ever made over to his creature's hands, seeing He hath neither proportioned it to their strength, nor fitted their shoulders to its support.

The man is a *thief* who dares to touch it! But to the fainting pilgrim, too ready to sink in his up-hill passage through this tiresome wilderness, *Jesus* once proposed a burden in *exchange* for this insupportable one. "Take," he said, "*my* yoke upon you, and ye shall find *rest* to your souls." An easy yoke, truly, a *meek* though *strong* confidence in his Father's love. So lightly does this burden press upon man, that we

may say of it, it provides him *wings*, and forces him to use them, furnished for, and presented to him, by that merciful High Priest, who knows his frame, and full well remembers that he is but dust.

Of a truth, in bearing this yoke he is conformed to the image of its Giver; and whilst the pilgrim bows his neck, and prays, Oh, fit on me thy pleasant yoke, —even then does he discern that all they who *believe* DO *enter* into *rest;* the rest of confiding love, of patient and assured hope.

The provision of *present* rest is then from harassing doubt alone; but there *is* a land where the inhabitants do rest from their labours; yes—

> There the weary and the weepers come,
> And they cease to wail and weep.

For each poor pilgrim then, who bears Christ's easy yoke, there *yet remaineth a rest*, and truly *that rest* shall be *glorious*.

WHEN a Christian goes into the world because he sees it his *call*, yet while he feels it is also his *cross*, it will not hurt him.—*Newton*.

ANECDOTE.

MR. FERRAR'S attachment to the established church, and reverence for ecclesiastical discipline, was a remarkable feature in his character. He had also antipathies as strongly marked, perhaps, as these commendable predilections. He had conceived a hearty detestation of the Roman mass, and this out of his pure affection to God's honour and worship, which he, having resided some years in popish countries, observed to be mortally wounded by the idolatrous adoration of that which he thought many persons could not, and did not believe to be the body and blood of Christ. On one occasion, in the honest and uncompromising indignation of his heart, he said, 'that such a sacrifice profaned the very place wherein it was celebrated;' upon which one of the company replied, 'Why, sir, what if mass should be celebrated in your house without your leave or knowledge, what would you do?' 'I will tell you a story:' said he; 'A peer of France, who had long been a pensioner of Spain, being discovered, and flying for refuge to the Spanish court, the king, upon his arrival, instantly dispatched his secretary to a certain duke and grandee of Spain, entreating him to lend a palace of his for the accommodation of the fugitive nobleman. 'Tell the king,' said he, 'my house shall ever be at his majesty's service;' and when the secretary was returning to court with this

obliging answer—'Nay,' said the duke, 'stay and hear me out. As soon as ever the house is mine again, to do what I will with it; I will purge it in such a manner that the world shall ring of it; for I will burn it down to the ground; for that it shall never be said hereafter, that there harboured a traitor under that roof.'' 'But, sir,' said the person whose conversation occasioned the warmth of Mr. Ferrar's address, 'do you account mass so great a traitor, that you would burn your house if it was said there?' 'I say not so,' answered Ferrar, 'for I have not a purse to build another: but I tell you, since you put it to me, I would pull down that room, though I built another.'—*Memoir of Mr. Ferrar.*

FAITH is that principle which, rising by the influence of the Spirit from the sinner's heart, invites him to his God: whilst electing love is that golden chain which God has let down to bind them to his people.—*Stewart.*

Review of Books.

MEMOIR OF MRS. HARRIET W. WINSLOW,

combining a sketch of the Ceylon Mission: by Miron Winslow, one of the Missionaries; with an Introductory Essay, by James Harrington Evans, Minister of John Street Chapel. Shaw. .

IT must not be supposed, that, because the subject of foreign missions is not often brought forward in our pages, we are therefore indifferent to the great and glorious work of proclaiming Christ among the far-off heathen. Such is not the case. A truly catholic spirit will desire to carry out to its utmost extent that unlimited invitation, "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." There is, however, a work, strictly missionary, requiring to be carried on at our own doors, amid the swarming hosts of popery and infidelity, and we have felt it our duty and privilege to occupy a corner in the vineyard, whence, so far as a very feeble and inefficient voice can prevail, we would direct especial attention to the hurt of the daughter of our people. For instance,

it really is with grief of heart that we hear of pious, zealous young teachers going forth from Ireland, to carry into distant lands the lamp, for lack of which their own neighbours, friends, kindred after the flesh, are stumbling on the dark mountains around them, to fall, and rise no more. But there are many whom the Lord calls; not from a sphere of present, active duty, but from the enjoyments of a peaceful Christian home, to exalt the banner of the cross in other lands, and to sacrifice even their lives for his name's sake. Such was Henry Martyn, whose delightful journal and letters, noticed in our last number, are a continual feast to us: such also was the estimable subject of the book that heads this article. Indeed, among many interesting memoirs of female missionaries, we are inclined to give it one of the highest places, in point of solid value, no less than of attractiveness. Mrs. Winslow is made the principal narrator of her own bright course: a shining light indeed, in a dark place; a lovely example of feminine piety, zeal, usefulness, and unreserved surrender to the Lord's service. Of the introductory remarks we need say no more than that they are from the pen of a minister than whom none can better appreciate the blessedness of serving God in the gospel of His Son; or the importance of the work to which Mrs. Winslow and her husband together devoted themselves. We give no farther account of the contents, because we wish all who value our recommendation to read and judge for themselves.'

THE BENEFIT OF SCRIPTURAL INSTRUCTION ILLUSTRATED, ***in the case of two beloved sons. By Matthew Morris Preston, M. A. Vicar of Cheshunt, late fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.*** **Crofts.**

We had once, and only once, the privilege of attending Mr. Preston's ministry, when he occupied a friend's pulpit, about two years since. In the course of his sermon, he made one or two remarks on the scriptural encouragements given to those who were labouring to train up a child in the way he should go, which left an indelible impression, and proved not only a word in season, but an abiding help and comfort. We now again meet this pious clergyman, in his pulpit ministrations, recorded in this brief, but very precious book—a discourse delivered to his flock, just after committing to earth the mortal remains of a dear child. A trying situation for a father, in every sense of the word: and one which he has filled to the glory of his God, and, we fearlessly affirm, for the benefit of every parent into whose hands the Lord shall direct this memorial. The subject is of such incalculable importance to Christian mothers, that we never are led into it without being tempted to expatiate beyond the limits of a literary notice. Instead of offering our weak assistance, impressing it upon them, we will take a passage or two from Mr. Preston's pages. He says, "Of the capability of very young children to apprehend, so as to apply to their own use, the fundamental principles of our holy religion, and of the correctness of judgment, and the enlargement and elevation of mind and feeling thence

frequently resulting—I speak with confidence. The doctrines of the atonement for sin, and of the necessity of the influences of the Holy Spirit, may not be systematically expressed or understood by a child; who will yet shew that he understands them practically, by beseeching God to forgive him his sins for the sake of what Jesus Christ has done and suffered for him, and by praying that the Spirit of God may create in him a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within him. Do not think that a child who is taught that Jesus Christ died to procure for him and for others the forgiveness of sins, will thereby learn to think lightly of sin. *Trust God*, I beseech you, *for the moral tendency of that precious truth, in your child's case, as well as in your own.* Nothing will produce genuine sorrow for sin, and a real hatred of it, but a hope of free forgiveness: and there is only one way of obtaining it for him and for you—through "the blood of Jesus Christ," which "cleanseth from all sin."

In an earlier part of the discourse Mr. Preston had recorded an illustration of what he here inculcates. We must give it. It relates to the dear youth over whose newly closed grave the parent's voice was sounding. 'When he was about four years of age, he had been betrayed into the sin of falsehood—a sin which, in the education of my own children, as formerly of pupils, I have never suffered to pass without correction. After he had been punished, he was standing by my side in tears. I perceived his lips to be in motion, and said to him, 'Francis, what are you saying?' After a little hesitation, he replied, 'I was saying, "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'" Oh the delight, the tears of joy, with

which I heard from the poor little offender that blessed sentence, so opportunely applied to his own case! I had before felt that Name to be as ointment poured forth upon my own soul; and now its healing virtue was descending, to restore and bless one who had inherited from me the seeds of evil. I thanked God and took courage; and prayed that he might be one of that happy company who "have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."'

That the prayer was openly answered, the memoir itself will shew: and we hope the passage above cited will encourage Christian parents to act up to the divine commandment of chastening the child while yet there is hope. It is a fearful error to neglect this most trying duty. Its performance often brings on the conscientious guide the charge of undue severity, in addition to the actual anguish of inflicting pain on a beloved object. But though the heart shrinks, let the mind be firm: and the child so reluctantly afflicted will, in due time, gratefully kiss the rod, bless the hand that wielded it, and adore the divine wisdom which directed that hand, to do what Eli, with all his sage reproofs, came short of: and in that short-coming destroyed himself, his sons, and their posterity.

AN UNIVERSAL HISTORY *from the Creation to* A. D. 1828. *Divided into twenty-one periods, at the most remarkable epochs of the world. By Edward Quin, M.A. of Magdalen Hall, Oxford; and barrister-at-law of the honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn.* Seeley and Burnside.

WE noticed formerly the second edition of an uncommonly elegant and unique work: 'The historical Atlas,' with its series of beautiful maps. The present is a reprint of the letter-press portion of that volume, brought within the reach of some who might deem the former too expensive for their purpose. We have only to repeat that it is a condensed, well-digested outline, embracing a wide range of important information, set forth with much method and exactness. The latter part, including the French revolution, and the extraordinary career of Napoleon Buonaparte, is much more diffuse: and the whole terminates in a bird's eye view of the state of the globe at the close of the year 1828. A year which proved the last in the duration of even better things than Mr. Quin's history. But this is our remark, not his.

EASTERN MANNERS *illustrative of the New Testament History, as contained in the Gospels. By the Rev. Robert Jamieson, Minister of Westruther.* Oliphants; Hamilton and Co.

THIS corresponds with the volume illustrative of Old Testament manners and customs, which we noticed

some time ago. It even exceeds the former in interest. The light thrown on the different subjects of our Lord's parables, is invaluable: a thousand beauties are revealed, which our ignorance of the peculiarities of eastern customs throws into the shade. It is an elegant little book; not intended as a guide in doctrinal matters, but simply to illustrate the actual scenes described, and the parabolic histories related in the four gospels. If there be one impression on our mind deepened beyond others by its perusal, it is that of amazement at the extent of humiliation and suffering endured by the King of kings and Lord of lords, during his sojourn in a tabernacle of flesh, on this our ruined earth.

ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS, *explained in simple and familiar language. By G. B.* Nisbet and Co.

SOUND doctrine, practical inferences, searching applications, and spiritual prayers, all conveyed in language of the most simple kind; such as any child, any cottager may easily comprehend. That noble compendium of Christianity, the Epistle to the Romans, is here laid open to the reader, in all its rich meaning, a perfect code of the divine law: and that in terms of simplicity which few have courage to use, in these days. We heartily commend the work to families, schools, and individuals, both as a key to the scripture, and a guide in scriptural prayer.

THE FAMILY AT HEATHERDALE: *or, the Influence of Christian Principles. By Mrs. Colonel Mackay.* Inverness. Oliphants; Hamilton and Co.

For those who like domestic tales, here is a very sweet one, conveying, we think in almost every page, some important lesson bearing on 'Christian principles.' The story is that of a young officer, brought from darkness to the marvellous light of the gospel, by the instrumentality of a pious sister and faithful pastor. All the grand doctrines of our holy faith are ably set forth, and Christian practice enforced, in the form of pleasing dialogue, with enough of a story to sustain the interest. There are only two points in which we do not exactly concur with the accomplished narrator; and in both we belong, probably, to a small minority, while she has a powerful majority to support her views. However, we like to be honest. We object, then, to the doctrine that any spiritual person who has the choice fairly before him of retaining or relinquishing a military commission—more especially in time of actual war—is justified in continuing to hold it: and we also think that, in works written professedly for the instruction of young people in the ways of godliness, it is desirable to steer clear of the subject of love and marriage; unless where the object is pointedly to illustrate the evils of an improper choice; as in the case of Lucy Graham, in the story before us.

To conclude, we greatly like 'The Family at Heatherdale.'

THE PROTESTANT'S CATECHISM. *By the Rev. C. J. Yorke, A.M., Rector of Shenfield, Essex. Author of 'Verses for Pilgrims;' 'Cain and Abel,' &c.* Crofts.

A LITTLE fourpenny book of eighteen pages, admirable for its brevity, force, and conclusiveness. The objections of Protestants against Popery are pithily stated, in a few plain words, under their various heads. We should like to drop such books, as the little hero of nursery romance did his crumbs of bread, to mark our path through the land.

SPIRITUAL THINGS *compared with Spiritual; or, Two Texts for every Day in the Year, illustrating each other: with Sacred Poetry.*

HEBREW LYRICS: *Select Poems on Old Testament Subjects. Religious Tract Society.*

Two very nice selections. The latter, the size of 'Gems of Sacred Poetry:' the former twice as large. We have actually seen such happy effects resulting from thus bringing a passage of scripture before a careless eye, that we are rather partial to daily texts, as gifts for young and old.

THE PROTESTANT.

'A HAPPY new year to you, dear uncle. Hitherto God has prospered us; and I hope we shall still be permitted to pursue what is indeed an humble path, but not altogether unuseful.'

'I hope it is not. The wit of uninspired man never yet devised what would suit all tastes and circumstances; therefore I cannot expect your readers universally to echo your kind wishes for my continance as your helper. Some, with all sincerity, and out of pure good will to you, would willingly see me put *hors de combat*. However, here I am, heartily desirous to conciliate their good will, and to avoid offending any of their feelings. Now tell me, have you redeemed the pledge given at the close of our last conversation?'

'I have, uncle: not exactly within the fortnight, but only two days beyond its expiration.'

'And what did you do?'

'Just what I wished to do; and what I most earnestly hope many may be led to attempt with the same pleasing result. The announcement in our last number, led a valuable friend to mention that he had with him a dear Christian brother, a clergyman from the south of Ireland, who could give us some striking details. Accordingly I engaged a moderate-sized room: and by private invitation summoned such of my neighbours as I thought likely to take a kind

interest in the matter. We calculated on accommodating forty; and invitations to that number were issued: forty-seven attended.'

'Indeed! were you not equally surprised as gratified, at so large an assemblage?'

'My gratification, uncle, was too great to be equalled by my surprise, or any thing else. However, it was far beyond my expectations. You may readily suppose that some doubt arose, as to whether I was not going to plunge my fair friends in an ocean of political turbulence and excitement: but my simple asseveration that they would be addressed by a godly, zealous, devoted minister of the gospel of peace, overcame all scruple: and when, at half-past one o'clock, our kind helpers arrived, they found a room full of sweet faces, beaming with Christian love, prepared to listen, and to believe. We had also several gentlemen.'

'Right, right;' exclaimed my uncle. 'I honour the man who will give his countenance to such a proceeding. Not that you, ladies, have not an equal right with ourselves to congregate for such a purpose: but do you not feel it a sort of sanction, when some Christian husband accompanies his wife, some father his daughter, some brother his sister to such a meeting?'

'We do, indeed: it also gratifies those who come to address us. Well, uncle, our guest was the Rev. Robert O'Callaghan, of Clogheen, who, after an impressive prayer, proceeded to set before us a most touching picture of what my very soul longed to have pourtrayed to the dear sisters around me. He showed the afflictions and persecutions through which they have to struggle, who, constrained by divine love, la-

bour among, yea, labour for the infatuated enemies of the faith. He repeated the appalling fact, that, in the county Tipperary alone, for the last two years, the deaths by violence—by the hand of actual assassination—have amounted to two murders in every three nights. He traced these horrors to their legitimate root—popery: and in pleading against that bitter adversary of God and man, he pleaded most touchingly for the souls ensnared in its net. He shewed the Irish character as it is, open, generous, ardent—a rich soil to reward the culture bestowed on it; and he exhibited in his own person, and in those of his fellow-labourers, the force of that love for Papists which can daily brave a violent death, in resisting popery for their sakes. He told us, in a simple, but, oh, how affecting contrast to the peace and security of our own Protestant homes, that on leaving his parsonage, to undertake a tour for the benefit of the Church Missionary Society, he was obliged to apply for two soldiers to sleep under that roof during his absence, as a means of preserving his dear partner and little ones from the hand of midnight murder.'

Here my uncle was quite overcome: I did not wonder at it, for there were not many dry eyes in our meeting, at that stage of the proceedings. I went on.

'After Mr. O'Callaghan had concluded, by declaring that neither pecuniary loss, personal suffering, nor the dread of a violent death, should drive him from his post—and announced it as the united resolve of his dear brethren in the ministry, he sat down. The valued friend who had brought him, then rose; and briefly, but most powerfully, appealed

to our feelings of sympathy, assuring us that the knowledge of being remembered in our prayers, would be a great consolation and encouragement to his persecuted Protestant countrymen. He laid open to us some of the tremendous machinery of the society of Jesuits; and sounded a note of warning, which will be remembered, I trust, by some of us, who may not before have given much thought to the matter. We then deputed one of our gentlemen to return our thanks to those who had come among us, on behalf of their dear country: and Mr. O'Callaghan closed with a solemn blessing. So, uncle, your poor, happy niece, stood there, as clear from the charge of being a political firebrand, as she was from the design or desire to incur that hateful character.'

'I give you joy, my dear: let it encourage you to go on, through evil report and good report, under all circumstances, to the goal of your longings—the good of poor Ireland.'

'I have not told you all, uncle: when we broke up, there was a general inquiry, 'Where are the plates?' 'Have you no collection?' 'None.' This was a new thing: English liberality was alive and awake; but the darling object of my heart was to excite English sympathy, and to exhibit it unconnected with any matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. We hear many appeals to our hearts, on behalf of poor Ireland and her children, all tending to an appeal to our purses: and this is right. But for once, surely, we may afford our suffering brethren and sisters the unmixed gratification of receiving a message of love, on equal terms. The effect of this plan on our dear friend was very striking: he declared to me that it was the happiest hour of his whole

public life: and that expression, with the look which accompanied it, has left a ray of sunshine on my heart to this hour.'

'I don't doubt it, my dear. Do you expect your example will be followed by the assembling of similar meetings elsewhere?'

'Expect it? Yes, and know it too. This new year is to be marked by one in the next county, precisely similar in character and purpose; and I dare to hope that some who may read these pages will adopt the plan also. It is not in every place, nor at all times, that an Irish Christian can be found to plead the sacred cause: but any really Protestant Englishman who gives his mind to the subject, may undertake to address such an assembly. What is it, uncle, but that exhorting of one another which the Apostle enjoins? Stirring ourselves up to sympathize with the beloved, though distant members of Christ, in a church most truly militant; and to pray for those tried in the furnace, that they may be strengthened—for souls afflicted with deadly disease, that they may be healed. We have since affixed our names to a letter of affectionate encouragement, and sent the greeting to cheer our honoured brother, in the scene of his arduous and perilous labours. Let those who have never experienced the sweetness of Christian sympathy, the soothings of Christian friendship, in a season of difficulty or sorrow, denounce as idle, presumptuous, or uncalled-for, our humble tribute. Those to whom it is offered know how to appreciate it.'

'Ay, these warm-hearted Irish are indeed keenly alive to the voice of affection, in this dark hour. The more I consider the business, the better I like

it. I am not much given to sentiment, nor very prone to

> Fill a fellow-creature's ear
> With the sad tale of all my care.

but many a time has my bosom been calmed, and my spirit revived within me, while tracing in the words, the tones, the very looks of a friend that participation in my trouble, which the scripture beautifully expresses, in the injunction, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." In spite of myself too, I have secretly felt the risings of that sorrowful reproach which my lip would not utter, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" Oh, my girl, my life has been a life of temporal and spiritual blessing; and if the occasional cloud that now and then obscured, for a little moment, the sunshine of my prosperity, has appeared to me so grievous, and human sympathy so precious, what must they feel—our dear brethren yonder—whose dwellings and whose country the Lord has covered with so thick a cloud, that at times they feel as though their prayers could not pass through: while human infirmity tempts them to exclaim, "Will the Lord absent himself for ever: is his mercy clean gone for evermore?" It is not many months since you and I, sheltered under the roof of as amiable, hospitable, peaceable, and benevolent a family as any in Ireland, were cautioned that we must not open the crevice of a shutter in our chambers, until the light within was totally extinguished, lest its glimmer should afford a mark for the assassin's shot. Throughout the whole south, this is the case: the north, with its numerous band of Protestants, may still sleep in

comparative security: but, oh how dissimilar from that which surrounds our English homes! And is there nothing in this to call forth, not merely the sentiment, but the avowal of affectionate concern, in the keen trial of faith and patience to which our dear brethren are exposed?'

'I have asked that question, uncle, in some quarters, till I am almost weary of doing it. Can you account for the deadness of feeling in this matter, where perhaps the liveliest concern is manifested for the distant heathen, and for various undertakings, all good in themselves?'

'It must be referred, in part, to the natural prejudice which prompted, "I hate that Micaiah; for he doth not prophesy good concerning me, but evil." In fact, the sentiment was not one of personal dislike to Micaiah; but a clinging to the false security which his faithful predictions tended to shake. The Englishman who fixes a steady eye upon Ireland, as she is, and who traces the progressive advance of popish domination on her shores, cannot, if he would, rest there: he must needs follow the course of the bad leaven, and behold it poured upon his own. He must confess that it is working, rapidly, visibly working, in the heart of England, political, social, and ecclesiastical. This he likes not: man's natural desire is to be at ease in his possessions, not to see them menaced with a hostile attack. "Lying down, loving to slumber," is, alas! too much the disposition of even the renewed heart; and rather will man stop his ears, than permit his repose to be broken by the distant note of war, approaching, as he knows it does, his own camp, but, he hopes, not yet. Why should he buckle on his armour, and go forth to fight

the battles of a neighbour, while his own territory enjoys a truce? Why should he be made to feel that the thick clay of temporal good things wherewith it is his delight to lade himself, is not only useless, but an impediment in his way? "Am I my brother's keeper?" is the language of some hearts, that, nevertheless abhor the deed and the character of unrighteous Cain. In tones of loving exhortation we call on the Protestants of England to arise and strengthen the hands of their brethren in Ireland. Many have responded to the appeal, and in the answer of a good conscience towards God *and* towards man, reap a present reward, and others, like the sluggard, murmur—

> You have waked me too soon, let me slumber again.

But if they be God's children, he will in mercy break that slumber, though, since they disregard the tones of the silver trumpet, a peal of his own thunder may be necessary. He can, in a moment, rock their fairy palace of peace to its foundation; and so utter his voice that they *shall* hear him.'

'What think you, uncle, of the recent appointment of a Romanist, to an office of high honour and domestic privilege, about the person of the Queen of England?'

'It is a sign of the times.'

'An evil sign of gloomy times, is it not?'

'Ay: the period is not long past, when, from north to south, and from west to east, all England would have rung forth a peal of indignation—would have laid a simultaneous remonstrance at the foot of the throne, where our ancestors placed the house of Brunswick, for a far different purpose than that of

infecting the sanctuary of royalty with Popery's contagion. But the period is gone; and this event, with hundreds more that may follow it, passes by—greeted with the gratulating smile of liberalism, and marked, perhaps, by a shrug from those who cannot but wonder after the Beast, while his deadly English wound is so rapidly healing.'

'Yet, we expected it all, from the deed of 1829.'

'We did; but with a secret, unacknowledged hope, that we might be found false prophets. And many there are, who, just because the altar, pix and rood are not yet set up in St. Paul's, nor the host carried in procession past their windows, exult over us as such.'

'But there surely are some, who, from real ignorance of what is going on, particularly in Ireland, smile at our fears. If they saw what we do, they would feel with us.'

'Exactly so, my dear; and therefore I desire the extension of your plan of bringing Christians together, in a quiet, unostentatious way; and, without pledging them to any particular opinions, or line of conduct, to lay before them, from the lips of pious, sober, discerning, well-informed men, a plain statement of existing facts, from which they may draw their own conclusions. It is inconceivable to me that any person should refuse to listen. If a man, your equal in rank, education, circumstances,—your fellow-subject, your brother churchman, comes to you, saying, 'I have no demand to make, either on your influence or your purse; but I am placed in a situation of peculiar difficulty, where your sympathy would cheer, and your prayers would help me,' do you think you, or any one claiming the character of

a courteous, not to say a Christian lady or gentleman, could turn away, declining to hear what he wished to impart? English justice, brotherly kindness, charity, candour, and above all the love of Christ, call upon us with a voice too powerful to be drowned by the clamour of selfishness and indolence. Why, I could fill your whole magazine with injunctions of scripture, bearing fully on this subject.'

'So could I, uncle; but we will be content with referring our friends to a single short passage, including one table of the law, and enforcing with like emphasis, a concern for the sinful aggressor's soul, and for the persecuted sufferer's estate, "*Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.*"

'But now, uncle,' I continued, 'a word on the thrilling subject of Canada.'

'Not now: look out for me the date and the particulars of what occurred in Quebec, not long since; when *the English standard was lowered, and the English troops presented arms, at the elevation of the host,* within the walls of the newly-built Popish cathedral. Recal first the idolatrous crime by which our rulers there provoked the wrath of God; we will then trace the fearful retribution.'

THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1838.

CHAPTERS ON FLOWERS.

How sweet is the promise of an approaching spring, when winter has firmly established his severe dominion! Light is always lovely: but never so precious as when shining in a dark place; a star, 'distinct though distant,' bearing witness that we are on the right track to the haven where we would be. Such a light, we are told, is the sure word of prophecy, itself an earnest of what it promises, even as the pole-star in the midnight sky is of the day-beam that shall break in the east, whither it enables us, by its bearing, to direct our watchful gaze. A promise too, and an earnest, of a more genial season, are united in the lovely little flower that is breathing its rich perfume around me now. The Russian Violet, formed to retain both tint and fragrance through the most biting severity of weather, gives me this lesson of hope:

bringing also in its train many a recollection no less dear than are the anticipations it numbers.

It has often been a question with me whether hope or faith is the more vividly depicted in this flower: but they are inseparable, or, at least, they ought to be so. "Hope that is seen is not hope; for what a man seeth, how doth he yet hope for?" and again, Faith is "the evidence of things not seen." Each has its eye fixed on what flesh cannot behold: each is in itself an invisible good, yet diffusing by its presence such sweets as nothing else can shed. This is the property of the violet: it droops its head, and hides beneath the foliage of a bank, and makes itself known, not through the medium of our sight, but by the sense of delicious enjoyment, when we pass by its fragrance-breathing covert. To most minds there is something attractive in the mysterious; and from childhood I have taken special pleasure in the ramble of which the professed object was to pick violets. With small baskets pendant from our hands, often have we, as a lively group of youngsters, sallied forth along the lane, over the meadow, and down by the long narrow channel that separated the road from its tall hedge-row fence, where ran a shallow stream of tolerably pure water, supplied by a neighbouring spring. This stream rose among the pebbles, under a footbridge of light planks, and after spreading around, in different directions, as if uncertain which way to shape its future course, it finally settled to divide itself, and replenished the excavations on either side the afore-mentioned hedge. Perhaps it was the abundant moisture thus supplied that caused the vegetation of the bank to shoot so high and spread so luxuriantly. Certain it is, that, what

with the bright holly and its ruby berries throughout winter, the sweet hawthorn flower in May, the briar rose and straggling honey-suckle in the summer months, and the overhanging mass of bramble, festooned with the wild vine, to autumn's close, this was a very king of hedges. Here and there, a stout knotted oak threw out its capacious, though not lofty trunk, seeking, as it were, to hide the wounds inflicted on its head by a superabundance of foliage: while, beneath the shelter of these various guardians appeared a succession of wild flowers, so numerous, so abundant, that one wondered how they found room to grow, or left space sufficient to exhibit the peculiarly cool and refreshing green that formed the ground work of the enchanting tapestry.

Here it was that the violet loved to hide its head: not growing on the bank beyond, but lurking under a sort of projecting shelf on our side of the channel. No dusty road was bordered by the little stream: the carriage-way was unfrequented, except by the vehicles employed in agricultural operations on the property; a well-fastened gate at the end, excluding all others. Accordingly, the grass sprang up at will, save only in the track of the horses and wheels; and a broad border of dwarf furze, intermingled with fern and stately thistles, separated this road from the high, verdant footpath that straggled in unequal width nearest the hedge. Here we roamed, together or apart, whether in quest of wild flowers, or merely for a stroll: but I soon discovered a more tempting track, and many a time did I steal through a gap, close beside one of the stunted oaks, to enjoy the solitude that few others cared to court.

The interior side of the hedge was far less gay, but

to me more attractive: the channel there was so narrow as to be hardly perceptible, while the bank was smoother, more abrupt, and bearing only such flowers as love the shade. Violets there were, in unsuspected profusion, for I never told how rich a store I had discovered, neither did I gather them. Their fragrance satisfied me, as I slowly wandered along, peering over the fair pasturage that stretched away northward, and lifting many a look to the line of distant hills, basking in the sunshine from which I was screened by that tall fence. *My* violet bank was like a miser's hoard, guarded from other hands, and untouched by my own. It seemed so in keeping with the innocent, shy-looking lambs that, at the same season, were trying their limbs on the grass, that I never wished to rob the landscape of its fanciful association. Oh the light, the beauty of tender spring, as it meets a youthful spirit, contemplative, but still unclouded with the cares of life! The Violets before me are violets also, as beautiful, as odorous, as any that ever sweetened my path: but the external scenery of chill, confirmed winter that surrounds me, is not more dissimilar from the budding luxuriance of the sunshiny landscape, instinct with life and motion, than are the inward cogitations that accompany my present employment from the dreams of that period. The flower is the same, and the flower only: I can bend over it until, 'The past returns, the present flies'—until the frost and snow of cheerless winter are replaced in my thoughts, by the budding graces of advanced spring; and the turmoil, the anxieties, the disappointments, the perplexities of every day give place to the placid flow of feeling that

rolled along so softly, yet so brightly, as I rambled beside the Violet bank.

But retrospections of past happiness do not produce this tranquillity of spirit; though divested by distance and time of the little inequalities that even then ruffled its course. They rather seem to afford a sort of foretaste, a faint specimen of what the human mind is capable of enjoying, when relieved alike from cares for the present and from fears for the future. Faint, indeed, is the shadow so long past, of the substance that is yet to come: but self appears to vanish from the picture when I contemplate the delights reserved for, perhaps, a future race of earth's inhabitants, when the glorious day of her promised renovation dawns, and the great enemy of their peace is chained, and the kingdoms of this world openly become what in reality they never ceased to be—the kingdom of our God and of his Christ. That such a period of blessedness is in store for the church, no reader of scripture thinks of denying: that the period draws rapidly near, no observer of passing signs can doubt. I am not going to enter upon the difficult ground of millennarian doctrine: my own views are fixed and settled, so far as I can trace the sure word of prophecy: and that is, perhaps, a little further than I am in the habit of proclaiming. It is a subject better suited for private meditation than for the noisy, and sometimes unfriendly discussions that result from forcing it into notice. Nothing can be more sweet, more profitable, than to exchange thoughts upon it, with one who sympathizes in our views and hopes: few things more ungracious than to parade it before the unwilling eyes of a brother or sister who beholds it through a different medium:

but this I will say, that the Violet—and above all, the Russian Violet—is identified in my mind with a hope that will not make ashamed, because it is founded on what the Lord hath spoken concerning the world and the church in the latter-day glory.

By the world, I do not mean that which hateth Christ and his people, but the material world, which he formed at the first so very good, to be the habitation of an obedient, happy race of beings—the original regalia, whereof some scattered and broken gems lie around us, go where we will, bespeaking what must have been the grandeur of the combination that once existed; what will be the magnificence of its future display. The earth, perhaps, will even then require the hand of labour and of skill to direct its abundant productions: it may be once more a garden of Eden, and man will be set in it to dress and to keep it, as of old; for a state of inactivity is incompatible with a state of perfect enjoyment. But the foot will not then be torn by thorns and briars, nor the spirit wounded by unkindness: the hand will not know the sting of venomous plant or reptile, neither will the conscience be stung by virulent passions, or unavailing remorse. The strong will not oppress the weak, nor the mighty prey on the helpless. Imperfection and infirmity must needs cleave to humanity, in that which is not destined to be its final state of being, but when all shall know the Lord from the least to the greatest, when none shall hurt nor destroy in all his holy mountain, when the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of his glory, and the accuser of the brethren cast down, the roaring and devouring lion chained, and the corrupt principle in man restrained by victorious

grace, find no tempting fiend to urge it into rebellious action, oh it will be a joyous thing to look abroad upon a renovated creation, and to hold sweet communion with the Most High, in the midst of His shining handy-work!

I cannot attach individual biography to this sweet flower, the Violet; for I have confined the record of those associations to the departed, and of those only D—— and the dumb boy took delight in the subject; though, blessed be God! I have many dear living friends with whom to hold sweet converse upon it. Nay, the Violet has an antitype too; but long, very long may it be ere that beloved individual's name shall appear in any record of the departed! Still, amid a "multitude of thoughts"—they might safely be varied like the psalm, and translated "sorrows" too—that I have in my mind, it may be forgiven if I welcome the refreshment breathed on my soul by this gentle little visitor, the soft, sweet Violet, with its serious, yet cheerful countenance, its tranquillizing influence, and its promise of happier days. The individual referred to, will probably read these pages: but will be the last to suspect the identity: and that which has never been spoken, cannot be betrayed. Therefore, of all my Violet-natured friends none need be apprehensive of any further publication than my dear little store on the north side of the hedge experienced.

I have named D—— as taking delight in this subject: in reality, he was most stifly opposed to what are called the modern millennarian views, including a personal reign of Christ for a thousand years on this visible earth. I well remember his answer to a friend, who, in trying to combat his objections said,

'Suppose a person were to exclaim to you, Yonder is the Lord, sitting in that cloud, coming in glory towards us, would you not look up?' D—— briskly replied, 'No, I would not: for it is written, "If they say unto you, lo here is Christ, or lo there, believe them not."' The subject was, of course, a personal pre-millennial advent; and when in more familiar discourse, we have talked over the matter, he has often said to me, 'Never mind, dear friend, let him *now* fix his throne in our hearts; and whensoever and wheresoever he appears to reign, you and I shall reign with him.' I did not so far differ from him, nor do I now, as to excite any debate; and very delightful were the walks that we have taken, amid wild, but beautiful scenery, anticipating the destruction of all that could harm, and the re-establishment of all that could rejoice the eye and the heart of man, when the promised period should arrive of the Lord's reign—be it of what nature it might.

The Russian Violet, springing from the frozen ground, amid storms and every mark of devastation, presents also a more exact type of what I conceive will be the circumstances of that period. That the world will be converted by the preaching of the gospel, I have not the slightiest expectation. Judgments most terrible, such a blasting of the breath of divine displeasure as shall wither the nations, such a breaking to pieces under the rod of his wrath as the rending of the wildest tempest never inflicted on the shrivelled leaves of the frost-nipped forest, are what I look for, as the sure precursors of that glowing spring. I know that the great papal Babylon, and the blasphemy-branded beast of infidelity which she is even now bestriding, shall be destroyed by the

brightness of the Lord's coming: I know that the princes and mighty men, and all the host of their antichristian alliance, shall vainly cry to the mountains to fall on them, and to the rocks to hide them from the wrath of the Lamb. The gospel must be preached, as a witness, throughout the world, and then shall the end come: and oh, what a blessedness will be theirs who see the, perhaps, few souls gathered out, through their instrumentality, from the doomed mass, enabled to shelter themselves not from, but in the hand of that awful King! When the day of vengeance is in his heart, to execute it, then the year of his redeemed is come. When the great day of his wrath arrives, the weakest are they who shall be found able to stand—even such as have become little children, that they may enter the kingdom of heaven.

It is when contemplating the horrors of that fiery tempest, that the soul which has taken refuge in Jesus can find a calm amid the petty storms of the passing day. It is when dwelling on the promised unity and peace of the Redeemer's church, the predicted beauty, and fertility, and holiness of this fair world, that we can smile upon the disfiguring work of these wintry elements. Whatever allowance be made for the highly figurative language of scripture, nothing can divest it of the plain literal meaning that breathes from every page of its prophetic announcements. To argue that because all believers are children of faithful Abraham, therefore the promises made to his actual race are to be all taken spiritually, and that no future restoration is in store for the dispersed of Judah, and the outcasts of Israel; or that, because the enlargement and blessedness of the church are often predicted under the similitude of

material things, we are therefore not to look for an actual restoration of much that has been lost or defaced, through the usurpation of Satan and the abounding of permitted iniquity—is just to degrade the Bible into a book of riddles, calculated to raise false hopes, and to invite expectations that are never to be realized.

This frigid and confined plan of interpretation I leave to those who take no pleasure in surveying the traces of God's footsteps among his visible works: or whose mortal lot is one of such unruffled quietude, or of such utter abstraction from present things, that they see not any ground for desiring a change in the face of the earth, until all be finally destroyed. I love to think otherwise: I love to look at the uniform, uninterrupted course of the immense machinery of the heavens; and believing this to be the only spot where the order and harmony of a perfect creation have been interrupted, to anticipate a day when our little globe shall once more move on, not only obedient to those laws which have not been, cannot be broken, but also in the loveliness with which the Lord at first invested her, and which has been so fearfully marred, trampled on by his rebellious foes. What have the innocent elements done, that we should resolve to believe that an exterminating decree has gone forth against them, in their present degraded state? We know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together—that the creature was made subject to vanity not willingly:—but I am touching on debateable ground; and it will be better to ponder in silence on these themes over my sweet violet, which sends back to me all the breathings of hope, patiently waiting for that which yet it sees not.

C. E.

THE BYSTANDER.

No. XVI.

THERE is no doctrine more plainly taught in scripture than that commonly known by the name of a particular providence—that God not only watches over the destinies of empires, but directs the minute occurrences of domestic life. Without the permission of the same Power by whom "kings reign and princes decree justice," a sparrow cannot fall to the ground. Ever since I became really acquainted with God, this doctrine has been to me one of the most abundant sources of consolation and support; and I therefore feel surprised and disappointed that comparatively few of my Christian friends sympathise with me in this matter. As an abstract proposition, every Christian will admit it; but they shrink from its application to the daily affairs of life: they will not venture to question the truth, that "the very hairs of their head are all numbered," because these are the words of scripture; but if we speak of their going to some particular place, their performing or abstaining from some special act, as being ordered by God, they seem to shrink from this close and individual application of the truth, as savouring of enthusiasm.

That the man of the world should be averse from such close contact with the Almighty, is natural. It

cannot be pleasing to him, that the great and powerful Being whose laws he is transgressing, should be ever "about his path, and about his bed, and spying out all his ways;" but surely the child of God ought to rejoice that his heavenly Father is ever present with him; that even "in the uttermost parts of the sea," His hand leads him, and His right hand upholds him. Is it not consoling to him to think, when danger of any kind threatens him, that "his help cometh from the Lord who made heaven and earth?" When forced into scenes of temptation, is it not comforting to reflect that "the Lord is his keeper," that "He will preserve him from all evil?" For my own part, I can say, that if I did not feel assured that "the Lord shall preserve my going out and my coming in, from this time forth and even for evermore," I should feel pressed down with a load of anxiety; and the future would be a continual source of dread to me.

I believe there may exist in some a reverent, but, I must add, irrational fear, that it would be presumption in them to suppose that He "who sitteth on the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers," should condescend to intermeddle with the trivial concerns of their everyday life. But if we believe that God interferes at all with our concerns, we can set no limit to this interference. If he directs some important event that determines the future employment, station, or mode of life, of any of his creatures, does he not direct the letter, or the interview, or the journey, that leads to this event?

I am aware this is entering on difficult ground, and seems to make the Fountain of all good the author of all evil. But he who firmly believes that

the "Judge of all the earth" does, and only can do, *right*, knows that it only appears so to him, because his faculties are too limited to enable him to see the harmony of the divine attributes. He acknowledges it to be a mystery, a depth which his weak understanding cannot fathom: "Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me; such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it." If, in my morning walk, I find the path divide in different directions, I may feel quite undecided which to take; but He who sees the future as we see the present, knows which way I shall bend my steps, whom I shall meet, and what I shall say. "For there is not a word in my tongue, but lo! O Lord, thou knowest it altogether:" "Thou understandest my thoughts afar off." And yet, if there be a *right* and a *wrong*, in the choice of my path, if there be a duty that calls, or a temptation that warns, to choose one rather than the other, then am I fully answerable for my choice. I feel that I had power to choose; that no force constrained me, if I declined the duty or hazarded the temptation. A man may *say* that he is irresistibly impelled in such a way as to prevent his responsibility, but no man in his senses believes this.

This is the doctrine of *predestination*, which is a stumbling-block to many, chiefly because they confine it to the concerns of religion. But it is as intimately connected with all the affairs of this world as it is with spiritual things; being the necessary consequence of the foreknowledge of God. I do not pretend to meet systematic theologians on the arena of controversy, nor to enter into the argument as to whether predestination be not something different

from mere fore-knowledge. The attribute of omniscience is sufficient to account for fore-ordination, in whatever sense we use the term. He who "sees the end from the beginning," must see every link in the chain of this world's history; and in the history of every individual it contains. That which is positively fore-known must be absolutely fore-ordained, so that it can no longer be a contingency.

Some who may not feel disposed to deny the truth of these statements, may yet think it inexpedient to draw attention to them; and may ask me what good end it can serve to bring forward a subject that looks so like fatalism, and may tend to perplex weak and doubting minds. To this I can only reply, that no believer in God should ever hesitate to look any truth steadily in the face. Few who have thought on the subject of religion at all, have not, at one time or other, been downcast and perplexed at the doctrine of predestination; and the mode of treating the doctrine by some truly worthy men of the old school, whose writings are then often resorted to, is calculated to increase, rather than relieve this perplexity. They are so jealous for what they term 'the sovereignty of God,' that they claim for Him a right to do what He has himself declared to be evil; and would represent his character to be such as he teaches us to condemn in ourselves and others. They are very much afraid lest others should exalt his mercy at the expense of his justice; but they are not afraid of denying his character of love altogether; and from their mode of treating of his decrees, one would suppose they intended to represent him as having pleasure in the death of a sinner, notwithstanding he has sworn by himself,—"As I live, saith the Lord,"

—that his pleasure is that the sinner should turn from his wickedness and live. A smaller, and less known class of religious authors, in order to escape from the difficulty that attends this subject, represent the omnipotent, omniscient Jehovah, as being little more than a spectator of the events that go on in the world he has created; and, though they do not intend it, would make our temporal safety, and eternal salvation, to depend on the chance actings of ourselves and others.

I know what the feelings are of those who are tossed about on the waves of the fathomless ocean of God's eternal decrees. But if we would go to their help, we must not attempt to explain that which is inexplicable to man, nor to reconcile apparent oppositions, whose consistency he is utterly incapable of perceiving. The first thing seems to be to shew them that the difficulty which distresses them, so far from being peculiar to religion, is common to all subjects, and to all events. God is omniscient, and man is responsible; each of these is a fact, whether we can reconcile them or not. God knows the exact moment when each man shall die; and yet a man can by a voluntary act put an end to his life. Every argument that could be urged against making strenuous efforts after the salvation of our souls, would be equally valid against taking food, or shunning personal dangers. What shall we say to these things? Simply that in such matters we are "brutish and ignorant;"—that highly as we may estimate our intellectual powers, there is a limit beyond which they cannot go.

The next thing by which we should endeavour to comfort the minds of those who are disturbed by the

doctrine of predestination, is to hold up to them the character of God as revealed by himself in his word. "God is love." True, he is just, and he is holy; but his love has found out a way to reconcile his holiness, justice, and mercy; so that he can be just, and the justifier of him that trusteth in Jesus. No truth respecting his foreknowledge and decrees must be allowed to obscure the view he has been pleased to give us of his character. "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live." He hath sent his Son to be a propitiation "for the sins of the whole world;" and his will concerning each miserable sinner is, that he should "be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth." The only answer he has vouchsafed to give us to the question that many start against these declarations, 'Why then are not all men saved?' is simply this: "They love darkness rather than light:" "They will not come to me that they may have life."

A humble and unlettered Christian acquaintance of mine, who is fond of illustrating scripture truths by what he denominates 'rough parables,' lately gave me one so suitable to the present subject, that I make no apology for introducing it. In speaking of persons who hold the extremes of doctrine, as distinguished from those whose views he considers as more correct, he compared them to three men entering a room where coals and wood are laid in order ready to make a fire. 'The Arminian,' said he, 'takes the bellows, and begins to blow with all his might, saying, 'it must be a fire in time, if we only blow hard enough.' The high Calvinist looks at it, folds his arms, and says, 'If it is to be a fire, it will be a fire,

and if it is not to be a fire, it will not be a fire.' But the Bible Christian goes to some one who has a light, and asks him to light it; and after it has been lighted, he then takes the bellows and blows.'

And certain it is, that none ever went to the "True Light," entreating him to kindle the fire of divine love in his heart, and met with a refusal. And when this is done, his anxieties about the future are at an end; for he knows that "all things work together for good, to them that love God." But still he cannot escape from that mystery of mysteries which is appointed to follow us through life; although he believes himself to be "called, according to God's purpose," he is nevertheless distinctly told that his own efforts are necessary to keep this holy flame alive: "If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die; but if ye, through the Spirit, do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live."

I have been led, by the close connection of the subjects, to leave that with which I first commenced, God's watchful providence over our temporal affairs; or rather over the outward events of our lives; as many of the special acts of providence I had in view, have a direct bearing on our spiritual interests. One of the most affecting proofs of God's love, to the heart that knows him, is his watchful care over us while we were yet strangers to him. There are few Christians whose conversion has taken place in manhood or middle age, who cannot look back with adoring gratitude on the way by which they have been led. A retrospect of their past lives presents them with dangers and temptations which have assailed them, when they were walking after the desires of their own hearts,—with darling projects, which, had

they succeeded, would have fostered their pride, and the enmity of their carnal minds against eternal realities,—and they are constrained to say to their heavenly Father: "Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe." There may be no prominent event that could attract the notice of others; no special interposition of providence, so marked as to strike even the unbelieving; but there is enough to shew them that their footsteps were ordered by the Lord in a manner that may truly be called "leading the blind by a way they know not."

It is indeed most true, as Cecil remarks, that the leading events of our lives are seldom brought about by any wonderful or striking occurrence, but by common and ordinary means, leading to important results. 'Turning down one street, instead of another,' says he, 'may change the whole colour of a man's future life.' I once quoted this sentence to a truly pious clergyman of my acquaintance; he smiled, and said: 'The principle is true, in most cases; but perhaps it never was fulfilled more literally than in my case. Turning down one street instead of another, was the means of frustrating a scheme, which, had it succeeded, would in all probability have kept me surrounded by the trammels of the world, and the pride of life.' I expressed a wish to hear particulars; and he gave me the following account, which I will relate, as nearly as I can recollect, in his own words.

'When I was tutor in the family of the Marquis of ——, I resided chiefly at his seat in the north of England with my pupils. I was then full of youthful gaiety, modified by a considerable share of false sentiment, and romantic feeling. Whenever the

duties of my situation permitted me to leave home, I found myself a welcome guest in the limited circle of the neighbouring town. It was not long ere my visits were chiefly directed to the house of a Mrs. B——, whose lovely orphan niece soon became the object of my devoted affection; she was just a heroine suited to the taste of a lover too well versed in the pernicious style of reading so common at that time; gentle, full of sensibility, with just enough of caprice and coquetry to keep me in that delightful state of doubt as to her sentiments towards me, which is necessary to keep up the interest of such a love affair. After a time, however, I felt convinced our attachment was mutual; and determined to come to an explanation on the first convenient opportunity. There was no immediate prospect of fulfilling the engagement into which I wished her to enter; but I hoped that one day, through the interest of the Marquis or his friends, I might get a living, or an advantageous curacy; and as she was a dependent orphan, not likely, in her present situation, to meet with an eligible match, I had little doubt she would consent to plight her faith to me.

'Mrs. B—— had several grown-up daughters, and two sons, who were educating at an academy in the neighbourhood. When the boys were at home for the midsummer holidays, there were many rural excursions, and parties of pleasure, for their amusement, of which I was always invited to make one. On two of these occasions, I was just about to commence the interesting subject, having previously withdrawn with Maria to a little distance from the rest of the party; and was both times prevented by some one following us, and engaging in conversa-

tion. At length I determined not to leave a matter so near my heart, to what I then termed *chance* opportunities; so the first day my pupils had a half holiday, I went to her aunt's, resolving boldly to request her to take a walk with me, whatever constructions her relatives might put on my request. I found her alone; and perceived a look of agitation and pleasure mingled with the half hesitating assent she gave to my proposition, that left me little fear of a refusal: 'In one short hour,' said I to myself, with exultation, 'Maria will be my affianced bride.'

'We set out on our walk: I was rather annoyed to find that she was bent on going first to a shop in the town, to execute a commission for her aunt; as the bustling and noisy High-street of —— was not a favourable place for commencing a love tale. However, we contrived to keep up a lively dialogue; each appearing desirous to conceal deeper feelings, till we should arrive at a spot more favourable to their developement. At length we approached the end of the principal street, where it branches off in two directions; one leading to the beach, the other terminating in the M—— road, from which there is immediate access to a beautiful and retired woodland path. We debated which way we should go; and there were some brilliant speeches made on both sides, and poetry quoted, on the comparative beauties of the ocean and the forest. At length we decided in favour of a walk by the sea-shore, and went down the street that led to it. Near the termination of this street, it is entered at an acute angle, by a street leading directly from the house Mrs. B—— then occupied. At this corner we encountered one of Maria's cousins: 'O Maria,' said he, 'I am glad

I have found you so soon; your uncle R——, who landed at Glasgow a few days since from the West Indies, has just arrived; and you must come home immediately, as he only means to stay till to-morrow morning, when he sets off for London.' This was a most annoying interruption; but it was some comfort to me that Maria appeared as much annoyed as I did. She hastily took leave of me, and accompanied her cousin towards Mrs. B——'s abode. I gazed after her, till a bend in the street hid her from my sight; and from that day to this, I have never seen Maria, nor scarcely ever heard of her. She accompanied her uncle to London the following morning, and his house became from thenceforth her home. For some time I felt strongly desirous to write to her; but her altered circumstances made me feel it inexpedient to do so; since, though her uncle might have sanctioned an engagement already formed, it was very unlikely he would permit her to contract one with a person whose future prospects were so uncertain as mine. I therefore thought it better to wait till I could offer her a home; and ere that was the case, my views as to the requisite qualifications for a Christian minister's wife were totally altered. Her aunt and family soon left the neighbourhood; so I lost all trace of the charming Maria. Had we turned into the other street, our fate would have been fixed before her cousin could have found us. And thus He of whom I was then ignorant, graciously interposed to prevent me from becoming the husband of one whom I can now perceive to have been a vain and frivolous woman.'

Such was my friend's narrative; and I doubt not that some who read it will be reminded of similar

interpositions of their heavenly Father, when they wished to walk in the sight of their own eyes; and who have been brought to bless him for hedging up their path with thorns. May his watchful care over them in years that are past, induce all that call themselves his children to trust him implicitly for the years yet to come; and thus shall they be free from those endless anxieties which we so often bring upon ourselves by transgressing this commandment: "Take no thought for the morrow."

MARTHA MARKWELL.

TRIALS.

THOSE stones which are appointed for a glorious building are first under the saw and the hammer, to be hewed and squared; and those Christians in whom the Lord will take most delight, he usually thereunto fitteth by trials and extremities. He that is brought to tremble in himself, may with most confidence expect to rejoice in God.—*Bishop Reynolds.*

EVIDENCE.

THERE has rarely been a publication more replete with interest and entertainment than the 1490 pages of folio, comprising the evidence given before the House of Lords last year, on the much-disputed subject of Irish national education. Some part is undoubtedly painful, as shewing the depth of spiritual darkness encompassing individuals who ought, in their station, to be burning and shining lights; or displaying the reckless career of modern liberalism, spurred on by its subtle rider, Popery: or opening up scenes that would be irresistibly laughable, did not their wretched absurdity involve such ruinous consequences to the rising generation: or demonstrating how easily the judgment, the very principle of a pious Englishman, may be warped by the shrewd management of Pat, when he wishes to make, in common parlance, a cat's-paw of his esteemed and unsuspicious guest. Besides all this, we have a splendid display of much that might never have been known beyond the immediate neighbourhoods where it took place, had not the House of Lords, by summoning, swearing, and questioning the principals in those noble duels, compelled them to bear that witness of themselves which no other means could have forced them to do. We have some notion of treating our readers, who may not have access to the books in question, with specimens of each of the

foregoing varieties: at present we will only give an extract or two from one of the latter class. Be it remembered, that Dean Murray was commanded to repair to London, from the bosom of his home, in the sphere of his quiet, noiseless, though most active labours: and being put upon his oath, to answer truly whatsoever questions might be propounded by their lordships, he could not possibly avoid furnishing us with the beautiful piece of autobiography that we are about to transcribe. The evidence was published, too, by order of the peers; beyond the controul or interference of any concerned.

The Dean of Ardagh underwent as close a scrutiny as any person: he was known to be so decided an opponent of the miserable system, and to have passed his life in such pursuits as would certainly best qualify him to sit in judgment on an educational plan for his dear country people. Thus was he obliged to declare some of his experience. After stating that he had ceased his ministry in the church for a time, and retired to his private property in the diocese of Limerick, and devoted himself wholly to the work of educating the poor, the result of which was the solid conversion of above 460 individuals from popery, and that he was then presented to the deanery of Ardagh, the examination proceeds:—

'When you became resident at Ardagh, did you establish schools there?'—'Exactly the same as elsewhere.'

'What schools did you establish at Ardagh?'—'I built a large house, containing two very fine school-rooms, and apartments for the master and mistress.'

'It has been stated in the passage you have read, that there was a certain sum at your disposal for

charitable purposes; in dealing with that, and building those schools, did you exceed that sum?'—'Yes, I did, very considerably.'

'Out of your own funds you largely contributed to those purposes?'—'Every farthing that I possessed, both in the church and out of the church, with the exception of what supported us, was applied to the purpose of benefiting the people in different ways.'

'Was Mrs. Murray, from the earliest period of her life, equally earnest in education with yourself?'—'She was a schoolmistress from fourteen years of age to this present time.'

'Did this donation of a friend, to be expended by you in this way, come to you in consideration of the zeal and the skill she had shown in teaching the poor?'—'A gentleman from India was passing through the town where she resided before we were married, and he had the curiosity to see her school, and he visited it, and spent a day at her father's; and when he returned to India he sent her £2000, to enable her to extend the schools.'

In another examination, the dean is led to show some striking fruits of his labour:—

'At Lough Neagh, do you remember any remarkable proof of the effect of scriptural instruction upon the population within your experience?'—'I do. The three Sundays next to midsummer-day there were tents pitched there; the country people from ten or twenty miles round all collected then round a holy well which was there, and it was a scene of debauchery for three weeks of the most disgraceful character. Some time after, I brought the people there under instruction in my own way; and they themselves, although it was to their own detriment,

for they got so much for every tent, put a stop to that abominable system.'

'And you ascribe that to the effect produced upon them by the scripture education that you had introduced?'—'Exclusively.'

'By scriptural instruction operating upon the adults,—from their being brought to a knowledge of the scriptures, by your making the scriptures the subject of your comments to them?'—'Yes.'

'Did you find that there was connected with this a great attachment to the scriptures on the part of the Roman Catholics?'—'I never met with a Roman Catholic that came to have any knowledge of the scriptures, but that knowledge increased beyond any thing we see amongst Protestants.'

'When were those scenes of debauchery that were stopped?'—'It was between 1816 or 1817, and 1824, but I cannot exactly tell the year.'

'Was that in your parish?'—'I had no parish then; I resided on a little property of my own.'

'During this period, you, by your exhortations, and advice, and instruction, prevailed upon the people to discontinue those bad practices?'—'I did not prevail upon them, but I gave them the instruction that enabled them to see the evil and abomination of those things, and they put it down of themselves: all that I had to say to it was giving them a better notion of right and wrong than they had before.'

'You gave them this better notion of right and wrong by speaking to them?'—'Speaking from morning to night.'

'Preaching to them upon the subject?'—'I cannot call it preaching: speaking to them in their houses.'

Another lively instance is given farther on, in answer to a question that related to it:—

'In the first curacy that ever I had, I established a very nice school, and had a great number of very nice little girls in it. I left it, and this girl was then only twelve years; I never saw her again till a few days before I left my parish in the south. A new detachment of soldiers had come in that morning: I was riding past the barrack, and an elderly woman of about forty or fifty, out of the top barrack, roared out, 'If my old minister is living, there he is:' and she came running down, and I was afraid she would salute me, she was so glad to see me. Said I, 'Come up to the Glebe-house, and we will have some talk about it; and she came up: and she told me that some time after I left that parish she married a soldier, and that she accompanied him throughout all the Peninsular war, and ended her military career upon the field of Waterloo: that passages of scripture that were committed to her memory when a child supported her in trials and difficulties that human nature would shudder under. And I can go further: an officer of the detachment dined with me that day, and I asked him after dinner, 'What kind of a woman is the colour-sergeant's wife?' Says he, 'What do you know about the colour-sergeant's wife?' I said, 'I just asked you the question.' He said, 'She is the best woman in the regiment; and I will tell you a circumstance with respect to her. On the morning of the battle of Waterloo, the major of our regiment had an impression upon his mind that he should fall that day in the field; and he went to the rear of the camp, and gave his watch, and a large sum of money, and other valuables to this

woman, saying, 'If I fall to-day, bring that to my wife in Brussels.' He did fall; and she brought the entire sum the next morning to the lady in Brussels.''

We hardly know how to quit this interesting, unadorned evidence of what some of God's dear servants are doing for the souls of their poor country people: we must, however, conclude this extract; first giving the dean of Ardagh's opinion, solemnly declared on his oath, as to the system which some mistaken good persons have the madness to eulogise.

'Do you think it possible that the word "sin" can be applied to the act of uniting with this Board of Education?' 'I do; I think sin is the transgression of the law, and any thing that trangresses that law in thought, word, or deed, is sin; and if that is a thing evil in itself, it is sin to encourage it.'

'Do you mean a transgression of the divine law?' 'I mean a transgression of the divine law.'

'How is the divine law transgressed by a person uniting with this system of education?' 'If it is a thing evil in itself, it is a transgression of the law.'

'How is it evil?' 'In my mind it is a very great evil excluding God's word from the education of the rising generation in a nominally Christian country.'

'Do you consider that the word of God is excluded by this system?' 'It is.'

'Do you think it a sin to have any thing to do with this system of education?' 'I DO.'

MARY NURTON.

NUMEROUS and interesting have been the death-bed accounts presented before the readers of the Christian Lady's Magazine, and sweet are the recollections of those faded flowers in the garden of grace, of which those alluded to, from time to time, in that of nature, are so touchingly emblematical. And without encroaching on the office of her who delights to make choice of these lovely yet perishing emblems, I would introduce my readers once more into scenes of humble life, to trace the spiritual culture of one who has but just passed from the seed-time of grace to the fruition of glory.

There is a peculiar charm in the society of those who give evidence from their very birth of spiritual regeneration having passed upon them. In childhood, so different are they from the children of the world, that those around them cannot resist the conviction that "of such is the kingdom of heaven." And this reminds me of that affecting narrative which parental affection has long since made familiar to the public, under the title of 'The Infant Brothers;' a work I would take this opportunity of humbly recommending to Christian parents as well as to Christian children. In maturer age, such persons seem to be of another world; the influence of those principles which have grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength, is manifested in a character

ferer seemed to be dozing. The clergyman left the house, but their united prayers were answered, for she gave no evidence of a single pang afterwards; but lying perfectly still for some minutes, with a smiling expression of peace on her beautiful countenance, she surrendered her spirit into the hands of her heavenly Father.

There was nothing remarkable about the circumstances of Mary Nurton's life, or the manner of her death. In this Christian country, hundreds (I wish I could say *all*) among the better sort of poor, are piously brought up; and hundreds are called to an early grave by lingering consumption, or other complaints. And yet as I gazed upon the silent corpse, which I did a few days after Mary's death, I could not help thinking that an useful lesson might be derived from her history, at least in one particular, which will be the more obvious when I allude to another case which has occurred to my mind by way of comparison. In this same town of C——, where I am still a sojourner, the same minister of God, some weeks before he was called to visit Mary Nurton, received an urgent appeal from the friends of a dying youth, to administer consolation and instruction, during what were supposed to be his last hours. My friend hastened to the bedside, and on asking the young man how he felt, the answer was, 'Not fit to die.' And although this youth bore an excellent character for morality and amiability of every kind, was beloved by all who knew him, and by none so much as the family with whom he was most intimately associated, yet, on being taken by surprise from a state of health and enjoyment to a near view of eternity, he declared himself 'not fit to die.'

About six hours after my friend's first interview with this awakened sinner, he was called into eternity; and having scarcely ceased to cry aloud for mercy from the first moment, his friends were not left without *hope* on his sudden removal. I have said his friends were not without *hope*, because we know that whom God calls at the eleventh hour, cannot but come unto him and have everlasting life; and mortals dare not set bounds to his mercy; but I say it with caution: for what an awful thought, that the work which, in this instance, seventeen years were allotted to perform, was crowded into the space of a few hours, while enfeebled by sickness and distressed with fears! But why was not this amiable youth as well prepared to die as Mary Nurton? Was it not that the latter had felt herself to be not her own, but bought with a price? that she had been presented to God a living, holy, and acceptable sacrifice; and her good works were the fruits and evidences of faith in Christ, and conformity to his image, while she was seeking a house not made with hands, and looking forward to death as the gate of everlasting life? While the former had been forgetful of his God, careless of his Saviour, and had been moral and amiable from education, and habit, and natural disposition—that he had not looked beyond this world for happiness, and was contented with its approbation, rather than his Maker's? Well might death come upon such an one as the king of terrors, and force him to exclaim, "I am cut off in the midst of my days;" for this world he was leaving behind, and the next he had little thought of.

But it may be said of this narrative also, Here is nothing strange; hundreds die suddenly in the

course of the year, and this is only one case among many. Alas! this is true: and it is also true that mortals live carelessly on, not only as if sudden death, but death in any form, were unknown and unexpected. Thousands fall at their side, and ten thousand at their right hand, and they forget the possibility that the arrow of death may ever come nigh them. The daily register, the open grave, the slow procession, the tolling bell, the closed shutter, the sable garb, the mourners going about the streets, —all these, and many other signs of mortality constantly around us, are insufficient; and as the sight passes from our vision, and the sound dies away on our ears, each careless one listens with eager credulity to the tempting whisper, '*Thou* shalt not die.'

I now come to the principal lesson which was strongly presented before my mind, while considering the subject of these pages; and this is, the advantage which the progressing and confirmed believer, who has from a child known the holy scriptures, has at the point of death, over him who learns for the first time the value of his soul, the preciousness of his Saviour, and the solemn realities of eternity, in the agonizing hour of hastily entering upon it. When we are about to commence a journey from our home to a distant part, do we not prepare for it some time beforehand, that when the hour arrives we may be ready? Then how is it that we make so little preparation for the journey which we must all take at some time or other? A greater or less portion of time is given to each, in which to make our preparations, and we know not what will be the messenger, nor when the hour appointed to convey us to our long home. Some of my readers may not be acquainted

with the following story, which seems to me very much to the point I am now pressing. In the days when jesters were in use, a nobleman had occasion to change the one he had for another, and, on dismissing him, gave him a staff which he charged him never to part with till he met with a greater fool than himself. The jester accepted the present and the condition: some time after, hearing his former master was ill, he craved permission to go and visit him, and was, after some difficulty, admitted, with his staff in his hand, into the sick chamber. 'I am going a long journey,' was the nobleman's first exclamation. 'And when will you return?' inquired the jester. 'Return! oh, never,' replied his master. 'Then of course you are prepared for this long journey?' 'Aye, that's the worst of it,' said the nobleman; 'I have scarcely thought of it at all.' 'Then,' exclaimed the jester, 'take back my staff, for I have at last found what I have been seeking ever since you gave it me—a greater fool than myself.'

It is a favourite idea with many, that those who are plucked as it were as a brand from the burning, at a late period of their lives, are greater monuments of the grace of God, and have more call for gratitude and love than others; they have the solemn contrast before them of what they were, and what they now are, and the grace of God seems to them more rich by that contrast. And I would not for a moment fail to admire and wonder at, and be thankful to the God of all grace, who calls the sinner from darkness to light whensoever he will; and in such cases, when God is magnified, I will rejoice; but with regard to my own feelings, I cannot help entering yet more fully into the sentiment contained in one of Dr.

Watts's hymns, repeated to me by one of my Sunday scholars only last Sabbath:

> "To thee, Almighty God, to thee
> Our childhood we resign;
> 'Twill please us to look back and see
> *That our whole lives were thine!*"

I will only add three short passages from scripture, which apply to all the different stages of life:—

"Suffer *little children* to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"Wherewithal shall a *young man* cleanse his way? *by taking heed thereto according to thy word.*"

"The *hoary head* is a crown of glory, if it be found *in the way of righteousness.*"

M. W.

The following horrible piece of blasphemy occurs in a book which is put into the hands of the Romish children in the schools under the National Education Board of Ireland:—"God, who is admirable in his works, would also make a created image of the Trinity in these three wonderful persons, Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, whom he chose from the mysteries of the incarnation. What affections therefore are due to this admirable and venerable Trinity! And our greatest devotion, after that to Jesus and Mary, ought to be to St. Joseph; such honour is due to the third person of the amiable created Trinity of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph."—*From 'The Glories of St. Joseph,' page* 14.

SABBATH MUSINGS.

No. XI.

WHEN the halo of old endeared association is flung over scenery whose beauty is in itself sufficient to rivet the gaze and extort the admiration of even the passing stranger, the charm is complete. I read this truth in every wave of yonder shining river, that rolls so musically by. Beautiful Lee! once more I am on thy banks! Once more my eyes revel in delight upon that lovely picture to which familiarity but seems to add fresh charms;—more fair, more precious now that for the hundredth time I gaze on thee, than when thy beauties charmed in days gone by, my childish imagination. Never since then have I beheld the stream I would compare with thee. The lordly Rhine, whose majestic banks, rocky and bare, or clad with vines, are crowned with bold baronial towers;—the Elbe flanked with "eternal forests," dark fir or gloomy pine;—the Meuse, rich and smiling in all its quiet loveliness;—the lonely Wye that murmurs on so tranquilly in the deep stillness and seclusion of its romantic shores;—the Churnet, winding and lingering, loth to quit the woods, and hills, and lovely vallies that skirt its varied course;—none are to me as thou, sweet Lee! Their beauties fascinate my taste, while admiration deeper than words can tell, fills my delighted eye:—the homage of my heart

is thine. No wonder I should love thee! Thy banks are dotted with the homes of cherished friends; amongst them is the hospitable roof of one dearer than all, deeply and fondly loved. Thy waters as they murmur by are fraught to me with other music than their own;—kind welcomes, old familiar tones, voices of love, sounds hallowed by affection. Each fairy bay, each curve and headland of thy well-known shores brings with it scenes of childhood, and wakens up remembrances of happy days passed on thy pleasant banks. No wonder I should love thee!

Association is a talisman, and 'ancient memories' are mighty spells; but the Lee requires them not to move the admiration of the beholder. Perhaps it is because I love the spot, or that familiarity has endeared the view from thence, but nowhere, methinks, does the river look so lovely as from the terrace walk of dear Castle Mahon. There it widens into a lake-like expanse, and the channel is so capricious in its windings that the vessels seem to be crossing at times from shore to shore, and are now and then lost sight of behind the projecting headlands. How often on a still, calm day, when not a breath disturbed the glassy surface of the waters, and the heavens and they were of one soft delicious blue, have I leaned over the low parapet and drank in the quiet delights of the hour. Blackrock castle on the right, with its tower and battlements;—the opposite shore sloping gently upwards, every rock and tree and building reflected and prolonged deep down in the shining waters;—the distant town lying at the end of the beautiful vista formed by the lofty banks, and softened by the silvery haze that floated around it like a veil;—the ships at anchor, motionless, sleeping as

it were on the mirror-like surface of the transparent river, and immediately below me the fishing-nets drying in the sun, and the little boats drawn up on the beach; all forming as lovely a picture of still life as ever soothed the spirits, or charmed the fancy. At such moments of exquisite enjoyment, when not a sound broke the stillness, save the silvery rippling of the waves against the pebbly shore, there has seemed a sort of quiet enchantment over the whole scene, and I have scarcely dared to breathe lest I should break the spell. Then in the evening when the tide is out, and all the little fishing-boats are astir, and the nets taken down from their long poles, how busy is the scene! What a hum of voices rises from the beach; how eager is the look-out, as the net is dragged ashore, for the glancing scales of the salmon, leaping and struggling in its meshes; what disappointment in the impatient gesture with which it is flung down when nothing has been caught! Many an interesting scene in holy writ, and thoughts of Him who once stood by Gennesaret's lake and watched the toils of the lowly fishermen, rise up at the sight. And now the picture darkens: the shades of night begin to fall, and 'sweet Glanmire' has faded away in the distance. Bright and high beams the watch-light on the castle-tower, and the far-off town shines out like a terrestrial constellation with the united radiance of its many lamps. Along the shore, from every isolated villa there gleams a light whose bright reflection trembles in the deep dark waters; and on the river too are many tiny fires, flashing into momentary brilliancy from the deck of some little vessel at anchor, dancing and sparkling in the waves below, and then subsiding into sudden darkness.

Not always is the scene from the terrace of this calm and placid character. Oh no! And beautiful it is to see the tossing waves, crested and tipped with white, and the sea-birds wheeling over-head, or breasting the billows, rising and sinking on their swelling surface. And spirit-stirring is the sight when the majestic brig, the graceful sloop or schooner, with its bright red sails and slanting masts, comes bearing on under a press of canvass; "walking the waters like a thing of life," while the sun-beams glance from its polished sides, and a cloud of milk-white spray is leaping and playing around the prow. Or when the superb steamer sweeps rapidly by, leaving behind it a sable pennon of curling smoke over-head, and beneath a foaming track in the disturbed and heaving waters. But let me not forget the witching moonlight hour: then indeed does the Lee look her loveliest. The heavens one canopy of splendid purple,—the silver moon mirroring herself in the flood; earth and sky full of soft shadowy light, excepting in that one bright spot where the moon-beams are sleeping on the river, and the waves are glittering in their 'silver sheen.' Truly it is an enchanting hour! A holy calm seems shed abroad; the heavens are telling the glory of God, the firmament shewing his handy-work; not a breath disturbs the aspirations of the soul towards her Creator, not a sound is heard, save the measured swell of the tide, the soft rushing of the night breeze through the tall cypresses, and the long, wild, plaintive cry of the curlews answering each other along the shore.

To-day all is wrapped in gloom, and a thick December mist overhangs the lovely view from my favorite terrace. I would not it were otherwise. Many

hearts around are sad, and when the spirit is in heaviness, the smiling earth and brilliant sunshine jar painfully against it: we seek for sympathy even in inanimate objects, and that of unconscious nature soothes us in our hour of distress. My eyes are fixed on yonder gliding stream, but my thoughts have taken their mournful way across the fields to Douglas church, and they are busy with the scene within its walls this morning at the hour of prayer. Well I ween that many a tearful eye was there, and many a faultering voice, when the hymn was raised, refused to do its office, and many a heart was wrung with anguish at the sight of that pulpit. Well may they mourn, that little flock! their beloved shepherd is gone! Sudden and stunning was the blow. His sun went down at noon. Three Sabbaths since he was in his place, full of life and youth, in all the pride of intellect, rejoicing in his bright and useful career, doing his Master's work with all the energy and zeal of his most gifted mind; now that place shall know him no more: three Sabbaths since his elastic footsteps trod those courts, and there he administered to his people the Lord's supper; (Alas! how little did they then imagine it was the last time they should receive it from his beloved hands!) now the dust has returned to the earth as it was, and the spirit unto God who gave it. Oh well may they mourn! Well may the desolation caused by the sad news be wide and far-spread as it is. Never was minister so prized, so loved as the Rev. Horace T——, never was confidence more endearing than that which subsisted between him and his parishioners. Their friend, their guide, their counsellor; the delightful companion of their social hours, adorning every sub-

ject he touched upon with the rich stores of his highly-cultivated mind; his conversation full of animation, gracefully blending the sparkling intelligence of the man of refined intellect, with the deep spirituality of the Christian minister. The voice of mourning sounds from every house and cottage; rich and poor, all have lost a friend:—one who entered into their every joy and sorrow, and sympathised with them in all their difficulties and afflictions. Truly he was made for sympathy. I never heard a voice so full of tenderness,—so finely modulated to express the kindliest feelings,—so affectionate in its rich, sweet tones. It was indeed the faithful echo of a heart overflowing with benevolence and Christian love.

Mr. T—— was as distinguished a preacher as he was indefatigable in the active labours of his parish. The numbers that flocked from all parts to hear him were so great that it was found necessary to increase the accommodations of Douglas church, by erecting galleries and making additional pews. His sermons were of a very high order, appealing forcibly as well to the reason as to the affections, by the clearness and beauty of the arguments, and the touching tenderness of the imagery throughout. They evidently flowed from a heart full of the kindliest feelings, combined with a masterly intellect; and were delivered with so much life and animation; such an earnest and intelligent conviction on the part of the preacher of the value, the reality of what he uttered, that the effect was irresistible. And then his countenance,—so bright, so animated, so full of holy joy and Christian love, so indicative of the character of his religion; that he served the Lord with gladness, and

rejoiced in him alway. Truly the Irish church has lost a distinguished ornament, and her members a living epistle, known and read of all men, preaching by example as well as doctrine.

But among the many whom this calamity has weighed down with sorrow, there is one before whose bitter anguish every other sinks into nothing. Oh who can think of her without a bleeding heart! widowed and desolate in her early youth; the bright morning of life darkened by such a cloud,—such smiling prospects marred! hers is indeed a heavy trial: the cup of domestic happiness scarcely tasted when it was dashed from her lips,—left with an orphan babe, and soon to become mother of one on whom no father's smile can ever rest, for whom no father's heart can ever leap with joy when tidings are brought that "a man is born into the world."

This is one of those events that exercise the faith of the Christian, and force us to confess that the Lord's ways are not our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts. Short-sighted man would have pleaded for the continued life of this young and gifted minister, and have pronounced that the church could but ill spare his valuable labours at such a time as this. New duties, new responsibilities, a new career, as it were, was just opened before him, and he had hardly embarked in it, with all the characteristic energy of his zealous and buoyant mind, when he was cut down as a flower. But a few short months since he was appointed to the living, where for some years past he acted as curate to the former incumbent. On the death of the late rector it was destined to another than Mr. T——, but so strong, so unanimous, so irresistible was the petition for-

warded to the noble patron by all the parishioners, earnestly entreating that their beloved pastor might not be removed from them, that he yielded to their wishes, and conferred the living upon him. How fervent and universal was the joy caused by this appointment,—joy, alas! so soon to be turned into mourning!

A new field was thus opened. Douglas was the chosen spot where Mr. T—— proposed establishing himself, and the whole neighbourhood, rich and poor, exulted in the prospect of having him permanently fixed among them. He took a place, into which he was to have removed in a few months, and the moments he could spare from the duties of his parish were spent in improving this abode, where his affectionate people looked forward to see him enjoying long years of domestic happiness and ministerial usefulness. But the Lord had decreed otherwise: his mansion in his Father's house was ready for him, that building made without hands, eternal in the heavens. A cold, caught while about his Master's business, brought on fever, which in a few days proved fatal, and the light which had shone before men,—oh how brightly,—for a few short years, was quenched in a moment.

It is a heavy, and most unexpected stroke, but the will of God be done. Poor human nature struggles hard when its desires are crossed, and its ideas of expediency are irreconcileable with the divine dealings;—but the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, and has not he himself condescended to say, "What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Faith extends her view beyond the cold, narrow tomb, and follows the glorified spirit to

its everlasting home. *Then* how selfish do regrets appear! If there is joy among the angels in heaven over the poor repenting sinner, oh with what rapture must the heavenly host receive the Christian warrior, the more than conqueror through Him that loved him, when he comes to cast his crown at his Redeemer's feet! How must that white-robed band rejoice when "Welcome thou good and faithful servant" re-echoes through the courts of eternity,—when the ransomed one is ushered into his Saviour's presence, to be for ever with the Lord. What a contrast between his state, whose early grave is watered by such bitter tears, and that of the poor sorrowing friends who met this morning in his bereaved church! His journey is over,—his work is done. No tale of sorrow; no sight of suffering can now distress his feeling heart. He has for ever left this body of sin, this earthly tabernacle in which all do groan, being burdened; mortality is swallowed up of life. No spiritual conflicts can ever more assail him; no agitating hopes and fears;—no yearnings over the souls committed to his charge. The watchman is released from his anxious post; the soldier who cheered on to the battle sounds the trumpet no more; God has removed him early from the burden and heat of the day, and given him to wear the crown before he had borne as much of the cross as falls to the share of many pilgrims in this vale of tears.

And shall we reap no lesson from this painful trial? Oh yes. The animated tones of him we weep are yet ringing in our ears: though dead, he speaketh. His words, his bright example—these are a precious legacy he has bequeathed to us. Oh may we seek to improve it. Let us think how ardently, how inde-

fatigably, he laboured in his master's service, and how many are the good works that follow him, though the night so soon came, the night of death, in which no man can work. It is an awful warning. Oh let us lay it to heart; and while we bless God's holy name for all his servants departed this life in his faith and fear, let us earnestly beseech him to give *us* grace so to follow their good examples, that with them we may be partakers of his heavenly kingdom.

M. F. D.

[We intended to have devoted a few lines to the record of what the flock have lost, in the sudden removal of their beloved and revered pastor, the Rev. Horace Townsend: but on receiving the foregoing from our endeared friend, M. F. D., we felt that nothing remained for us but to add a word of affectionate sympathy. Little can the privileged congregations of England, sitting each one under his own vine and under his own fig-tree, with none *as yet* to make them afraid, comprehend the depth of feeling with which a little Protestant flock, in the south of Ireland, contemplate the removal of one who was accustomed to gather them; and in this season of their depression, yea, persecution, to strengthen them in the Lord!—ED.]

"BUT."

—'She is a dear good creature—*but*'—here the remark ended. Alas! not so quickly was its application forgotten. There was a significant nod, and a half-suppressed sigh accompanying the sentence, as though some deep and weighty matter lay hidden beneath. The solution of this mysterious word and action was left to the imagination of all who heard it. These might disperse, and, bearing with them, perhaps, an indistinct remembrance of the reproach thus tacitly implied, might chance to hear the name of its victim alluded to in some of their respective circles. Naturally associated, the inuendo would be recalled to mind. 'Do you know her?' 'No; but from what I have heard, I cannot regard her in quite so favourable a light.' Thus the feeling may spread with electrical velocity, until at length the character of one of God's 'hidden ones' may be overshadowed, and a name, long since written in the Lamb's book of life, may be cast out as evil, and that, too, by those who profess to speak the truth in love. Yet, perhaps, could we trace the evil to its source, we should find it originating in some fancied or suspected inconsistency, some differing judgment or misinterpreted action; or—may we dare to give it utterance?—such is the deceitfulness of our nature, even when under the influence of divine grace, that this prejudice may perhaps have its first rise in the unsuspected lurking

of some of those feelings, which He, who best knew the heart, declared to be its peculiar progeny. Oh, if the serpents of malice, pride and envy, be hidden in the chambers of imagery within, no wonder we find that 'the poison of asps is under the tongue.' Let each, then, analyze his own motives, and secret springs of action;—let each answer to himself, as he must one day answer in the presence of a Judge, before whom the thoughts of every heart shall be naked and open.

We are commanded not to suffer sin upon our brother; therefore when duty points the way, let us take up the cross, however painful it may be, and boldly and honestly tell him wherein he has offended; but let us beware how we lightly injure his reputation, or impede his usefulness. I believe we shall not often err if we but observe a simple rule, namely, to speak nothing unfavourable *of* a brother or sister, until, at least, we have candidly spoken *to* them, and heard their self-defence.

PHILALETHES.

THE church of Rome boasts of the antiquity of her doctrines. I admit that this doctrine of venial sin is a very ancient one; it was first preached by the devil, the father of lies, to our first parents in Paradise, when tempting them to eat the fruit concerning which God had said unto them, "In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." His language was, "Ye shall not surely die;" this is but a venial sin!—*Rev. E. Nangle.*

MISSIONARY ZEAL.

SOME dissatisfaction having been expressed at the sentiment avowed in our last number, when reviewing Mrs. Winslow's Memoir, that we could not rejoice when Irish Christians devote themselves to the work of foreign missions, we have reconsidered the matter, and now submit to our readers our deliberate opinion.

The sphere and the object of missionary labours are thus explained by our Lord, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," a sphere as unlimited as the object is clearly defined. Yet the order in which the work was to be performed was also stated, "That repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." And, when on the point of being taken from their sight into heaven, the very last words spoken by our blessed Lord to these appointed teachers, were, "And ye shall be witnesses unto me, both in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth."

Now, whether this be taken geographically or nationally, it will bear us out in the inference that we desire to draw. If the former, we behold the same beautiful order and regularity pervading the spread of the gospel, which marks all those operations in the kingdom of nature that are used to typify it.

The knowledge of the glory of the Lord is to cover the earth *as* the waters cover the sea. What can be more steadily progressive than the encroachments of the liquid element, covering, yea transforming into sea, large tracks of land: or, if it be applied to the influx of tides, what more uniform than its march? The vegetating of a germ, the growth of a tree, the spreading of morning upon the mountains, all convey the same image. The nearest surrounding space is first occupied; the tent being once pitched, the cords are lengthened and the stakes strengthened, to embrace within that central space them that are nigh, and them that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.

It is our firm belief that, in the old world at least, England is as much the fortress of Christianity, the depository of the gospel, and the appointed minister for carrying it out through the lands, as were the apostles of old. So far as her means go, she has acted upon this principle: she has planted a national church in every district of her domestic territory: she has begun at her Jerusalem: she has spread the light, to the utmost limits of human agency, throughout it: and as the field is so wide, she has given abundant facility for other labourers, who may not fully accord with the prescribed rules of her national church, to proclaim Christ and his gospel in whatsoever mode their consciences, nay, or their prejudices, may dictate. The people of England may be ungodly, may be vicious, profligate, infidel: but it is not for lack of instruction, if they had the heart to profit by it. The drunkard who, on a Sabbath morning, reels to the dram-shop, though he turn away his foot from the door of God's house, cannot close

his ears to the sweet invitation of the church-going bell; or avoid crossing what he knows to be the track to some less conspicuous edifice, where the word of life is read, the gospel of salvation preached, and the name of the Most High invoked, in a meeting that is as open to him as to any other man. Well may England send forth her missionaries to the uttermost parts of the earth, for she has liberally provided for them of her own household.

With regard to Ireland, England, when popish, did the work of her then master, Antichrist, most effectually. She inoculated with that virulent disease those who had so far escaped it, and nursed into deadly maturity the cases of previous infection. England, become Protestant, wrought with a lukewarm spirit, when she should have redoubled her zeal, inasmuch as the plague to be eradicated was so especially of her own introduction. However, she extended the privileges of her reformed church to her poor sister; and left it in the hands of such as she sent to minister there, to carry out the plan of spiritual reformation. One mighty and indispensable work she had achieved within her own coasts, that of translating not only the scriptures, but the order for public worship into the language of her people. Imagine what reception a man would have experienced at the hands of a Protestant English bishop for ordination, with no knowledge of the English tongue! The bare idea of any thing so monstrous could not be entertained. England guarded her own congregations from such an insulting mockery; and recommended to her Irish delegates the same care—she ought to have enforced it. The consequence of this omission, wheresoever the principal guilt of it

may lie, is, that in Ireland the native race, to a very large extent, remain totally ignorant of the ONLY language in which the gospel is preached among them: in other words, the church of Ireland does not preach the gospel to the people in the ONLY tongue that can inform their understandings, and touch their hearts. Paganism in its worst form (that is, under the mask of nominal Christianity), barbarism in its most fearful manifestations, and an active exterminating hatred of those who uphold the real Christian faith, are the results. Who will say that Ireland is not a field most loudly calling for missionary effort?—a field which must be geographically crossed, and left behind, by those of its own inhabitants who betake themselves to other regions.

But view it nationally, and the parallel becomes much stronger. "It was necessary," said St. Paul, addressing the Jews, "that to you the gospel should first be preached." This necessity was laid on the apostles by our Lord's commandment; and the reason of it is clearly set forth in very many parts of scripture. The Jews were those whom God had planted in that land, as a peculiar people, chosen from among all nations, to be his church, to hold the deposit of his sacred oracles, and to glorify him in the sight of the Gentiles. They had received the law by the dispensation of angels; but had not kept it. They acknowledged the obligations of God's commandments, but made them vain through their traditions. They professed to hold the only true doctrine; but taught for doctrine the commandments of men—of men who held the key of knowledge, but would not enter themselves, and hindered those who would have entered. They loudly proclaimed them-

selves "the temple of the Lord," the true and the only true worshippers of Jehovah, while they killed his prophets, and stoned the messengers whom he sent unto them. What Gentile nation was in such an awful case as this? What darkness was so great as theirs, to whom light had been given, but was, by their desperate wickedness, turned into darkness? To them, therefore, was the gospel first sent—or rather restored; for they had the gospel in the Old Testament, as our Lord frequently reminded them, and had, by obscuring it, turned their glory into a lie. To this once privileged nation, now so lost, so hardened, so polluted in their own doings, were the apostles, *their fellow-countrymen*, commanded first to make known the revelation of Jesus Christ. No doubt, in the estimation of the eleven, they should have been the last: for, dwelling among them, and beholding their evil deeds, even the recent crowning sin of crucifying the Lord of glory, they, of all men, must have felt least encouragement to preach to the Jews salvation through his blood. But the command was peremptory: not even one was spared, to commence in Samaria, or the distant nations. The original number was to be completed, a twelfth elected to supply the place of Judas; and the whole company were detained, until the wonderful powers conferred on them had been altogether, with one accord, and with one earnest effort, devoted to the strange, the perilous, the seemingly hopeless task of declaring Christ crucified as the only and all-sufficient Saviour of their souls, to those who were lying under the fearful load of the blood of his crucifixion!

Is it necessary to apply this? Is there a person acquainted with the character of popery, who does

not trace the close resemblance maintained throughout between its votaries and the apostate Israelites? Is not the condition of the Irish-speaking natives of our sister-island, calculated to arouse the warmest sympathies of a Christian heart? If the individual beholding the lost state of his Zion, be one in whose veins runs the blood of the Milesian family, can he feel less than Paul, in the ninth chapter of his epistle to the Romans, expresses towards his own kindred after the flesh? He knows that his national church was once the depository of the purest gospel-truth; that it became perverted through the overflowing plague of popery, under Henry II. and his zealous host of missionary invaders, bound to reduce the island to subjection for pope Adrian II.: and that if on him the light has again shined, he is worse than unjust and cruel, if he do not hasten to tell his kindred and neighbours what great things the Lord has done for him. What was Andrew's first movement when called to follow Christ? If the individual, though Irish born, be originally of English or Scottish extraction, oh, what a solemn responsibility rests upon him! He holds possession of something that was not the portion of his distant ancestors; but was given to them, that he might, while reaping the carnal things of the aborigines, sow to them spiritual things. The awakened Irishman has not to look out for a field of labour in the Lord's ground; his spiritual birth, growth, maturity, have been in one of the widest, ripest, most neglected fields on earth's surface. The sickle is put into his hand, as he stands in the midst of the bending corn: can he ask, Where shall I go to reap for my Lord's garner? The seed is delivered to him, where his every footstep sinks into the richest

soil, lying fallow through man's unfaithfulness: can he ask, Where shall I sow this grain?

We will notice two facts, illustrative of the view which, by the grace of God, we are enabled to take of this most momentous subject. A few years since, we became acquainted with a pious and actively zealous young Irishman, then pursuing with diligence his college studies. He mentioned having devoted himself to the missionary work—he had relinquished an honourable and lucrative profession for that purpose, and was busily engaged in the oriental languages, having arranged all things for proceeding to India as a preacher of the gospel. We displayed, perhaps, no great sympathy; but being then preparing for a daily visit to that fearful place called the Rookery in St. Giles', we asked our new friend to stay dinner, and took him once before, once after that meal, into the haunts of his perishing countrymen. The effect produced was very strong: we then asked him whether he felt his call to the Ganges equally clear, after seeing beside the Thames such a specimen of heathenism from the banks of the Shannon. He replied, that if he had the knowledge of the Irish language he would relinquish every thing to become a messenger of Christ to the lost sheep of poor Ireland. We told him that language was not a whit less attainable than the Hindostanee: and, still dealing in facts, we hastened from the tea-table to the chapel-house in West-street, Seven Dials, and shewed him the spectacle there nightly to be seen. A party of poor labourers, bricklayers, paviors, and porters, after the day's fatigue, assembled in a long room, under David Murphy and other teachers, in all the various stages, from the A, B, C, of the Irish spelling-

book, to the fluent reading and animated discussion of God's own blessed word. After this we parted: and the next thing I heard from my young friend was a request to recommend an Irish teacher to him; for that, with such a thrilling call at home, he DARED not go abroad; though well aware that the nearer station was by much the more arduous, the more perilous, and the least gratifying to man's natural love of applause.

One more, and very recent instance, we may be pardoned for adducing. A young clergyman from the north of Ireland was located one year since in an English parish, where he possessed the cordial esteem of the flock, and enjoyed many delightful privileges of Christian intercourse. A representation was made to him of the destitute condition of the poor neglected wanderers in St. Giles', with their closed chapel, and the ungathered flock of converts, who, till the doors were shut, in the spring of 1835, had constantly assembled there. The young minister knew nothing of the Irish language; he could command infinitely more advantageous and more congenial locations elsewhere, but God put the genuine missionary spirit within him. He left his beloved village congregation, immured himself in a London lodging, studied the language of the native Irish so intently that his very life nearly fell a sacrifice to over-exertion—and what was the result? It may be seen by any one who chooses to step into the Irish episcopal chapel, during the hours of divine worship. Small, wretchedly small is the number who at present attend; and trying beyond expression it is to the faith of the minister, while he waits till the Lord send more, as He assuredly will do, when the patience of His dear

servant has had her perfect work: and we repeat, we fervently repeat, that while a neglected Irish-speaking district remains within the British dominions, and while the Irish language is attainable by man, it is our firm belief that the Irishman who voluntarily chooses a foreign sphere of labour, needs yet a very prayerful consideration of that word, "I hate robbery for a burnt-offering."

Neither is this a speculative opinion: three words, rightly digested, will at once shew where lies the line of duty, of danger, and of that glory whereof our Lord spake, to cheer such as would freely abandon their all, and peril their lives for His sake and the gospel:—

LOOK AT ACHILL.

And oh! be it heard in that language endearing
In which the fond mother her lullaby sung,
That spoke the first accents of childhood, and bearing
The father's last prayer from his now silent tongue
That so while it breathes the pure voice of devotion,
And speaks with the power that still'd the rough ocean,
Each heart may be calm'd into gentler emotion,
And Erin's wild harp to hosannas be strung!

Dr. Mason.

THE CHURCH.

MADAM,

I AM about to address you, or rather your readers, on a subject of the gravest importance: one that, for some time, it may have seemed expedient to refrain from pressing upon their notice; but that day is gone by. What is proclaimed from the pulpit is every body's business; and since it is pretty clear from your occasional remarks that we agree in the main on this subject, I hope you will give my observations a place in your pages.

You will pardon my demurring at two modes of expression adopted by you: if I mistake not, you have denominated the section of our church, to whom I am about to refer 'A new sect,' and 'Puseyites.' If one of these titles apply, there can be no objection to the other: but I conceive that, being the revival of a very ancient sect, the former does not belong to it; and whatever unenviable celebrity may be accorded to Dr. Pusey as a prominent mover in the revival, the party which he ostensibly heads cannot properly be called after his name. It is highly important to step warily on such dangerous ground: therefore I decline to recognize the distinction that you and others confer on the sect and its English leader. It is a branch, and a branch only, of a mighty confederacy more than twelve centuries old;

and the usurpation at which it grasps is of the self-same character with that of its deeply-rooted stem.

I call, in the name of Him before whose judgment-seat we must all appear, upon every reader of these lines to pause, and to weigh well the matter in hand: for it is one of tremendous moment. The doctrines in question are spreading on every side, and if, as I have no doubt, they shall be found subversive of some of the first principles of our most holy faith, can any individual be guiltless who neglects the means of fortifying himself, and all within his reach, against the operation of words that do eat as a canker? Here, as in all matters of public moment, female influence is largely exerted: the setters-forth of these opinions have all drawn around them circles of admiring disciples, of your sex, who, catching at the outline furnished by their favorite preacher, fail not to fill up, to soften off, to tint and embellish it after the suggestions of their own taste and skill; then present it to the notice of many who would turn away in disgust from the naked deformity of the original sketch. Vast pains have been taken to keep that faithful, unadorned picture so veiled as to meet only the eye of the initiated: but the Lord who has promised that in every temptation he will open for his people a way of escape, causes the crafty device to fail, by bringing about, ever and anon, some untoward disclosure, through the imprudence of over-zealous adherents to the cause.

Instead of entering at large upon the controversy, or occupying your pages with the wild absurdities of the Oxford tracts, or the pulpit declamations of some good but misguided men, I will direct your attention to a recent event, the particulars of which ought to

be made known in every parish throughout the empire. Sure I am that if it be done, a body of faithful ministers will be found to rise up on behalf of the established church, and in vindication of a society, the orthodoxy of which is not to be so triumphantly overthrown in the face of the world as the ingenious contrivers of the late *surprise* may flatter themselves. Let me not be misunderstood: I bring no railing accusation against the brethren; for such I truly hold many of them to be, who are at present to be blamed for their unwatchfulness against the wiles of the enemy. They are deceived, for the moment—God grant it be but for a little moment! and they verily believe that in making war upon the saints (I write it advisedly) they are doing service to Him whose ambassadors they have been appointed. They are the unconscious tools of that iniquitous fraternity instituted by Ignatius Loyola, and, with blasphemous mockery distinguished as 'the Society of JESUS.' A fraternity, assuming the holiest of names for the most unholy of purposes; and who, treading in the steps of Judas Iscariot, combine with all his perfidy towards his Master, a scheme of utter destruction against the church of which that Master is the head and husband. Even Judas did not thus. These vilest of malefactors, the Jesuits, are the main-spring that propels the extraordinary movements of our brethren; but of this the latter are wholly unconscious: and I doubt whether the majority among them are even aware of the extent to which their own declarations carry them.

Making, therefore, all due allowance for the deceptive power at work upon their minds, and heartily desiring their deliverance out of the net, it becomes

an imperative duty to expose the crookedness of their present ways. The committee room of the Christian Knowledge Society has lately afforded an unexpected opportunity of so doing. I shall simply advert to the facts, without desiring to implicate personally any individual concerned, beyond the letter of what appears on the face of the report. It was desirable to admit the bishops of the Episcopal church in Scotland to a participation of the privileges enjoyed by those of the established church of England in the society: for that purpose, the Rev. Mr. Tyler gave notice at the last general meeting of a motion to that effect; Mr. Dodsworth, one of the most strenuous supporters of the revived errors, objected to the term *Episcopal* church, as implying that any thing non-episcopalian could possibly constitute a part of the church. Mr. Tyler in reply reminded Mr. D., that there were other bishops whose right to be recognized as a part of the church he, Mr. Dodsworth, would be the last man to question: evidently shewing that a motion would, according to Mr. Dodsworth's plan, while it unchurched the Presbyterian minister, render Popish priests eligible to be elected to the highest offices in the Christian Knowledge Society!

The point was conceded: the notice of motion stood thus: to insert in the fourteenth rule of the society, relating to English bishops, the words, 'and of the episcopal church of Scotland.' When, however, the time came for putting it the vote, Mr. Tyler, absent through indisposition, deputed the Rev. Mr. Short to move, not what he had given notice of, but a resolution worded 'Protestant bishops of the church in Scotland.' This was strenuously resisted by such

of the members present as considered the Presbyterian establishment of Scotland to be as much a part of Christ's church as the Romish apostacy: or even any part at all—but in vain: the party in question mustered in greater strength than their scriptural opponents; and the motion was carried by a trifling majority, merely through a trick that, whoever might be incautious enough to lend his name unwittingly to such a proceeding, was branded beyond all possibility of mistake, with the foundery stamp of Ignatius Loyola.

Of the cloud thus temporarily resting on the Christian Knowledge Society, I shall say nothing: because I cannot doubt that the breath of the clergymen of England will disperse it at the next meeting: but the device was overruled for good, by leading to such an exposure of the real sentiments entertained in some quarters, as cannot but startle many from their lethargy, who will receive it as a note of preparation for what the real church of Christ may expect, if this dangerous folly is allowed to go much further. I will therefore lay before your readers the words of one reverend speaker, Mr. Whitford, who said,—'There was only one true church. By their creed they confessed that they believed in one holy catholic church, and they could not give up that article of their belief. *They were indeed bound to submit to the decrees of the state; but they were not bound to speak their words. They must obey God rather man. The state could not make a church: it had indeed established the Presbyterians in the churches in Scotland. To this, therefore, we patiently submit, waiting God's time.*'

Here I pause; leaving for the present the consid-

eration of this strange avowal to your readers. It has been distinctly enough declared, and earnestly enforced, that the apostate church of Rome is the venerated elder sister of the scriptural church of England; and that the church of Scotland stands to them in the relationship that Samaria stood in to Jerusalem: a neighbour, but an alien, an outcast, an abomination, having neither part nor lot in the covenant. This we were pretty well accustomed to hear, and to smile at: but surely the reverend gentleman whose words I have quoted, went a little beyond the limits of discretion, when he divulged the doctrine that 'the church' is at liberty to oppose the state; and that the upholders of these, not new but very well-known opinions, as old as the seventh century after Christ, are looking for a revolution wherein it would seem they expect the church, or what they so denominate, to resume that power of coercing the state, and ENFORCING certain decrees against heretics, viz. all who are not within the borders of its own self-appointed pale, which sent many a 'Samaritan' in a fiery car to heaven three centuries ago.

You will observe, that the adopted motion runs thus—'*Protestant* bishops of *the* church *in* Scotland.' Two assertions are herein contained: that there is only one church—'the' church 'in' Scotland; and that this only church has bishops, of which some are not Protestants. The original wording admitted of no such unscriptural construction, while it left each rational man free to put his own interpretation upon it. 'The episcopal church of Scotland,' expressed all that could be desired: it recognized the Episcopalian as a church; and if any person chose to consider that there was no other church, it did not interfere with

his private fancy. To popery it made no allusion; whereas the actual resolution formally recognizes the mother of harlots as the spouse of Christ. By the way, I recollect a remark being made by a popish priest in Ireland; but whether the thought was his own, or borrowed, I cannot say. Instead of resenting the application to his church of that inspired epithet, "mother of harlots and abominations of the earth," he quietly said, 'You never spoke a truer word: for those two abominable harlots, the churches of England and Scotland, are her runaway daughters.' The priest went farther in his recognition of our sister church of Scotland than some evangelical divines among us would dare to do. Alas, for the holy and beautiful house where our fathers worshipped, if such profane and old wives' fables, as now echo through its walls, are to be listened to by the assembled congregations!

I am, Madam,

Yours,

ANGLICANUS.

[We request the attention to the foregoing letter which its writer bespeaks. Our own view has, from the very outset, been precisely that which our correspondent takes: but we were as little prepared as any one for the wide step taken in advance at that memorable meeting. The Record newspaper has announced a fact that proves the necessity of increased watchfulness among Christ's people in the Establishment, and out of it too. One periodical, of extensive circulation, has been bought up by the—here we are somewhat at a loss, as Anglicanus has not furnished us with a substitute for the objection-

able name. But the leaders of that school which looks up to Dr. Pusey as its head in England, are extending their operations with a rapidity, secresy, and determination, that may cause some hearts to quail, when taken in connexion with the prophetic word of God. May the Lord deliver our brethren out the snare into which they have been led by the subtlety of the great enemy, working on the principle of inherent pride in man! Meanwhile, let the flock "Beware of false prophets."—ED.]

THE GOSPEL.

—IN ways the most unlooked-for,—by methods the most unlikely,—through instrumentalities apparently the most unsuitable, but in truth the most powerful, has that gospel been advanced upon earth; and the map of its progress is equally the map of Satan's losses and the evidences of his diminished strength. Oh, it is marvellous to cast the eye backward, and trace the means by which the Saviour has enlarged his kingdom—to see how he has made all things do homage to his designs—how the spirit of adventurous curiosity, and the improvements in scientific knowledge, and the efforts of commercial enterprise, and the ambition of military glory, have all—all been made to accommodate themselves to the Lord's plans, and to move in the line of the accomplishment of his majestic decrees.—*Rev. A. Boyd.*

THE HIGH PROFESSOR.

THIS is an age when doctrines are universally discussed, and when all presume they can argue on creeds and principles; religion as well as politics has her parties, her exclusives, and many but too often cultivate spiritual pride and bigotry by this fancied discernment in judging.

The theologian is not necessarily a Christian. Christianity does not consist in being attached to doctrines, however orthodox. A man may be eloquent and profoundly learned in expounding sacred mysteries and critical niceties in the revealed word; he may attain such a reasonable assurance of the soundness of the highest doctrines as will make them so clear to his own apprehension, that he can ably refute the objections of others. Yet knowledge is not conversion, nor even efficacious to salvation, without the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit on the understanding. The professing Christian may go still further, and greatly admire the beauty and harmony of the gospel economy, yet still be wanting in that saving faith which can alone transform him to the image of God, and thus make him "meet for the kingdom of heaven."

How lamentable it is to witness high professors arguing, or rather wrangling with self-confidence and asperity of temper, upon points of creed and texts of

Scripture, who yet evince that they want self-knowledge,—that they "know not what manner of spirit they are of,"—that they can quote the language of divine truth with an austerity of manner so much at variance with, and so much reprobated by its benign principles. The root of pride lies deep in our fallen nature, it is man's besetting sin; the only unequivocal test that we are individually in a safe state is our progressing in humility, love and holiness, doing all things with the spirit of Christ as unto God. Where man's heart is touched by grace, the christian character will infallibly display itself; he is become a "new creature," in his daily walk, in his social circle, in all the relations of life, in his intercourse with society, in the recesses of privacy. The most beautiful theory never yet saved a human being; the secret of the Lord is with them that humbly wait upon Him, and to those alone will he shew his covenant experimentally, not notionally as with those who have a mere head-knowledge of their Bible. Doctrines, when they are believed only as opinions, when they occupy the thoughts without influencing the affections, rather obstruct than advance a growth in grace: if the doctrines be really sound, they awfully aggravate guilt, if not operative; if some are regarded as of too much importance, they take the place which should engage other and perhaps more edifying points, oftentimes so engrossing the attention and intellect, as to have their practical import on the *heart* disregarded. And should they be erroneous, they pervert the judgment and darken the understanding; "if the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness."

I am far from concluding that such a one must be

an actual hypocrite; he may mean well, and be moral in his habits, and even scrupulous in his religious duties; but he is decidedly a self-deceiver; his soul must be in an unhealthy state; he cannot fully enjoy that peace which *passeth* understanding. Let him ask himself if there be not some pride of heart, or some self-seeking and party-spirit that prompts him to search for arguments to justify his particular opinions, and that leads him to enforce them often with so much irritability, and as being so important. Is it purely the constraining love of Christ that actuates him in all his disputations and cavillings? is it a spirit of love and tenderness that animates his zeal? Are we not enjoined by the apostle to avoid "doubtful" and "perverse disputations," (Rom. xiv. 1. 1 Tim. vi. 5.) knowing how they canker the very vitals of Christianity, causing jealousies, variance, uncharitable thoughts, and but too often a neglect of our own vineyard, whilst censoriously trying to cultivate others? How different too the hypochondriacal bigotry of the distempered mind of one who is perpetually jarring with his neighbours or associates, from the happy, serene influence of an enlightened faith, where the love of God, as manifested in Christ, is the abiding object of contemplation; not to speculate upon as a doctrine only, but so to feel it as to have the heart warmed and filled with its effects, and transformed into its image; that our love being primarily fixed upon Him who loved us, may for his sake be diffused to *all his children*, even should they differ in *opinions*. I allow that all gospel truth is precious, and that Christianity is very far from concurring in that liberal, or rather, infidel sentiment, that creeds are alike in value, or from tolerating indifference to

doctrine. We should "be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear." 1 Pet. iii. 15. But the great end of the gospel is to point out the alone means of salvation by Christ, who did not die for us, or vouchsafe his Holy Spirit, that we might merely entertain just *notions*. True religion is not a recognition, but a dedication,—not an intellectual attainment (for the devils believe whilst they tremble) but a principle that *must* work by love to God, and through him to his creatures; it is the same in all ages of Christianity; the same duties, the same desires; the sacrifices demanded by the gospel are spiritual discipline, renunciation of self, the patient endurance of contradiction, forbearance, and the subordination of all we do and all we feel to his glory. We must have a "new heart," a most awakening term; that is, not merely our former opinions corrected, but a new vital principle created, a new active impulse given to the affections, every doctrine being *practically* influential. Let not the professing Christian trust to external religious privileges for salvation, or pride himself on his fancied pre-eminence in religious truth, or the real or supposed excellence of his favourite preacher; let him rather remember his high calling with its awful accountableness, proportioned to his advantages, and not despise or look down on *any* follower of Christ for mere difference of opinion in things not essential to salvation. How inconsistent to see professing Christians warring with one another, party condemning party, professing to walk in the same one only way, and yet disputing as they go to that heaven where they hope through eternity to dwell together! how

AN ERROR CORRECTED.

In our last number, when mentioning the circumstances under which our honoured friend, the Rev. R. O'Callaghan, left his family, on undertaking a missionary tour, it was stated that he had found it necessary to apply for two soldiers to sleep in his house. This was a misapprehension. Soldiers were not applied for, nor, as must in that case rather have been done, the police force. The fact noticed was, that additional protection was indispensable for the security of a family so exposed to hostile attack: and that security was found, not as we, mistakenly, understood it, but in the presence of a trusted individual, well armed. Knowing from very recent personal observation in the South of Ireland what is the actual peril to which every one is exposed who dares to speak to the poor Romanists that they may be saved, now that the priesthood can presume on such impunity in their aggressive war against the Lamb and His followers, we saw nothing extraordinary in the supposed intelligence. It is, however, due to the excellent clergyman in question to state that we have been corrected by others, who noted it more accurately, and we gladly make the acknowledgment. At the same time we warmly thank the friends who have so liberally responded to our request for a 'New Year's Gift.'

IRISH FREE SCHOOLS,

GEORGE STREET, ST. GILES'.

THOSE of our kind friends who have asked for some information respecting the progress of a school, brought into existence again through their bountiful aid, may be interested by an extract from a letter lately received from a zealous helper in the work. It was not intended for publication: but we prefer the writer's terms to any thing that we could have substituted for them. And we commend it to the affectionate consideration of our patronizing supporters.

'It is painful to our feelings to lie under the necessity, year after year, of soliciting the assistance of benevolent friends at a distance, to support a local charity. And yet this is not so much a local, as it is a national charity. Whilst other schools, for the most part, are either endowed, parochial, or attached to some place of worship, these schools may be said to stand alone. They are too closely allied to the church of England, to claim support from members of the dissenting body of Christians, and too aggressive upon popery in their character, to receive the countenance of others, whose patronage might materially serve us. Where then can we look for the means of defraying the annual expenses, but to that catholic spirit, which knows no other distinction than between the gross ignorance which is natural to man, and the pure wisdom of God.

'It is in your recollection, that at the last Christmas examination of the George-street schools, many children were present, and by their ready answers to the questions proposed, gave evidence of the progress they had made in scriptural education. This year, whilst there was a falling off in point of numbers in the boys' school, there was a great increase in the girls' school. The neatness, order, the reading, and needlework, but above all, the extensive knowledge of scripture, besides that excellent summary of faith and practice, contained in the Church Catechism, which the children had committed to memory, proved how well they had been instructed. Here are upwards of forty female children assembled together, out of the most miserable district in the metropolis, besides those who come from the neighbourhood, to be taught the word of God, and the ordinary branches of female education; which, by the divine blessing, may be a means of their elevation out of this sink of iniquity, and of placing them in a decent and respectable station in society.

'One reason for the superior success of the girls', as compared with the boys' school, may be assigned, that the formularies of the Church of England, introduced by the zealous and energetic lady under whose superintendence the girls' school has been revived, are taught, and the children are conducted by the mistress to the Episcopal chapel in the vicinity of the district; but in the boys' school those formularies have not been taught, neither have the children been led to a church. The explanation of the fact seems to be this—the district is inhabited chiefly by Romanists, by whom forms and ceremonies are regarded as the essentials to religion: neither can

they conceive the existence of any religion, which is not embodied in a ritual. They know something of a church without religion, but they cannot compreprehend a religion without what they consider a church. In the church of England both are to be found; and hence the preference given by Romanists to religious instruction in connexion with it. It has been suggested to place the boys' on the same footing as the girls' school, and with every hope that the former may be held in equal estimation by the poor Romanists as the latter.

'The infants are a most interesting portion of the children received into these schools. Nearly sixty of them were examined; and the answers, elicited by a gentleman who takes a deep interest in infant-school tuition, showed that the reflective faculties of these little scholars, as well as the memory, had been called into exercise. The seeds of divine truth thus early implanted, we may hope will at some future stage of their existence (sooner or later) bring forth fruit unto perfection.

'These statements are very satisfactory, but the state of our funds demands strong faith to proceed, without more sensible means of support. We are certain that if we are really doing the Lord's work, he will neither leave us destitute of money necessary for its performance, nor forsake us in its proper appropriation. To him therefore we direct our prayer, and look up, that he will incline the hearts of his people to contribute of their abundance, to diminish the deep poverty and gross ignorance of this wretched and benighted district.'

THE REFINER.

REFINE me, Lord, as silver is refined!
Try me, O Lord, as purest gold is tried!
And be thy furnace heated seven times more
Than it is wont. Still may I Thee adore!
One only thing I ask; Saviour, abide
For ever near me, watching by my side.

I would not leave the purifying flame,
Till my Refiner views his work complete;
Till all that is corrupt is purged away,
And only *that* remain, which in the day
Of thine appearing will by Thee be known,
As metal pure and precious—all thine own?

Till then, Lord, work in me thy sovereign will,
For I am but a vessel in thy hands:
Let all thy fiery waves and billows roll
Over my sinful and afflicted soul;
Nor let me aught but pain and sorrow share,
Until thou see thyself reflected there.

M. W.

Review of Books.

THE SYSTEM OF NATIONAL EDUCATION IN IRELAND: *its Principle and Practice. By J. C. Colquhoun, Esq. of Killermont, M.P.* Wight, Cheltenham.

THERE is a principle recognized, not only by the law of the land, but by universal consent between man and man, that the accessory to a crime largely shares the guilt of the chief perpetrator. If there is a cause for vehement suspicion that a person intends to poison his neighbours, and another gives him a paper of arsenic, for the ostensible purpose of killing rats, or cash to purchase the deadly mineral, is the latter guiltless? Now, the system of national education in Ireland is carried on by means of money taken from the Protestants of England, and surely every one assisting to furnish these means not only possesses a right, but is under a solemn obligation, to inquire into the truth of the assertion made by those who have investigated the workings of this system,

that it is a system of soul-murder. Mr. Colquhoun, in this volume declares it to be alike opposed to the religious and moral culture of the children placed under its sway; that the schools are 'nurseries of vice and hatred, training schools for curses and anathemas, cradles of treason and sedition, seminaries of vice and lust, over which sit a scowling priesthood, lowering over their victims, and from which issue thousands of children, trained to every passion, and lust, and crime.' This language is fearfully strong; the accusation is of terrible magnitude: we deliberately echo the language, and, as in the presence of the great Heart-searcher corroborate the charge. Let those who can, remain indifferent as to their share in this national, this inhuman act of transgression; in their skirts will yet be found the blood of the poor innocents. We demand for those witnesses, at the head of whom Mr. Colquhoun has thus placed himself, and among the humblest, but not the least earnest of whom it is our privilege to stand—we demand a strict investigation of the case. We would affectionately remind such as shrink from the controversy, that to judge the cause of the fatherless and the stranger is a duty enforced by the Lord himself: and that the objection, "Am I my brother's keeper?" is that of a fratricide.

We give no analysis of the book: it is short and conclusive. We must, however, while heartily concurring in all other points with Mr. Colquhoun, presume to differ from him as to the paramount necessity of accompanying the reading of the holy scriptures with man's teaching. It is a matter of opinion only: but having had many opportunities of tracing the work, as achieved by "the sword of the Spirit"

alone, we concur in the conclusion drawn by the dean of Ardagh, and by him stated in his evidence before the Committee of the Lords, that more scriptural information may, decidedly, be acquired by reading a chapter in the Bible without explanation, than by reading scripture extracts with explanation. This, however, is not the question at issue: it is, whether or not a work to which English money, influence, and patronage are devoted, is one calculated to entail temporal wretchedness and everlasting destruction upon those to whom the insidious gift is presented.

SELECT MEDITATIONS *for every Day in the Year: being consecutive portions from Sermons, by Edward Reynolds, D. D. Bishop of Norwich. With suitable Texts of Scripture prefixed. Arranged and edited by the Rev. Cornwall Smalley, M. A. Vicar of Brailes, Warwickshire, and Minister of Bayswater Chapel.* Burns.

THIS good man, whose lot it was to pass through the trying times of our first Charles and the Commonwealth, before he was promoted to a bishoprick, was one of those deeply experimental divines, whose works bear the impress and the flavour of that "old wine" with which no fruit of our modern vintage can compete. This is a judicious and beautiful selection, each portion occupying not more than a single page, in the moderate-sized volume, but complete in itself, and rich in profitable meditation for the day. We cordially recommend it.

SCENES IN THE HOP-GARDENS. Smith, Elder, and Co.

For those who like the narrative and conversational style, as a medium for conveying useful truths, here is a very pleasing specimen, comprising some variety in character and circumstances, with touching incidents intermixed. It is written decidedly in a Church-of-England spirit, and may not be quite so palatable to those who dissent therefrom: but we cannot tax the writer with any uncharitableness, while boldly maintaining the superior excellence of the establishment to which it is her glory to belong.

THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD EXPLAINED, *in Familiar Conversations between a Mother and her Children. By the Wife of an Irish Clergyman.* Seeley and Burnside.

Well adapted for young people: pleasing in style, sound in doctrine, and useful in application. It is to be hoped that each Christian mother fulfils to her own progeny the office here assigned to an imaginary person: but some shrink under conscious or supposed incompetency; others are obliged to devote so much of their time to making provision for things honest, as to be unable to do what they would greatly prefer doing; and not a few are obliged to set their seal to the saying that a prophet has little honour among those of his own house. There are also mo-

therless, and there are worse than motherless families, within whose reach some watchful friend may desire to bring such simple profitable manuals as this, and the two following, which we are now about to notice.

CONVERSATIONS *on the Historical Truth and Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. For the use of Young Persons. By a Clergyman's Widow.* Whyte, Edinburgh.

THIS is principally adapted for the study of boys, though profitable for both sexes, and for all ages. Those who have closely watched the prevailing sin of early youth, in these days, will be ready to acknowledge that a tendency to cast off wholesome restraint is the reigning evil. Looking back to the usages not only of scripture times, but even of half a century ago, the head of a family or of a seminary may often take up the language of holy writ, and say, If I be a father where is my honour? if I be a master, where is my fear? Never were the reins of discipline so loosely held; never was restraint so vauntingly spurned at. Rationalism is the order of the day; and of that vain impious character, which specially arrays itself against Revelation. Knowing this, and lamenting it, we are most particularly pleased with the small but comprehensive book now before us. A boy is introduced, lamenting to his tutor the distress of mind occasioned by a young playmate scoffing at his love for the Bible, *and daring him to prove its*

authenticity. This the tutor, in a series of dialogues, enables him to do; and we must say the author has been eminently successful in condensing in so small a compass the evidence required. We pray our friends to place this valuable little work in the hands of schoolboys: it is more needed than they may be willing to believe.

MORNINGS WITH MAMA: *or dialogues on Scripture for young persons, from ten to fourteen years of age.* Whyte, Edinburgh.

A FOURTH volume, or series, is now added to the preceding three, which have reached a second edition. The work is well known, and needs no farther comment than to remark that the last is fully equal to those which preceded it. The principal character of the whole is solidity, depth of thought, historical exactness, and very close practical application. Alike to mothers and children, it certainly is a most useful, important help.

We, however, always enter a protest against withholding any part of the New Testament from children. The 'mama' in this work thinks it advisable not to give her little girl the epistles until after ten years of age: we would give them at five; yea, at three, in some cases. And here we will append a few words more of the invaluable 'Evidence' of the dean of Ardagh, whom we verily believe to be, in matters of scriptural education, one of the very first authorities of the age. The queries and replies run

thus; at page 1061, of the evidence. 'Does your experience satisfy you of the beneficial effects of imbuing the minds of children with a knowledge of scripture, even before they are fully capable of understanding what they read?'—'Decidedly, I am of opinion that it is necessary.' 'Has your experience ever given you proof of it?'—'Repeated proofs of children dying, rejoicing in the Saviour; just knowing no more than that they were sinners, and that Jesus died for them.' 'Had that stuck in their minds from having heard it first as mere children, before they could understand it?'—'Yes; and before they could read; mere babes almost.'

Now, the passages that expressly declare this soul-saving truth, occur continually in the epistles: therefore we dare not withhold them even from babes. The 'Mornings with Mama,' embrace the Jewish history from their captivity in Egypt to that in Babylon; and we repeat, it is an excellent work.

SELECT SERMONS. *By the Right Rev. William Beveridge, D.D., bishop of St. Asaph.* Religious Tract Society.

A REPRINT, selected from the works of one who, in his high office, adorned the doctrine of God his Saviour. These sermons are exceedingly practical: duties are insisted on, with the zeal of a pastor who knew that a part of his commission was to exhort Christ's people that they should be careful to maintain good works. He does not, like some, reverse the order of architectural proceedings, and make

that the foundation which belongs to the superstructure: neither like others does he content himself with extolling the foundation, without attempting to build thereupon. There are sixteen sermons, in the volume, on the same number of important subjects.

CELESTIAL SCENERY: *or, the wonders of the planetary system displayed, Illustrating the perfections of Deity, and a plurality of worlds. By Thomas Dick, L. L. D., author of 'The Christian Philosopher,' 'Philosophy of Religion,' 'Philosophy of a future state,' 'Improvement of Society,' 'Mental Illumination,' &c.* Ward and Co.

FROM the turmoil and confusion, perplexities and agitating distresses of this sin-disordered planet of ours, how refreshing it is to lift up the eyes, and mark the calm, majestic march of those glorious bodies, the greater and lesser lights, which God hath made to rule the day and the night! They move along in such uninterrupted harmony, they shed so clear and pure a light around them, they are telling, evermore telling the glory of God with such eloquent speechlessness, that the oppressed spirit longs to rise and lose itself in the multitude of those shining hosts, imagining that such a transit would necessarily bring it into a nearer approximation to the throne of God himself. Viewed, however, from other orbs, the earth which we inhabit presents an aspect no less fair, a course no less wondrously exact: for all God's works are perfect, and Satan

himself could not prevail to interrupt the beauteous regularity of our planetary revolutions: and perhaps the disorder introduced among us by him, never appears so unnatural, so hateful, as when we look abroad upon the grand design of the universe, inviolably preserved by the Creator, who is not the author of confusion but of peace. But this captivating subject is beguiling us from our main purpose, which is, to introduce to our readers the most delightful book we have ever met with on the subject of the starry heavens. Dr. Chalmer's magnificent discourses must, of course, stand alone, unique in their object, as unrivalled in execution. Dr. Dick has marked out a different track, his plan being to render a difficult science familiar to the minds of common readers, and to bring them acquainted with particulars minutely curious, and in the highest degree interesting concerning the system to which we belong. He treats on the solid and superficial contents of the different planets, their satellites, and the rings of Saturn; their comparative magnitudes and motions, the extent of their orbits, &c. He gives us the mode of determining the distances and magnitudes of the celestial bodies, in a series of familiar explanations; and adduces the prominent arguments which demonstrate a plurality of worlds. The chief novelty introduced is, the scenery of the heavens as exhibited from the surfaces of the different planets and their satellites. To all this is added a description of celestial phenomena, and of the positions and aspects of all the planets during the years 1838 and 1839. A great number of illustrations, exhibiting on a black ground the luminous bodies referred to, are given throughout the volume.

Apart from things altogether spiritual, we can hardly imagine a more interesting and elevating study than that which Dr. Dick has provided for us: and the earnestness with which he deduces from his splendid theme arguments on the power and majesty of the Most High (alas! that such should be needed by a race so favoured as ours) rank his book infinitely above the deepest researches of scientific skill, where God is either disregarded, or defrauded of the open honour due to his glorious name.

THE ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE, *containing the Old and New Testaments, &c. &c. With the Self-interpreting and Explanatory Notes, and Marginal References, of the late Rev. John Brown, Minister of the Gospel at Haddington. To which is appended, a complete Concordance of the Old and New Testaments.* Smith and Co.

THIS is the first number of a very splendid edition, recommended by the choice of notes and references, more than by the extraordinary beauty of the type and design. It is to be completed in twenty parts.

THE PROTESTANT.

ALTHOUGH not very musical, my uncle has lately been humming a beautiful old Scotch air, as if he would never tire of it. I ventured to remark at last, 'You have quite an ominous note, dear sir; if you don't change it soon, I shall begin to be nervous. How long has 'There's nae luck about the house' had such charms for you?'

The good old man smiled. 'Indeed, my dear, the tune has taken a strange hold on my fancy; and I should marvel if many others were not similarly affected; though, perhaps, none had their minds so prepared to echo the sound as mine was.'

'Tell me all about it, uncle, if you please.'

'Well; you know that I passed that night in the city, intending to start by an early coach for the north. I dined at the house of an old friend, where I had to maintain a brisk argument with a gentleman who had drank deep in the cup of modern liberalism. One after another, all the choicest institutions of the country were denounced, as vestiges of exploded barbarism, the relics of a stern iron age, now superseded by one of ductile gold. My old friend, who used to battle stoutly in the cause of good order, when we were menaced with an inundation of French revolutionary principles, near half a century ago, afforded me little aid, in combating the self-same spirit, clad in a more plausible form.

Wearied by the unprofitable discussion, I retired soon after nine o'clock, and betaking myself to my quarters, was obliged before retiring for the night, to hear a knot of young radical cits bandying jests at the expence of royalty, and lauding in no measured terms, the rebellious outbreak of their more advanced brethren in Lower Canada. This, as you may suppose, excited me: I was inclined to administer the deserved rebuke; but, conscious of an irritability that might have laid me, and the righteous cause that I longed to defend, open to defeat, I forebore: secretly lifting up my heart in prayer for help to control my swelling anger. Thence, I repaired to my chamber; and had scarcely realized the comparative quiet of the moment, when the sweet chimes of the Exchange clock, at some little distance, gave forth the strain so dear to a loyal old sailor's heart—'God save the king.''

'It must have affected you greatly, uncle.'

'To tears almost: the voice of sympathy is always delightful, and I had sorely felt its absence through a harassing day. All below had spoken a language strange and abhorrent to my feelings; and now, from an elevation above me, came the sound that woke an echo alike from the loyal, patriotic, and devotional principle, which I hope—I do hope, niece—will together abide in the centre of my heart while a pulse has power to throb there. I sat down near the window, looked forth at the building, the light and elegant tower of which rose against the moonlight sky, and enjoyed one of those reveries which we of the old school find, in these times, more congenial than discourse that savours of the forced march of intellect.'

'I could almost tell you the subject of your meditation, dear uncle. You looked upon the great mart of our empire, numbered over the steps by which this little island had attained the height of political, military and commercial greatness, and pondered on the headlong descent of which we appear so unconscious, through the giddiness of our pride.'

'It is true, most true. I also recalled the time when the dear servants of Christ, the bishops and pastors of the flock, Hooper, Saunders, Rogers, Bradford, and others, were singly and stealthily led along by night through those very streets beneath me, while the only lights that glimmered there, the little candles on the coster-mongers' stalls, were forcibly extinguished, to prevent the people from recognizing the individuals of that noble army of martyrs. Oh, my child, I knew that those were seasons of spreading brightness, soon to illumine the land: now, amid the glare and the glitter that rendered every corner visible, I too surely felt that we were fast returning to the blackness of original night!

'How long my reverie had continued, I know not; but after devoting some time to the word of God, I was preparing to undress, when a sudden cry of alarm drew me hastily to the window, and the fact was apparent. Flames had burst from one quarter of the stately building, and their progress was fearfully rapid: don't ask me to describe it, for employed as my thoughts had been on Canada and England, it came upon my spirit like a judgment from on high; it seemed that the Lord would plead with us by the sword and by fire.'

'And what did you do?'

'Of course, I descended, and hastened to proffer

such assistance as a man might give to rescue the palace of his country's merchants,' said my uncle, half resenting the question. 'I did help, until the raging element had so gained the mastery as to defy all efforts save those of the regular firemen. I then returned, with dripping garments, to my dormitory, but could not refrain from standing, in a gaze of awe-struck admiration, at the window, looking upon the magnificent, though heart-rending spectacle. The current of thought ran on again in its accustomed channel, whence it had been turned by the distracting turmoil below: and as I traced the waves of fire that now rolled unimpeded over the extended roofs, and encircled the turret, those bells, those sweet, unconscious bells, sent forth their chimes once more, and thrilled through every nerve of my frame with the unexpected, though well-known, and, alas! too appropriate sound, 'There's nae luck about the house.''

'What an effect it must have had!'

'You cannot imagine it: the reality of the thing was so tremendous, the 'house,' baffling every attempt to save any part, was wrapped in fire throughout: and at the very moment the chimes struck, the works around them were assuming the redness of a dissolving heat. It was indescribably affecting: the innocent bells rung out their own dirge, on the notes of that lively, yet tender melody; then, presently, sank, a shattered mass, amid the blazing ruins.'

'I do not marvel that the strain dwells on your memory, uncle: taken in connection with the whole occurrence, it was most striking. The national anthem silenced for ever, so far as they were concerned, the elements of destruction raging around, and that

which a small matter had kindled, defying the power of man to check its career—the type became but too perfect for English feeling to contemplate without pain and dismay.'

'It is a question, my dear niece, that I often pause upon, how far we may carry our disregard of what the superstitious deem ominous, without despising intimations that we may fairly regard as sent from on high, to warn and to admonish us. It has been observed that the three most conspicuous nations of Europe have been visited almost simultaneously by fire; and each in its most characteristic department. In despotic Russia, the stately palace of the Autocrat; in mercantile England, the grand depôt and council-house of her commercial transactions; and in licentious, godless France, the scene of her favourite Sabbath desecration, the grand rendezvous of all that defies God and defiles man—the Theatre, have blazed, and fallen.'

'How dreadful is the latter circumstance, uncle! I read, not only that the fire broke out soon after the close of the Sunday night's performance, but that the persons who hastened to assist in checking it issued from a ball-room hard by. The loss of life too, was great; and the unavoidable transition of thought from the sinful scene of revelry to the secrets of an unlooked-for eternity is very awful.'

'Yes: France is a beacon to all the world if they would profit by it, and shun the sunken rocks over which her fantastic, many coloured lights revolve. She took the first plunge, from the black caverns of popery into the blood-red sea of infidelity. That man, whose effigies are presented to our eyes in almost every imaginable device, that incarnation of

ambitious selfishness and cruelty, whose compact figure, folded arms, and scowling brow are familiar to every child—what a volume is opened before me, whenever I behold the well-known outline!'

'And what do you read in it, sir?'

'I read the commission given him to scorch the papal kingdoms with fire. I see the impregnable character of the shield then spread before us, who, being yet free from a national partaking in the sins that provoked the scourge, received not of the plagues poured out on other lands. I cannot doubt that in him was fulfilled the out-pouring of one vial of wrath, and when the great earthquake that is shortly to follow shall commence its work, where are we to take our place, shaken as we already are, from the covert of our former security!'

'Where, indeed! Yet, uncle, the Lord's people will be safe, whatsoever may occur. They have a hiding-place from the wind, a covert from the storm; and the signs that thicken around, bring to them the encouragement, "Lift up your heads, and look up; for *your* redemption draweth nigh." I solace myself with this; and reflect that the thunderings and voices, and terrible commotions for which we look, are only the prelude to that triumphant chorus, "Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honour unto him, for the marriage of the Lamb is come." Is not this the best cordial, dear uncle?'

'It is, it is. I often chide myself for feeling so much moved at the present aspect of affairs: for I know that, let them proceed as they will, His enemies are but doing whatsoever his hand and his counsel determined afore to be done. Work as they

may, all things are working together for good to them that love God. The terrible days shall, for the elect's sake, be shortened, and none of his sheep shall perish or be plucked out of his hand. Still, as it is our duty individually to glorify God, so, I conceive, there is a criminal neglect of the divine will, when we sit wrapped up in the consciousness of our own privileges, and take little thought how the battle goes, when Satan and his hosts are fighting against the Lord. One symptom of this lukewarm spirit is shown in the fact that, among the many Christian people now assembled in the metropolis, so small a number deem it worth their while to attend the meetings of the Protestant Association, held every fortnight in Exeter Hall. The impression seems to be, that they are political discussions, unconnected with what is of deeper interest to spiritual persons. This is erroneous: they are calculated to rouse all the energies of a sanctified spirit in our Master's cause: pointing out both what is to be done, and how to achieve it. We know what multitudes flock to the exciting business of a great public meeting of that valuable association; but I would rather see them seeking the important information held out at these quiet assemblages, where only an unmixed, or at least a heartfelt interest in the thing itself, will take them.'

'It is strange to me, I confess, that whereas the glorified spirits, the holy apostles and prophets, and all the heavenly company, are called on to rejoice, when God executes his final vengeance on the mystical Babylon, we, whose nearest and dearest earthly ties may soon be at stake, in addition to the zeal that we ought to manifest for the honour of the Lord, are

without a powerful witness to the truth. Mark me: I hold no man as a faithful witness to the truth of God, who keeps back any part whatever of that truth as opposed to its antagonist error. A minister may preach like an angel, and handle every point of doctrine in a general way: but if, in these times, he sends the flock out, unguarded against the two particular snares that are now set for them on every side—especially popery, because it is the more delusive of the two, as nominally professing Christ, whom the other party deny—if a man does this from sabbath to sabbath, there is wanting the capacity of a good workman, rightly to divide the word of truth, and to give to each his portion in due season. He may be blind, unable to see afar off; he may be dumb, or afraid to bark: but be the defect what it may, it is in part wilful, and I fear he will have to render an account, in that when the enemy came in like a flood, he failed to lift up the standard against him, which the Spirit of the Lord had committed to his hands.'

'I fear so too, uncle. But now for something pleasant. A friend who was at our recent little meeting followed our example; assembled the ladies in his neighbourhood, addressed them on the subject of Protestantism in Ireland, and was rewarded by seeing them, on the spot, enrol themselves as a Ladies' Auxiliary Branch of the Irish Society, in a most populous district, where nothing of the sort had been in operation before.'

'Very well: thank God, and take courage.'

THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1838.

CHAPTERS ON FLOWERS.

It is not in the power of winter, however severe and sweeping in his operations among the flowers, to deprive me of all my store. Though every leaf should wither, and every root become a mass of corruption, and not a blossom remain in the conservatory, I am always provided, not only with one, but a complete bouquet of bright and showy flowers. The Amaranthus, in all its varieties of form and colour, with everlastings of purple or of gold, and a rich assemblage of grasses, that appear quite indestructible, form this magic group. I bought it in the street, of a poor, sickly-looking aged woman, who evidently wanted the price of her 'Christmas posy' to supply the craving of hunger: but this common-place mode of acquisition by no means lessened the interest of the purchase. What has been touched by the poor,

possesses a peculiar character in my eyes: and I could not but think, when taking the gay bouquet from a withered hand, how tenderly the Lord provides for their wants, whom we so little consider in the midst of our festivities.

The intense cold that followed, soon left my winter nosegay without a rival, and, excepting the border of box that encircled it, not a change has yet appeared, not a tint has faded, not a leaf fallen. These flowers are an exception to the general rule; they have been cut down, yet neither dried up nor withered; even the 'flower of grass,' that impressive emblem of man's glory and goodliness, waves in its pristine grace, and shines brightly when a sun-beam falls aslant upon the cluster. I must needs apply this: not indeed to an individual, but to a race, far more to be wondered at than these imperishable flowers. A race long since deprived of the life-giving fatness of the root; dead, yet continually before us in all the reality of bustling life. Need I name them?—the Lord's own ancient people, the dispersed of Judah, the 'nation scattered, and peeled,' and trodden under foot; familiar with every storm that can rage without, and preyed upon by every corrupt principle within, separated from the stem, deprived of spiritual nutriment, yet surviving all; and destined to survive, in pre-eminent glory, the pride of that earth which now scorns them. Oh, I cannot look upon the unfading Amaranthus without recalling those precious words, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." I read in it at once the promise and its fulfilment: I see what the Lord has said he would do: I see what he actually does, and I know assuredly what he will yet do. I have no more doubt of the literal restoration

of Judah and Israel to the literal Canaan, no more doubt that in their own land "they shall possess the double," and shine the brightest in a bright and glorious church on earth, than I have of my existence. The time is not now far off, when the Lord will be gracious to his land, and pity his people: when he will heal their hurt, and gather them, and watch over them, to do them good, and shew the world how dearly his poor Israel is 'loved for the fathers' sakes.' The whole church sends up the petition, "Thy kingdom come," and the coming of that kingdom will be to the despised Jew a receiving again into God's favour; and that receiving again of the Jew shall be to the Gentiles, "life from the dead."

Indissolubly connected with this delightful subject is the name, the image of one who has often rejoiced with me over those sweet promises to Israel, which none can gainsay without depriving the holy scriptures of all literal meaning, and debasing them into a cluster of shadows. He was a Gentile by birth, but in spirit an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile. Awake to all that concerned the kingdom and glory of our Lord Jesus Christ, he was peculiarly alive to the rich portion secured to the children of Abraham; and dearly did he prize the privilege of devoting himself to them. Often have I seen him, in his pulpit, with the little ones of the Hebrew schools ranged in the opposite gallery, catching new zeal, new energy, new confidence from a glance at that precious charge; and often have I beheld him, in the midst of the Hebrew boys, lost in thoughtful contemplation of the harvest that should follow that first-fruits offering, presented in faith and hope. I have also known him send for a considerable number of the children,

to his own hospitable abode, and range them before him, and hold sweet converse with them concerning their own Messiah, the Prince. There was no flashing enthusiasm about him, but a deep, calm, settled conviction that Israel should yet be gathered, and that in having his own portion of labour assigned in that field, he was honoured above all others. He was a man of thought, of study, and of prayer, and this was the element wherein he dwelt—the exceeding great and precious promises given to the children of the fathers and the prophets. Others might rise in the church, or seek the promotion of their worldly interests: to him it sufficed that he came within the scope of that oft-repeated declaration, "Blessed is he that blesseth thee."

Seven years have now passed, since I sojourned under that roof, with the good old Simeon for my fellow-guest; and very dear to me is the recollection. I had before been privileged there beyond all other places; I had caught some sparkles from the brilliant, though eccentric flashes of Wolff, and had identified myself with a little circle whose great bond of union was the heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel, that they might be saved; and whose hourly study it was to devise plans for forwarding the blessed work. I had sate, many a summer's day, under the tall, branching tulip trees, that threw their refreshing shadow on the smooth grass plat; and while the lovely groupe of youthful faces—for my friend had a goodly array of olive branches round about his table—added life and beauty to the scene in itself most sweet, I have conversed with him and his beloved partner on the coming day, when Israel should sit each one under his own vine and under his own fig-tree, with none to make them afraid.

At the period of my first and successive visits there was one present also, whose joyous temper brought mirth into every circle. They loved him much, and greatly did he enjoy the social freedom that dwelt there. A thousand little incidents crowd on my recollection as I recal those days: but Mr. H. knew and deeply sympathised in my chief solicitude for that beloved one; and I trust they are now rejoicing together in the presence of the Lamb. Never can I forget the sweet words of comfort given me by Mr. H. when the terrible stroke of sudden bereavement fell upon me. 'Oh, my sister, our God is all-powerful; even the "Lord save me" of drowning Peter was enough.' There was a fitness in the application, ignorant as we then were of the state of that beloved object's mind, which met the case exactly, and proved a word in due season to a fainting heart. My last visit was made in a wintry season, and under circumstances of peculiar desolation. He, who brightened us all by his sunshiny presence, had long been laid beneath the sod: it was not yet green over the dumb boy's grave: and other circumstances combined to depress me unusually. My friend also was declining in health, and sorely exercised in mind by the perplexities recently introduced into the church by his most beloved associate—the brilliant, but sadly deluded and deluding Irving. He was absorbed in many anxious thoughts, and the presence of Mr. Simeon proved most cheering to us all. The glorious subject of Israel's redemption occupied each heart, and dwelt on every tongue: and truly I can say, that, like the Amaranthus, my valued friend shone in bright contrast to the winter around him, while dwelling on that 'everlasting love' which is

pledged to accomplish the deliverance of God's people.

The hours were dearly prized by me, little as I anticipated a speedy separation of the parent from his children, the husband from his partner, and the pastor from his flock. I saw him but once again, and that was upon the platform of a densely-crowded meeting, when, unexpectedly, he rose, for a few moments, to avow himself the author of a testimony against the withering and blasting influence of Socinianism in a society to which he was warmly attached. He rose, indeed, like an apparition; and if I was pained at the emaciated figure and pallid aspect—so changed from what he had even a few weeks before appeared—still more did I rejoice and glory in the stedfast, though meek determination, with which the disciple voluntarily stood forth to acknowledge how zealously he was affected in a good thing—how jealous of the least possible taint on the doctrine of the great God, his Saviour. He made his avowal, looked calmly round upon a thousand frowning brows, and resumed his seat, beyond my ken. It was a striking incident, rendered indelible by the subsequent removal of that faithful servant from the vineyard below to the resting place above. Once more I visited, for a few hours, the mansion of hospitality and love: the tulip-trees were in full beauty, the lawn was soft and verdant as ever, the vine mantled richly over the windows, and flowers in gay profusion breathed their sweet perfume through the closed shutters. I could not look out upon what was so fair: a glance towards the one object that lay concealed beneath a black pall, never more to be unveiled to mortal eye, filled my heart, to the exclu-

sion of earth's brightest beauties. I thought on the outcasts of Israel and the dispersed of Judah:—I thought, how often had those lips breathed the language, 'Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die, O house of Israel?'—how frequently those lifeless hands had dispensed the water of baptism, and the consecrated elements of the Lord's supper, to such as obeyed the call: and how high that heart had beat in holy exultation over the lost sheep so gathered back into the fold. One short sentence of inspiration expressed what no tongue of man or angel could otherwise have uttered, "Blessed is he that blesseth thee."

Sitting down to supper with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of God, is our Lord's own description of the privileges reserved for such as be Abraham's children by faith; and, blessed be His holy name!—there is no difference of Jew or Gentile in that consummation of eternal felicity. But I cannot imagine with what eyes, or with what understanding, those persons read the bible, who see there no especial reference to the continued elder brotherhood of the literal Israelite, even to the end of the world: or who consider that in the wide promulgation of the gospel, for which we are taught to look and to pray, the converted Jew will not be made a chosen and peculiarly honoured instrument in the Lord's hands. Not that I expect the kingdoms of this world to become the kingdom of our God and of his Christ, by a quiet extension of the truth. No, I believe that the wine-press of wrath must first be trodden, and the enemies of his Son be broken to pieces—dashed asunder like the shreds of a potter's vessel. I believe that Great Babylon, papal Rome, must come in remembrance before Him, and receive

the cup of the fierceness of the wrath of Almighty God, in recompense for the wine of the wrath of her fornications, wherewith she has seduced the kings of the earth, and blasphemed the Most High. I believe that the whole company of Antichrist, papal and infidel, must be violently overthrown, and the day of vengeance usher in the year of the redeemed of the Lord. It is in combination with all this, that I look for the full in-gathering of God's ancient people, their re-establishment in the land which he gave unto their fathers, to Abraham and his seed for ever, the restoration of that land to more than its pristine fertility, and the abundant going forth of the law of the Lord from Jerusalem, by means of his own reconciled Israel—once more, and in a higher sense than ever, a royal priesthood, a peculiar people, a blessing to the uttermost ends of the earth.

When it first pleased God, by his Spirit, to open my understanding to those things which are foolishness to the natural man, and before I enjoyed the privilege of communion, by word or letter, with any of his people, I was so powerfully struck by the distinctness of the promises given to the literal seed of Abraham, that I often devised plans for sending forth fishers to fish, and hunters to hunt for them; often prayed over the ninth chapter of Daniel; and longed to proclaim to others what I supposed a new discovery—that Israel should again blossom, and bud, and fill the world with fruit. I knew not whether my surprise or my joy was the greater, on being told, after a long while, that an extensive and increasing society was in actual operation to this very end: and however slightly I may have seemed to regard the subject, under the conviction that my own line of service was

marked in a different path, I think there is no prospect of spiritual blessedness, or temporal prosperity for Christ's church, presented to my mind, wherein "THE JEW FIRST" is not recognized. Yes, like my winter nosegay, so bright in death, the severed shoots of that venerable stem, which have yet a name to live, and are dead, speak the language of assured promise to me. The root that bore them still survives, a perennial, destined to bloom again in the multitude of its blossoms, and to send forth many an off-set to other gardens, where the Lord shall plant them, and keep them, and water them every moment.

It is a bitter ingredient in the overflowing curse of Rome, that, pagan or papal, she has ever persecuted the Jews. That brand is imprinted so deeply, that the fires now kindling for her will not burn it out:—"Cursed is he that curseth thee." It is the singular privilege of poor Ireland that she is totally free from this stigma, so widely extended over Europe; and it is well known how, in her deep poverty, the riches of her liberality have abounded towards the missionary work now carried on among the Hebrew people; and shall not poor Ireland one day set her seal, despised and forsaken as she now is, to the equally sure record, "Blessed is he that blesseth thee." God's blaspheming enemy is still permitted, to a great extent, to trample down one who never set her foot upon the neck of God's prostrate people: but all these things are had in remembrance before him, and when he maketh inquisition for blood he will not forget it. The Amaranthus is a treasury of precious thoughts, recollections, promises, and hopes—connected with the most glorious subject that can possibly occupy the mind of man—the coming, kingdom, and glory of

the Messiah. Oh, that he would shortly accomplish the number of his elect, and hasten that hour! The world is lying dead around; the torpor of indifference is only varied by the tumult of tempestuous strife. The pleasures of earth, like the gay flowers that fell before the frost, perish in the using; and the thorns stand out in naked savageness to mock the eye that seeks for the fair mantle that once concealed them. Benumbed or torn away, all has so eluded my grasp, that while casting a glance around, I am tempted to inquire, Did flowers ever bloom here; or can they again make bright this desolated ground? But the lovely Amaranthus smiles an answer, conveying to my soul that sublime word, "I am the Lord; I change not." Yea, and while humbly pleading the privilege of an ingrafted Gentile branch, partaking of the root and fatness of the parent tree, I am enabled to receive, on behalf of the literal Israel, the full pledge, the immutable promise founded on the immutability of Him who has spoken it. "I am the Lord; I change not: therefore ye SONS OF JACOB are not consumed."

C. E.

Now if they shall be a nation again, they must have a place, a land to dwell in as a nation. They cannot be a nation among other nations; and if they become a distinct nation, then they must have a distinct land; and what land so likely as their own land, which God hath promised?—*Mead's Sermons.*

THE BYSTANDER.

No. XVII.

THOUGH I am not ashamed to confess myself to be, in some respects, one of the old school, yet I am not bigotted enough to decry any thing merely because it is modern. I am not one of those ultra *conservatives*, who wish to preserve everything that is evil, because it may happen to have antiquity in its favour: I like *conserve of roses* very well; but see no reason why we should also conserve the *thorns*. One of the things in which I think we of the present day greatly excel our grandsires, is, female education. I think the study of languages, science, or the fine arts, greatly preferable to embroidery or cross-stitch; and admire general information more than a humble imitation of Gobelin tapestry. And it is a great proof of the rapid *march of intellect*, (that idol of one party and bugbear of another,) that those acquirements which, even in Hannah More's youthful days, constituted a small exclusive circle of *bas bleus*, are now the common possession of almost any well-educated woman.

But while I admire the present mode of educating females, as compared with that of the last century, I think it is still in many respects very defective. They are themselves instructed, but do not learn how to instruct others; they are educated, but are not taught the science of education; and thus are not fully qua-

lified for one of their most important duties, that of being the early instructors of the rising generation.

In this mechanical age, the science of mind has fallen into disrepute. The *Artemesias* of the present day are not addicted to reading 'Malebranche, Boyle, and Locke;' and are disposed to term all inquiry into the laws that govern thought, and the interesting phenomena of mental operations, metaphysical nonsense. And yet the associations of ideas formed in early youth, have, in after life, a most powerful influence, both on the conscience and on the moral feelings.

The mind of every child receives impressions as continually as the surface of a mirror receives the shadows of passing objects, but with this important difference, that when the same impression is often repeated it becomes permanent. Nay, it not unfrequently happens, that one scene acted before him, or one remark made, will stamp an impression on a child's mind never to be effaced. Many a time in after life has my conscience been pricked by a saying I heard, when a child of five years' old, under circumstances by no means wonderful or striking. I was then residing with my parents in the country. An old man, who lived in the neighbourhood, one day brought some fruit in a basket, the fashion of which my mother admired very much, and expressed her desire to have one made like it. The following week the basket was brought, and the man refused payment for it, saying, he was not a basket-maker by trade, but only made them occasionally for his amusement. I suppose there was an amicable altercation between my mother and him on the subject, but I only remember the conclusion of it: 'I am quite

ashamed of having given you so much trouble,' said my mother. 'Madam,' said the old man, in a grave yet respectful tone, 'never be ashamed of any thing but *sin*.'

Let any one look back on his own early history, and he will find that few of the opinions that have guided his conduct through life have been adopted in consequence of the direct precepts of his teachers. They are chiefly the deductions of his own mind, drawn, not from the instructions, but from the conduct of others; not only independently of, but frequently in complete opposition to, the views presented to his mind in the way of direct tuition. He has been made to read select passages, showing forth the excellence of virtue, the vanity of worldly pursuits, the unsatisfactory nature of riches, and the insignificance of beauty; he has been told, from his nursery days onwards, that it is much better to be *good* than either to be rich or beautiful; but it required no very long exercise of his powers of observation and reflection, to enable him to discover that all those around him are not seeking after this *virtue* he has heard so much about; nor despising, as trifles, those objects of which his books speak with so much contempt. By this process we acquire a habit of regarding those as pretty, holiday sentiments, very fit to be sported along with our best clothes, but quite unfit for the working-day occupations of this bustling life. And thus a man's double set of opinions bears some resemblance to the two wives of the Chinese; the fine-lady wife, chosen for him by his parents, who sits in the parlour; and the working-wife of his own choice, who lives in the kitchen, and manages the domestic affairs.

From earliest childhood, then, man begins to derive

knowledge from two distinct sources; and on the consistency or opposition of the ideas thus acquired the formation of his future character greatly depends. The little urchin sits on his stool, conning over, perhaps slowly and unwillingly, his string of moral sentences; while his bright eye, and quick ear, are ever learning lessons of some kind, from the words and actions of papa or mama, brother or sister, governess or nurse. Alas! is it not too often the case, that this simultaneous acquisition may justly be called, receiving the 'knowledge of good and evil?'

When I was last in London, I was much struck by the difference between two children, apparently of the same age, who were presented to my notice within the same hour. While I was on a visit to a family in one of the suburbs, (as the once distant villages may now more properly be called), I received a letter from a friend in the country, requesting me to go to a lady at the west end of the town, to inquire the character of a governess. On leaving the vehicle which brought me into the city, I went into a shop to purchase some trifling article, and requested permission to wait until another should pass, that would convey me westward. The man civilly invited me to go into the parlour, as he knew that no conveyance would pass for some minutes. Here I found his wife and child, the latter a sweet little girl about five years old, who sat on the floor playing with her cat, and singing in a clear voice, and correct tune, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." This was followed by other hymns, and parts of hymns, with little intermission. I asked her mother if she learnt these at an infant school. 'No,' said she; 'she learns them from an old lady who lodges in ou-

first floor." After a little pause, she explained the nature of her lodger's oddity. 'She is a very quiet, civil, old lady, the best lodger we ever had; but she has very queer ways; she is all for religion, and takes no pleasure in any thing else. She is very fond of little Mary, and likes to have her with her; and it is a great convenience to me to leave her there, out of harm's way, when I am busy, or obliged to go out.' The vehicle was now announced, and I left little Mary singing:—

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live.

In a short time after, I alighted at the west end of Piccadilly, and a walk of a few minutes brought me to the house where my errand was to be accomplished. On telling the footman the nature of my business, he shewed me into a small room on the entrance floor, where were two lovely children, a boy apparently about seven years old, and a girl about two years younger. The boy was indulging his destructive propensities by pulling a toy to pieces; while the girl was exercising her constructiveness in attempting a work of no small difficulty. She held in one hand a piece of cut crystal, which had belonged to a chandelier, and with the other she was endeavouring to thread a narrow piece of black ribbon into the hole where the ring had been. After many ineffectual attempts, and much twisting with her tiny fingers, she at length succeeded; then, tying the ribbon round her neck, she walked up and down the room, viewing with great delight the changing colours of the piece of glass; and addressing her brother, said, in a tone of exultation, 'Now, Ed-

ward, next company night I shall have an ornament to wear as well as Anna and Sophia.'

I could not help contrasting in my own mind this little trinket-maker with the little hymn-singer I had seen immediately before. It is probable the direct instructions given them, in matters connected with religion and morals, may have been nearly alike; but they were forming very different notions as to what happiness consists in. The one evidently was led to suppose it consists in 'the lust of the eye, and the pride of life;' while the other daily saw an example illustrative of the words she so sweetly sung, that religion is the source of highest pleasure. The book-lessons of their youth may be forgotten or neglected; but, should the impression be continued until her memory is more matured, little Mary will never forget that there is such a thing as the soul finding its chief joy in God; and this early reminiscence will serve to explain to her many parts of scripture, that to others appear (if they confessed the truth) enthusiastic and exaggerated.

A truly Christian mother, who is fully convinced of the force of early impressions, lately lamented to me the impossibility of keeping her children entirely free from evil example. 'I have made many changes of masters, governesses, and servants,' said she; 'yet I always find that something is not quite as I could wish. My nurse, for example, is a faithful and attached creature, in whom I have the utmost confidence, and who is invaluable in times of sickness, for her unwearied attention and care; but she has a quick and hasty temper, which sometimes breaks forth on very trifling occasions. My governess, too, I believe to be a truly pious young woman; but she

is naturally indolent, and has many habits I should not like my children to acquire; and when I take notice of any of these to her, she afterwards shews a pettishness of manner that does not escape the notice of her pupils. In short,' she concluded, 'even when I have Christian people about me, I cannot form that pure moral atmosphere I should wish my children to breathe while under my roof.'

I comforted her by relating a story I had read somewhere, of a certain important little personage, (I forget whether the heir to a kingdom, or to a smaller territorial portion,) whose mother proposed to have the walls and floor of his play-room, padded, in order that neither blow nor fall might hurt him. A more sensible friend, however, suggested to this lady, that as her son was not intended to live in a *padded world*, it might be as well to permit him to learn, in childhood, to exercise a little of that caution he would find so necessary afterwards; and which can only be learnt by the presence of something that calls for its being exercised. We live in a world of which the moral atmosphere is tainted by universal selfishness, and all the other evils that spring from the enmity of the carnal mind against God; and if we cannot create an artificial atmosphere in which our children may breathe freely for a season, we should endeavour to meet the purpose of God in frustrating our efforts to do so, by seeking to draw lessons of good out of the surrounding evil.

But though this view of the subject may comfort us under failures, it ought not to lead us to abate our exertions to remove, as far as possible, every contaminating influence from the youthful mind. The knowledge of evil is an evil thing; because there is

a chord in the heart of every child of Adam, that responds to the evil around it. It is true that the conscience of a well-instructed child will not approve of the particular act of evil; but when next betrayed into the commission of a fault that is similar in kind, he will try to pacify his conscience by calling to mind how many grown-up persons do much worse things. The habit of men's "measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves," is acquired at an early period of life; and clings to them continually, until the opposite habit of comparing themselves with the perfect standard afforded by Christ, is fully formed in them.

It is a sad presage for the future, when the natural guardians of youth are themselves the ministers of evil example. I one day asked a little girl to whose parents I was paying a visit, where her mamma was. 'I left her in her dressing-room,' said she, 'storming and raging at Walter, about a piece of lace poor Walter had burnt with an iron that was too hot.' The flushed countenance of her mother, who entered the room soon afterwards, induced me to believe that the daughter's account was not exaggerated. On another occasion, a little boy horrified his mother and myself, by pouring forth on his younger brother, a volley of names and epithets not often heard within the precincts of a drawing-room. His father, who that moment entered at the open door, and had heard his extraordinary performance, seized him roughly by the shoulder, and said: 'How dare you use such abominable language, you naughty child!' The little boy, nothing daunted, said to his father very coolly: 'Papa, these are the very words you say to coachman and groom when you are angry with them.'

I fear there are too many teachers of youth, who over-rate the power of divine instruction, and take but little into account the almost irresistible influence exercised over the youthful mind, by the words, the tempers, and the actions of those with whom they dwell. Yet to suppose that a daily task of set lessons, and a due portion of sage advice, can counteract the effect of our opposing influence continually around them, is about as reasonable as it would be to imagine that a few grains of medicine could keep the body in a healthful state, while its daily food was mingled with a large portion of poisonous ingredients.

MARTHA MARKWELL.

GOD is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation
My light, my help is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

Montgomery.

A CHAPTER ON SHADOWS.

A LIGHT was shining from the windows of an upper chamber in a crowded part of London, during the twilight of a bright summer's evening. It was the nursery of little Emma T——, a child of three years old, who was lying sick of the measles. Near the crib in which she lay sat her mother, trying by every method in her power to compose her child to sleep. Imagining that she had at length succeeded, by the stillness and silence of the little sufferer, she quietly took up a book, and read at intervals. The shades of evening deepened, and the different objects in the room could only be seen indistinctly, by the faint glimmer of the lamp. The watchful mother had just begun to take an interest in the book which she had hitherto perused mechanically, when a slight movement in the crib caused her to look instantly that way. To her surprise, she saw one little hand lifted above the sides of the crib, and reflected in distinct outline upon the wall of the chamber. It was almost instantly withdrawn; then held up again, and presently the head, shoulders and bust of the little girl appeared, and as quickly disappeared within the little dormitory.

'Emma, what is the matter?' said she, rising and advancing to the bedside.

'Oh, mamma, what is dat?' exclaimed the child in accents of alarm, again raising her hand, and point-

ing to the wall, which once more exhibited the shadow that had frightened her.

'My dear child, that is only the shadow of your hand: look! now I stand here, you can see the whole of my shadow; it reaches from the top to the bottom of the wall almost; and there is my hand and my fingers, all of them: see, as I move them, how the shadow moves upon the wall!'

'What is dey saddow, mamma?' said the terrified child, more alarmed than ever by the exhibitions which were intended to allay her fears.

'It is the reflection of any thing that comes between the candle and that which the candle shines upon, my dear. When I stand between the lamp and the wall, then you see my shadow.'

'Are you not 'faid of dey saddow, mamma?'

'Not in the least, my dear.'

'Is papa 'faid of dey saddow?'

'Oh dear, no!'

'What makes it come, mamma?'

Mamma was just beginning to feel a little puzzled how to answer her child's question satisfactorily, when a second interrogatory followed.

'Does dey lamp make dey saddow come, mamma?'

'Yes, my love, we should not see the shadow if it was not for the lamp.'

'Den take dey lamp away.'

'Nonsense, Emma, we should be quite in the dark.'

It was however vain to expostulate, and Emma's mother, dreading lest her present excitement should increase the fever that was running high in her veins, summoned an attendant, and had the light removed; then seating herself by the side of the crib, she held the hand of the little girl in hers, and watched hour after hour,

till her deep and regular breathings betokened that the child had fallen into a profound sleep. The grey light of early morning had dawned ere the little sufferer awoke to a sense of pain and weakness: but the crisis was past, and in a few short days, health again returned to the couch of the invalid, and little Emma T—— saw no more of shadows, for in conformity to the simple habits of childhood, she was always laid upon her pillow, and 'wrapped in rosy slumber,' long ere the purple of the summer sunset had faded into night.

The recollection of little Emma's alarm had passed away from the mind of her mother, and, as the latter imagined, from that of her child also, when one evening in the ensuing October, the little girl and her brothers were playing quietly in one corner of the somewhat gloomy dining-room. The father of this family had returned home from a distance, and having dined at an earlier hour than usual, was enjoying a comfortable siesta in an easy chair. The children had been hushed into whispers by their mother, and, unwilling to disturb her husband by the entrance of candles, the whole party continued in comparative silence and darkness, till they were at length illumined by the light which suddenly burst forth from a brilliant street-lamp nearly opposite to the window. In a moment, an exclamation of alarm broke from the lips of little Emma, and running towards her mother, she exclaimed, 'Oh, mamma, dere it is again!'

'What? my dear,' said the astonished parent.

'Oh, mamma, dey saddow!'

'You foolish child, have you not forgotten that?' Then taking her on her lap, and addressing her husband, who was roused by the commotion which

Emma's fright had occasioned in the hitherto quiet party, she hastily explained the cause, and added, 'Do, my dear, try and make this little simpleton understand that there is no harm in shadows.'

Who does not know the difficulty of conveying to the mind of a child the knowlege of abstract terms; or of attempting to make it cognizant of that which is not evident to the senses. Emma's papa, however, undertook the task of reasoning her out of her appresions, with a readiness which shewed that he at least did not despair of success; but after a somewhat learned discourse of about five minutes' length, which was intended to be very simple and conclusive, the poor perplexed child, who had fixed her earnest eyes intently upon him during the colloquy, turned, with a look of bewildered amazement, to her mother, and burst into tears. Not willing to be so soon defeated, the disappointed father had next recourse to that which the mother's more acute ingenuity had at first suggested, namely, experiment. Candles were brought; objects of all sorts and sizes were held between them and the wall of the apartment; the outline of hands and hand-screens, of books and boxes, described and descanted upon, but all in vain. 'Oh, papa, don't, don't!' was the only response that every fresh demonstration produced; and to this day little Emma T—— continues very 'fraid of saddows.'

We smile at the apprehensions of childhood: but are there not 'children of a larger growth' who also are afraid of *shadows?* What shall we say of that dark phantom of worldly dishonour which haunts the nightly couch of him who has failed in some point of that code, which the world legislates for those who are "of its own"? A *shadow* it is, for it has no

substance. The grown man in Christ regards it not; for he has "put away childish things:" but the poor vassal who is in bondage to the elements of this world, cannot do so. He sees its dark outline pourtrayed in the chambers of his imagination; the length, and breadth, and depth augmenting, in proportion as the light of revelation is remote: he beholds and cannot bear the sight; and rather than endure the fearful *shadow*, his frenzied hand lays suicidal hold of the lamp of life, and, in extinguishing it, plunges at once into eternal darkness. What shall we say too of the grim phantom of poverty that haunts the abode of the ruined gamester, and is too often attended by the same fatal consequences? The man of honest industry rises early, and late takes rest; riches increase, and he says with Esau of old, "I have enough." On a sudden, some unforeseen occurrence strips him of his fugitive possessions, and leaves him pennyless. But if he be a child of God he is not dismayed. Should a moment be given to sorrow, the next is devoted to active effort. He knows "the rod, and who has appointed it." He reads the promise, "Thy bread shall be given thee." He remembers the caution, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesses." He walks onward fearlessly through the wilderness of life; he is not afraid though his way is *overshadowed*, he has "a lamp to his feet and a light to his paths," and they guide him safely through.

But let us not pause to consider the difference which obtains between the children of the darkness of this world and the children of light, in their estimate of *shadows*; rather let us examine whether the latter are not haunted by phantoms, differing in kind

perhaps, but of a nature calculated to mar their repose; and which, like the forms of the giant Anakim, gloom around their path, and obstruct their progress to the promised land. The evidences of the purchased possession are clear and well-attested. The "free gift is to all and upon all them that believe:" Why then go they through this world murmuring? Why are they discouraged because of the way? True it is that there are evil things around them; evil influences on every side; yet these are but *shadows*, their strength is departed from them, the substance is gone, the shadow alone remains to terrify. Do the awful *shadows* of the broken law alarm them? Let them stand no longer between the Sun of Righteousness and his finished work. Let them hide themselves behind the cross of Jesus Christ; and then the bright beams issuing thence will fall upon that law, and show its dread penalty exhausted, and every jot and tittle of it fulfilled—fulfilled for them. Does the world excite their fear? The world is a vanquished enemy, "I have overcome it," says the Leader, "be not afraid." Do the number and might of their spiritual foes alarm them? The principalities and powers—the spiritual wickedness in high places—the roaring lion seeking whom he may devour—these, too, are conquered foes: Jesus hath "spoiled and made a show of them, openly triumphing over them." What then should the children of God fear? They should fear their own unbelief; they should fear "lest a promise being left of entering into rest, any should seem to come short of it." Has God said that he hath given them eternal life, and that "this life is in his Son?" Hath he declared that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin? Hath he given utterance to

that faithful saying, that "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners;" and hath that Saviour himself declared, "him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out?"—then let the timid children of God lie down in safety, and rest under the *shadow* of the Almighty wings. Let them, when the phantoms of fear terrify the soul, take up the song of David: "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?" Let them array themselves with that armour of proof which the Captain of their salvation has provided for them. Let them put on "the helmet of salvation," and have their "feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace:" let them take "the shield of faith" in one hand, "the sword of the Spirit" in the other; "having on the breastplate of righteousness; praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance." Thus caparisoned, they are more than a match for their phantom foes; they will be more than conquerors. Even the last dread *shadow* that must be encountered—the *shadow* of the valley of death, will not fill them with dismay. This grim shade is indeed terrible to mortal eyes, but the Christian knows that he is powerless to harm. His envenomed sting has lost its poison: "The sting of death is sin," and sin was carried away into a land of oblivion, when the sin-offering was poured out: "the strength of sin is the law," and when the demands of the law are satisfied, who is he that condemneth? Children of God! set yourselves to examine the mysteries of divine science; bring the dark *shadows* of your souls, your fears, your doubts, out into the clear shining beams of the Sun of Righteous-

ness; hear his words—"He that feareth is not made perfect in love: perfect love casteth out fear." Able is he that hath promised to save you; faithful is he that hath promised, "Walk in the light, and ye shall see light."

LYDIA.

CONFESSION OF FAITH OF THE VALLENSIC CHURCH.

THE most full and systematic account of the doctrines, taught and maintained by the ancient Vallenses, will be found in their confessions of faith, preserved among the Cambridge manuscripts, and bearing the date of the year 1120.

'We believe and firmly hold all that is contained in the twelve articles of the symbol, which is called The Apostles' Creed, accounting for heresy whatsoever is disagreeing and not consonant to the said twelve articles. We do believe that there is one God; Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. We acknowledge, for the holy canonical scriptures, the books of the holy bible: and we read the books called Apocryphal for the instruction of the people, but not to confirm the authority of the doctrine of the church.[1]

'The canonical books of scripture teach this: that there is one God, Almighty, all-wise, and all-good,

[1] Here is inserted a list of the canonical books, exactly corresponding with our common English bibles.

who made all things by his goodness, for he formed Adam in his own image and likeness; but that, by envy of the devil and the disobedience of the said Adam, sin has entered into the world, and that we are all sinners in Adam, and by Adam: that Christ was promised to our fathers who received the law, that so knowing by the law their sin and unrighteousness and insufficiency, they might desire the coming of Christ, to satisfy for their sins, and to accomplish the law by himself: that Christ was born in the time appointed by God the Father; that is to say, in the time when all iniquity abounded, and not for the cause of our good works, for all were sinners, but that he might shew us grace and mercy as being faithful: that Christ is our life, truth, peace, and righteousness; also our pastor, advocate, sacrifice, and priest; who died for the salvation of all those that believe, and who is risen again for our justification. In like manner, we firmly hold that there is no other mediator and advocate with God the Father, save only Jesus Christ; and as for the Virgin Mary, that she was holy, humble, and full of grace: and, in like manner, we do believe concerning all the other saints, namely, that, being in heaven, they wait for the resurrection of their bodies at the day of judgment. Also, we believe that, after this life, there are only two places; the one for the saved, and the other for the damned; the which two places we call Paradise and Hell, absolutely denying that purgatory invented by Antichrist, and forged contrary to the truth. Also we have always accounted as an unspeakable abomination before God, all those inventions of men, namely, the feasts and vigils of saints, and the water which they call holy; as likewise to abstain from flesh upon cer-

tain days, and the like; but especially their masses. We esteem for an abomination and as antichristian, all those human inventions which are a trouble or prejudice to the liberty of the Spirit. We do believe that the sacraments are signs of the holy thing, or visible forms of the invisible grace, accounting it good that the faithful sometimes use the said signs or visible forms, if it may be done. However, we believe and hold that the above-said faithful may be saved without receiving the signs aforesaid, in case they have no place nor any means to use them. We acknowledge no other sacraments but Baptism and the Lord's Supper. We ought to honour the secular powers by submission, ready obedience, and paying of tributes.'—*Extracted from Faber's Sacred Calendar of Prophecy.*

HAVE you taken Christ for your all? Have you, in a sense of your lost estate by nature, and your undone condition by the fall, have you sought after Christ, and closed with him, as your all here? Do you see all in him? Is he all to you in point of righteousness, all in regard of interest and reliance? If thus you have made Christ your all here, then you have secured God, to be your God for ever.—*Mead.*

BEGINNING AT JERUSALEM.

MADAM,

I HAVE just perused your paper on Missionary Zeal. The sentiments there expressed are so much in accordance with what I have long felt and endeavoured to inculcate, that I trust you will permit me to bear my humble testimony in favour of your view of this important subject.

How often is there not cause to lament the mistaken idea of duty entertained by those who think themselves called upon to quit their native country, where so much of the Lord's vineyard remains uncultivated: and who, in some instances, disregarding the scriptural command, to honour parental relationship, act in direct opposition to their wishes, with a determination and zeal which, would, with the blessing of God, work wonders in the neighbourhood of home. Others, animated by a partial regard to individual opinion, are led to exert themselves in collecting for societies, which, (irrespective of their questionable mode of operation) direct their labours to distant fields of spiritual desolation, while our own gardens lie choked with weeds. Yet I would not be thought averse to sending light to the benighted heathen: oh no! the command distinctly enjoins that the gospel is to be preached to *all nations*, and as this cannot be done except preachers be sent, I earnestly desire to promote such a design. Freely having received let us freely give. But I do

strongly deprecate the practice of many whose chief interest seems to lie far beyond the duty of "beginning at Jerusalem," to the neglect of the immediate sphere in which providence has placed them.

If a contribution be solicited in behalf of poor Ireland's numerous needs, is it not often urged that subscribing to a multitude of foreign societies the application cannot be attended to? What continual supplies of *fancy works*, &c., are yearly poured into India, thereby tending to excite vanity and ambition in the negro mind, while the fair manufacturers of these useless baubles think not of the more imperative duty of clothing the half-naked little urchins of our sister island, or of ministering to the wants of those devoted servants of God, who are proclaiming the gospel of peace in Erin's native tongue, amidst privations and difficulties not to be described.

Would that this principle of beginning at Jerusalem were more minutely applied! "Seek *ye* first the kingdom of heaven;" not seek it for others first—the *domestic circle's individual claims* next demand our best energies—*neighbouring* usefulness, our further concern—then our *country's* welfare should be perseveringly promoted—and as time and means permit, *all nations* would share the Christians' interest, and, above all, their prayers. Were we content faithfully and quietly to labour in the path the Lord appoints us, instead of appointing one for ourselves, greater benefit would, I feel convinced, accrue to our own souls, as well as to the objects of our attention. But, alas! the spirit of the age seems generally to lead to the desire of *notoriety*, even in religious designs. To figure in all the subscription and committee lists of the day, or to become patrons of various

societies, forms a considerable portion of the present business of life. To preside at a well-filled stall, publicly avowed to be exclusively supplied by individual exertion, at a fashionable bazaar, is frequently a pursuit of supreme importance, while the injunction, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," might never have formed a part of the inspired volume.

Most sincerely do I join with you in feeling that Ireland loudly calls for the employment of our best energies and efforts. Your warm advocacy of this cause, needs not to be seconded by my feeble pen—but this I can confidently assure you, that very many of your readers will always hail with peculiar pleasure any suggestion you may kindly make as to the most efficient means of *uniting* to assist in furthering the spiritual and temporal amelioration of that neglected country. May the Lord in his infinite mercy hasten the time when all shall know Him, from the least to the greatest.

E. L.

THE Spirit worketh joy in discovering and bending the heart to mourn for corruption. For it is the Spirit of grace and supplication which maketh sinners mourn and loathe themselves, Zech. xii. 10, 11. Ezekiel xxxvi. 27: and such a sorrow as this is the seed and matter of true joy; for Joseph's heart was full of joy, when his eyes poured out tears upon Benjamin's neck. As in wicked laughter the heart may be sorrowful, so in holy mourning the heart may rejoice; for all spiritual afflictions have a peaceable finish.—*Reynolds.*

SABBATH MUSINGS.

No. XII.

It is generally admitted that women are more devout than men, or I should rather say that the numbers of of the former who are under the influence of religion exceed that of the other sex. It seems in the nature of things that so it should be, and indeed considering the character, disposition, and circumstances of women, it is only wonderful that so few should, like Mary of old, have chosen the better part. I have often, in reflecting on the subject, thought this one of the most striking illustrations of the necessity for the work of the Holy Spirit,—for the new heart produced by its regenerating influence, and the affections for heavenly things, which no natural cause or circumstance, however apparently favourable, can create.

Humanly speaking, a woman's position in society is calculated to lead her steps into the narrow path, or, at least, to render them less prone to fall into the broad one. First, her home education under a parent's eye, safe and secure from the temptations, snares, and evil example which her brother is early sent forth to encounter in that miniature world, a public school. Then the comparatively retired tenor of her after-life, her seclusion from the active pursuits and engrossing cares, from the bustle and tur-

moil, and the contact with all sorts of characters which a professional career involves;—these are so many obstacles from which woman's path is free. Her dependent condition, delicate frame, and natural helplessness, tend to produce a trusting and confiding disposition, and lead her to look up to those whom providence has appointed as her protectors and guides. This disposition one should think well calculated to fit the mind for the reception of that religion whose first principle is a complete surrender of self, a renouncing of our own strength; which inculcates gentleness, humility, and the meek and submissive spirit that forms so lovely a feature in the female character. Even those who discountenance vital godliness agree that its graceful and softening effects are well calculated to harmonize with a woman's mind; while the conscious mental superiority, the vigour, strength, and lofty independence,—in short, all the bold and energetic qualities that constitute the pride of manhood, present many difficulties in the way of the humbling and subduing doctrines of the gospel.

But the chief reason why religion should come home with an especial welcome to a woman's breast, remains to be noticed. She is peculiarly "a creature of the affections:" the sweet charities of life seem to belong to her. To minister to the enjoyments of those she loves,—to bind up the broken-hearted,—to sympathize with the sorrows of others, and endeavour to mitigate their griefs,—to take her watchful stand beside the bed of pain, and soothe the weary sufferer with a thousand minute and gentle attentions,—all these are peculiarly a woman's duties. Who can fulfil them so well as one whose sensitive

feelings and often suffering frame quicken her sympathies, and teach her how to apply the balm to wounds of which she has herself known the smart. And if these be feminine duties, are they not also Christian ones? Surely they are: surely a religion of love, a law of which love is the fulfilling, ought not to be grievous to those whose affections cling so fondly, so firmly, often so blindly to their cherished objects. It would seem no unnatural effort to direct the overflowing sympathies, wasted it may be on fictitious sorrows, and the false tenderness often given to unworthy objects and pampered favourites, into the legitimate channel of Christian benevolence.

So reason pleads, but revelation tells another tale. Yes, woman's heart, fond though it be,—throbbing with anxious tenderness, loving on through evil and good report, and clinging with persevering devotion, even where reason would disapprove,—woman's heart, that can melt at a tale of human woe, and be so easily touched with compassion, and moved to sympathy, is —stone! hard, cold and stony until the Spirit breathe on it with warm and life-giving influence. Natural instincts and tendencies remain however in her breast, and, oh! what exciting reflections should this idea awaken! If nature can, as many touching facts have proved, make her so devoted, so sympathising, so full of kindliness and gentle affections, what ought not grace to effect? Heart-searching and important question! Oh how anxiously should those to whom the Holy Spirit has been vouchsafed, seek to heighten with its divine fruits the feminine graces with which they may have been gifted: "Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance,"—these lovely qualities so formed to adorn

the female character, how carefully should they be cultivated by her who has at heart, not the credit of womanhood, but the glory of Christianity. How watchful should she be to check every ungentle temper and unkind word,—to fulfil, with double tenderness and double affection, all the sweet relationships of life,—to shew by her humility, modesty, self-denial, her readiness to enter into the feelings of others, and to act in that beautiful spirit of charity which hopeth all things, believeth all things, and thinketh no evil,—that she is indeed under the influence of a religion of love. Oh, let not the "ministering angel" of the poet exceed in kindly affections the follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. The sex, it is true, has been represented in imaginary colours, and raised to an unnatural pedestal by its dreaming and fanciful panegyrists,—but there is a jewel precious in the sight of God, which can adorn woman's brow better than all the false tinsel in which poetry and romance have arrayed her,—even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. Yes, she may aspire,—woe unto her if she do not!—to a better, a holier, a more lovely eminence than the fables of chivalry have assigned her; for Christianity adorns and beautifies all it touches, and those who think not so, know little of its essence. Would that the life of every daughter of Christ did indeed prove to the world that those who are taught of him learn lovelier lessons than can be culled from the poetry and sentiment of human nature! Would that each felt the deep responsibility that rests on her in this respect! Where can we find, in the most highly-wrought descriptions of female perfection, a fairer picture than that of "a virtuous woman, whose price is far above rubies," in Proverbs, chap. xxxi?

There is a whole volume of poetry and feeling in that one trait alone! "*In her tongue is the law of kindness;*" so beautifully expressive of a loving heart, that shrinks from giving pain, or wounding another by a heedless word. The sacred volume abounds with touches as tender, as graceful, as affectionate as this;—touches which, if combined and acted upon would form a character reflecting the features of divinity itself—"Be kindly affectioned one to another, tender hearted, forgiving. Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep: be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another; love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous. Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. There is no fear in love; perfect love casteth out fear. Love is the fulfilling of the law."

The children of this world frequently offer a bright and humbling example to the children of light in this respect. Many lovely instances have I seen, and often have I thought 'If natural affection can do all this, what ought not divine grace and divine love superadded, to effect?' One there was whom I had constant opportunities of observing, and who I had reason to believe had no higher motives than the high, but still subordinate one of conjugal affection. Her husband was a person of unusually acute feelings and refined sensibilities, and oh! how anxiously did she guard them from injury even at the expense of her own!—how watchful and unceasing was her tenderness!—how eagerly she anticipated every evil tidings, that she might either endeavour to conceal them altogether, or else break them herself to him so as to give the least possible annoyance!—how she

would try to overcome her own little vexations, and struggle with and subdue even bodily indisposition, that at his return to his home after the toils of the day, he might find there a smiling welcome and a cheerful hearth. Little did the object of all this self-denying love know, as he seated himself beside her on the sofa, the effort with which but a few moments before she had raised an aching head from the pillow where its sufferings might well have claimed such an indulgence: little did he imagine how often, in her anxious care that he should find none but the roses of life, she was wounded by the thorns her affection removed from his path.

The foregoing remarks are not made with any view of exalting the female character. Far be such an object from me, who know a little from observation, and well, alas! too well, from experience its many, many faults; and who besides belong to a country where the "weaker vessels," in every class of life, early learn their place in the creation, and are ready, both from training and natural disposition, to defer to that sex which they are taught to look up to as their superiors, mentally as well as physically. To endeavour to exalt themselves, or to shake off their dependent condition is a folly, which robs the daughters of Eve of all their attractions. Common sense alone, to say nothing of self-interest and the feeling of their own deficiences, ought to make them glory in the superiority of their natural protectors, and thankfully recognize it, while claiming for themselves the softer qualities, and an influence which, though unobtrusive, is widely acknowledged and involves deep responsibilities. My object is to stir up in others, and especially in myself, a holy jealousy for

the glory of God, the credit of the Christian profession, and the sanctifying effects of the blessed Spirit. St. Peter, in addressing those who have been renewed by the Holy Ghost, and redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, urges them *on those accounts* to increased vigilance: "Seeing ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth through the Spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethren, see that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently." And shall women, 'professing godliness,' whose hearts the Holy Spirit has condescended to make his temples, allow themselves to be surpassed by the children of this world in the purity, the fervency, the unselfishness of their love? Oh no. Let us bear in mind that our natural feminine qualities are so many talents to be traded with in our Master's service: let us endeavour to improve and cultivate them, so as to adorn the doctrine of our God and Saviour. "Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, let us think on these things:" and, oh, may that God who has promised to give power to the faint, and to increase strength to them that have no might, enable us, poor, weak, frail creatures, to practise them in some degree: and in some degree, however small, to shew forth the immense superiority of divine grace over fallen nature.

To return to the reasons why heavenly affections should be peculiarly the objects of a woman's desires. She has known the force of earthly ones, and has felt the bitter anguish that often results from their too fond indulgence. It is the natural impulse of a loving heart to twine itself round those that are near and dear to it,—to rear up its idol within the

hallowed precincts of the domestic circle,—to lavish on a fellow-mortal that which belongs to the Creator. God wills not this. He does that for us which we have not courage to do for ourselves;—and in pity to her whose love is so strong, and whose strength is so weak, he cuts off the right hand, and plucks out the right eye, she would never herself be able to cast from her. Yes; many a daughter, sister, mother, wife, has learned what it is to have her treasure in earthen vessels,—to venture her all of happiness in some frail bark, that a breath of sickness, a blast of death may destroy, and make a total shipwreck. This is why women especially should so earnestly seek to have their affections set on things above; those affections through which, because of their deep and ardent nature, they are so liable to be wounded, and from which they receive such agonizing lessons. Small excuse have they to plead, and strange it is that with the strong necessity so obviously presented to their eyes, often so painfully brought home to their bleeding hearts, for the love of Christ to be shed abroad within them by the Holy Ghost;—strange it is that many, many more are not anxiously seeking the only enduring object whereon to fix their affections, Him who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

Jesus, the chief among ten thousand, the altogether lovely, is this object; and truly his mediatorial office, his divine perfections, and the sufferings he underwent for us, are calculated to excite our warmest gratitude, adoration, and love. Independently of the immense benefits which by his precious blood-shedding he has obtained for us, there is that in the cha-

racter of our beloved Redeemer shining out in every page of the gospel, which makes our hearts burn within us while we read. His sympatny with the sorrows he witnessed on earth was so exquisite, his compassion so unfailing. Never was any poor sufferer turned away: with unwearied patience he listened to all their complaints, and healed all their diseases, though the multitudes that pressed upon him were at times so great that he had not leisure so much as to eat bread. And in how soothing, how gentle, how compassionate a manner was all this done! What a contrast between the gracious kindness of the Saviour to those who applied to him, and the roughness of his followers. They rebuked the anxious parents who brought their infants that Jesus might touch them; but he called them unto him and said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not. They would have silenced the poor blind beggar who cried for mercy to the son of David, but he stood still at that imploring cry, and commanding him to be brought, granted his earnest prayer. And in that most touching instance of the tender compassion and forgiveness of the Redeemer, when the wily pharisees brought unto him in the temple the woman charged with a deadly sin, how beautifully did his divine attribute of mercy shine out! He made 'as though he heard them not;' and when he had silenced her accusers, dismissed the sinner with those forgiving words, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."

And shall we indeed hear that voice which uttered so many gentle and compassionate things—which even the enemies of Jesus were constrained to declare "spake as never man spake?" Blessed prospect,

almost too glorious for the Christian to realize, that the hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God!—the voice that whispered peace to the terrified disciples, "It is I; be not afraid;"—the voice that re-assured the timid sufferer when she fell at his feet trembling and in fear, "Daughter, be of good comfort:"—the voice that was raised to vindicate the grateful Mary from the contempt of Judas, and the indignation of the disciples, "Why trouble ye the woman?" accepting her office of love with those gracious words, "She hath done what she could:"—the voice whose dying accents, even in agony and thirst, while cruel scorners stood around the cross and mocked the bleeding sufferer, were spent upon the prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Yes, we shall hear it: "The hour is coming." Alas! when it is come, of which of us shall that voice declare. "She hath done what she could?" To which shall it say, "Well done, good and faithful servant?" Happy they who at that awful hour shall hear the Saviour's voice pronounce, "Thy sins, which are many, are forgiven thee—go in peace."

Many a fair picture of feminine devotedness rises before me while I write; but I pass them by, for something seems to say, 'Ought it not so to be?—what marvel that the gentler sex should be found thus engaged?' I turn to an incident so simple that it seems scarce worth recording, and yet recalling an object perhaps the most deeply interesting, the most calculated to excite our admiration, of any that meet us in this busy world:—A young man, in

the flower and spring-time of his age, breaking through the snares that beset his path, braving

> ——————" the world's dread laugh,
> Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,"

and engaging himself in the honourable though despised and lowly service of his Redeemer. We were passing the summer at Rosstrevor, a romantic village in the north of Ireland, situated in the midst of scenery so picturesque as to gain for it the appellation of the 'Killarney of the North.' One lovely sabbath afternoon, on coming out of church, we took our way along a retired and narrow road, that, gradually winding up the mountain, conducted to an open space, whence the surrounding country could be seen outstretched, like a beautiful panorama at our feet. Directly in front was the calm lake-like expanse of Carlingford Bay, its wide unruffled surface reflecting, as in a mirror, the blue sky above. Behind it rose the Carlingford mountain, with the ruined castle and little cluster of rude fishermen's huts at its base. Immediately below us, at the right, lay the sweet village of Rosstrevor, and stretching away from it on either side, those lovely shores, now fringed with luxuriant woods, down to the water's edge, now dotted with pretty rose-covered villas, interspersed with luxuriant pleasure-grounds, and little meadows with their fragrant crop of new-mown hay. Favoured region! where the glorious light of the gospel shines so brightly, where the God of nature and of grace is so bountiful in his gifts; how many happy hours spent among your kind and united inhabitants rise into my memory while I write!

After feasting our eyes on this lovely prospect, and

tracing for the hundredth time the gigantic outline of a reclining figure which extends all along the top of Carlingford mountain, the head, which appears covered with a helmet, being pillowed on a huge fragment of rock, we prepared to descend the winding road. This 'sleeping giant of Carlingford,' as the figure is called, is the hero of many a wild legend in that mountainous region; and I remember our remarking on the day in question the peculiar distinctness of its outline against the clear sky, while a mass of dark grey clouds hung over it like a funeral pall. A little noisy stream ran bubbling along at our side as we descended the path, now fretting and chafing against the large stones that obstructed its passage, or tumbling over them in mimic waterfalls, and then, all obstacles cleared, proceeding onwards in its quiet course with low rushing sound and unruffled surface. We stopped to moralize upon this emblem of man's chequered passage towards the great ocean of eternity, and to admire a cottage in a retired nook, the way to which was over a picturesque wooden bridge thrown across the stream, when our attention was caught by other sounds than the murmur of the current. Another step, and a picture met our eyes, beside which the scene of still life, although so fair, faded away in interest. Upon a rising ground under the shade of some thick trees sat a young man, surrounded by three or four peasants, to whom he was reading aloud from a small pocket bible. They were all so absorbed in their occupation that our approaching footsteps were unheard, so that we were able to remain where we were for a moment or two without disturbing them. I shall never forget that simple scene—the perfect seclusion of the spot—the sacred

employment of the youthful reader—the holy energy and fervent love of souls that flushed his cheek and kindled in his eye, while he read, breaking off now and then to press the glad tidings of salvation more earnestly upon his lowly hearers—the absorbed attention with which they listened—the rich golden glow shed by the noon-day sun over the whole group, like that peculiar mellow lovely tint, that Rembrandt delights to fling over his pictures—all was full of interest, deeply affecting. There was one old man seated on the grass, in front of the reader, the expression of whose countenance and attitude is before me now. His hands rested on a staff, while his person was inclined anxiously forward, every feature of his venerable and finely-marked face full of intelligent animation, while with uncovered head, lips slightly apart, and eyes rivetted with the most intense and reverent attention upon his youthful instructor, he listened, perhaps for the first time, to the word of life. The contrast between them was beautiful: one in all the pride and freshness of early manhood; the other, his silver hairs and drooping form proclaiming that his sand was nearly all run out. It was in truth a touching sight—one that the angels in heaven might joy to look upon; that young and self-denying man forsaking all to follow Christ, and in the spirit of his divine Master preaching the gospel to the poor, and liberty to the captives of sin and Satan. Many of the gay and thoughtless of his own age, could they have seen him thus engaged among those ignorant neglected ones—those sheep wandering without a shepherd, knowing no more of God, and heaven, and redeeming love, than what they learned from Latin prayers, and mumbled offices, and genu-

flexions before images of wood and stone, would have despised his humble labours: but they were accepted by him who has said, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them." Oh, yes! they were precious in his eyes, and doubtless the Lord was pleased to give unto his faithful servant some souls for his hire, to add fresh brightness to his crown in the day that Jehovah makes up his jewels.

That bright young face—I see it still! Methinks it seems to say, "And shall not those whose quiet path lies not amid the fevered strife of worldly business and pursuits, go and do likewise? Shall those who ought to be ever most forward and unceasing in labours of love and charity, desert their allotted post?" May we lay the lesson to heart, so that at the last we may be found among the "many daughters who have done virtuously," whose works and the fruit of their hands are their praise.

M. F. D.

FAITH, uniting the soul to God, passes over the space which separates the finite from the infinite, the things which are temporal from those which are eternal. It is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." It seizes before-hand those things which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived; it enjoys heaven upon earth; and though still in time, it lives in eternity.—*Family of Bethany.*

WOMEN IN THE FRENCH PROVINCES.

THOSE who are in the habit of cottage visiting, in our rural districts, sometimes find themselves at a loss how to meet and to parry the murmurings of discontent, so very generally heard from the lips of the poor. Any thing of news, or information, is sure to win the ear of our rustic neighbours; and it often pioneers the way for instructive remarks, which would otherwise find no reception. Perhaps the following sketch of the darker lot experienced by the female peasantry of a land not far from our own shores, if put into homely language, and interspersed with judicious observations, might furnish the visitor with a very profitable theme. Let it not be overlooked, in declaring to our female poor the great superiority of their circumstances over those of the peasantry of France, that in the latter country darkness covers the land, and gross darkness the people; while in England the lamp of gospel truth is held up, and just in proportion as they avail themselves of its beams, is the extent of their personal consolation and enjoyment. The few particulars given in this extract will supply a rich fund of affectionate admonition, for the occasional use of such as desire to make it available for the benefit of their humble countrywomen.

Yet a word more; we are fully persuaded that nothing tends so much to harden the hearts of the poor against us and our counsel, as an appearance of

making light of their privations. The rule is universally applicable: chide the mourner's sorrow, and, though he may strive to shroud it from you, he hugs his grief the closer, and cherishes it with more jealous tenacity, as a thing that belongs wholly to himself. Undervalue another person's exertions, and you tempt him to an undue measure of self-applause, while secretly commenting on your injustice. Go from your respectable home, replenished with abundant food, clad with every attention to warmth and comfort, and deliver a lecture against discontent to the inmates of some dilapidated cottage, experimentally acquainted with hunger and cold, and dreading a future more cheerless than the past; they may listen respectfully, and make no reply, or may seemingly assent to your remarks; but you add a barb to the arrow which has transfixed them, while they, in their hearts, refer your philosophical or pious exhortations on contentment to a total ignorance of their peculiar trials; and, perhaps, to the callousness proceeding from what they call wealth and luxury. Some there certainly are, whose visits of mercy are a heavy infliction on the recipients of the bounty which is rarely unaccompanied by a scolding, or something very much akin to it.

'The grand evil of our country villages,' says one who long resided on the spot, 'is to be found in the debasing of women, by their doing the work of men. In their very childhood they tend sheep, and engage in harvest labours. When young women, the instinct of coquetry and the prudence of their mothers unite in withdrawing them from the rude fatigues of agriculture; but no sooner are they married than an en-

tire change ensues in their manner of life, and they follow their husbands to the fields. There you see them stooping towards the ground like day-labourers, or bending under enormous loads like beasts of burden. There are districts—I do not say in Africa, but in France—where, with the ox and the ass, they are yoked to the plough. Then their skin wrinkles, their complexion becomes dingy, their expression is no longer feminine, and they fall into a premature old age, uglier than even that of ordinary old age in France. Meanwhile, during the time they are doing the work of men, the proper occupations of woman—those labours which sweeten every other, remain unknown or neglected. Nothing can be filthier or more unhealthy than the interior of their cottages, where poultry, ducks, and pigs often dispute with each other the humid floor, the door opening on a puddle, and the windows looking out upon a dunghill. And it is in such a place, no better than the hut of a savage, amid the various noises and fetid exhalations of the brute creation, that, night after night, human beings, man and woman, come to repose from their fatigues. On their arrival there is no one to welcome them, and nothing to please the eye; the table stands uncovered, and the fire-place has no fire. Even there too the poor woman has farther tasks to perform; the stable must be cleaned out and the cattle fed, before her husband's supper can be prepared or her children attended to. And yet how great the difference, were woman but to leave to man the severer labours of the ground, and by confining her attention to in-door occupations, to be able, by an amiable forethought, to have everything prepared for her husband's coming home! How would the evening fire make the hearth

look cheerful! How exhilarating would be the smoking soup and piles of hot chesnuts or hot potatoes, on the table polished by her hands! The good housewife might then present herself to her husband in the midst of plenty, and surrounded by the laughing group of her little ones. And were it so, the life of a country villager would naturally be a sweet and easy one. But there is nothing to give him even the idea of such happiness; he knows nothing about comfort, and hardly anything of the endearments of affection. His children tremble before him, and his wife dreads the vigour of his arm. The opponent rather than the guardian of these feeble beings, he knows no law but that of force. The *ultima ratio*—the last appeal of the peasant in his cabin, is that of the battle-field—the weight of his blow.

If you ask for examples of what I state, whole provinces of France, and among these the richest as well as the poorest, are ready to furnish them: take Perigord, where the women crouch in a state of filth and abject debasement which affects the whole family: take Picardy and the Limousin, where they are treated as an inferior race, waiting on their husbands as these sit at table, but not daring to sit down beside them: take the Bresse, where they are day-labourers, or beasts of burden and of draught: finally, take Lower Brittany, where men, women, and children are found almost in the purely savage state, eating black wheat out of the same trough with their sheep and pigs. Everywhere the debasement of woman proves the brutishness of man, and everywhere the the brutishness of man is aggravated by woman's debasement. You need not offer them comfort, for they do not comprehend what it means,

and would consider it useless, if not vexatious. In order to enjoy comfort, people must be taught what it means; but ages have passed over the cabins of the French peasantry, without leaving any impression but that of toil and wretchedness.'—From '*Education des Mères de Familles.*

It is well known that the fatal measure of 1829 was forced upon George IV. The following anecdote will shew in what estimation he held the most strenuous and uncompromising opponents of the bill. A few days after its passing, a privy council was held at St. James' Palace, at which the King presided. The reserve which, during the progress of the above measure through the House of Lords, had been noticed to exist between the Sovereign and his ministers, was, on the present occasion, exhibited in a much stronger and more unequivocal light. George IV. possessed the faculty which is commonly known as 'killing with a look.' The severity of his aspect upon this day was such as few could forget. After the official business was discussed, and as the several members were about to take their departure, the King, silently passing the rest, walked up to the Earl of Eldon, and grasping his hand, (a thing which he had never before been seen to do while surrounded by the circumstantial pomp of sovereignty), said, with evident emotion, 'Eldon, my old and tried friend, I am glad to see you by my side.' After this, coldly bowing to the ministers, the King withdrew.

THE HOUR THROWN AWAY.

'You are fond of music,' said a young lady as she sat down by my side, after I had finished singing one of the songs of Zion, and had resigned my seat to another of the party.

'Very much so, indeed,' was the answer that came from the bottom of my heart,' especially when applied to its best purposes.'

The young lady looked surprised, but instead of asking an explanation of the latter part of my sentence, she followed up her first question by another.

'And of course you like dancing?'

Now it happens that for several reasons I do *not* like dancing, and the question being answered in the negative, produced another look of astonishment, and a more searching inquiry than the last.

'You don't think there is any *harm* in dancing?'

'Certainly not in the mere act,' was the reply. 'I think it a very pleasant amusement on a cold day, when one is prevented from taking other kinds of exercise, in which case I would class it with battledore and shuttlecock, and other games which assist to circulate the blood and warm the body; but I think there is harm in the usual accompaniments of dancing—I mean the meeting of a number of persons mutually vying with each other in the costliness of their dress and the frivolity of their conversation.'

More might have been said, but the enquirer

seemed tired of listening, and asked another question.

'Don't you like cards then? I know nothing more innocent than a game of cards for young people of an evening, *when one wants to throw an hour away!*'

Now I had done nothing to provoke an argument; but Miss J. seemed determined to bring on herself all this discussion, and on me all the contempt which she plainly thought my opinions deserved: at the same time I felt that I was called on as a Christian, and having my Master's honour in my keeping, to give an answer firmly and meekly; and therefore I not only ventured to say that I knew of many things more innocent than cards, but earnestly added my sincere conviction that Christians have no right to 'throw an hour away,' inasmuch as their time, like every thing else, is not their own. Here a final interruption of our conversation took place, and I had no opportunity of resuming it. But although this simple circumstance happened many weeks ago, the recollection of it has been much in my mind since; sometimes recurring by way of stimulus, but most frequently by way of self-condemnation; for, oh! that I could feel I have never 'thrown an hour away,' since the evening when I was enabled to speak so decidedly of the sin of it to one who had not at that time been favoured with so clear a view of Christian responsibility as myself!

It would be equally impossible and unprofitable to enumerate the different modes of 'throwing an hour away,' that have been from time to time invented by the fashionable, the idle, or the formally religious portions of society. Those on whom time hangs most heavy can at least throw it away, if they

can do nothing else with it; and those who attain to their death-beds in this state of mind, will not have reason to regret that they were unable to throw away their hours in a sufficiently careless manner; but rather they will lament, perhaps in vain, for one of those precious portions of time which they have so heedlessly 'thrown away.'

But to such persons this paper is not addressed; and that simply because it is not supposed that they will open a book with the title which this little Magazine bears upon its neat yellow cover. I must not forget that I am writing for Christian ladies—for those who perhaps never attend the ball-room, the theatre, or the card-table. But surely we shall all agree that there are other ways of 'throwing an hour away,' which we may be all liable, through weakness of the flesh, or strength of temptation, or careless habits, to fall into.

The safest rule for the employment of time seems to be, to enter upon no occupation on which we cannot first ask the blessing of God; to engage in no study which has not a direct or indirect tendency to raise the mind above the mere grovellings of time and sense. I mean, besides strictly religious exercises, those which inform us of the dealings of God with the nations of the earth, as history; which lead us to study nature in as many of its parts as we have opportunities and the advantages of education given us, as drawing, botany, conchology, and those numerous beautiful studies which render a walk in the country or a visit to a museum so delightful and profitable. For all these things, while they produce exquisite pleasure to the cultivated mind, are doubly enjoyed by the Christian who 'looks through nature

up to nature's God,' and says of these various works, 'my Father made them all.' And this I would say particularly of that heart-lifting though oft-perverted science, the very idea of which calls to the mind hours of enjoyment (not, I trust, thrown away), which the knowledge and practice of music has been the means of affording, whether conveyed in the full tones of the solemn organ or in humbler instruments, where in the domestic circle it has been felt a privilege to join with heart and voice in songs of praise! Surely there are pleasures enough for the Christian without seeking those wild, time-killing, God-forgetting amusements, which seem to carry away the hearts of worldlings, because they drown the remembrance of death and eternity!

But while we pity, and pray for, and renounce that world that 'lieth in wickedness,' let us beware of those modes of 'throwing an hour away' which may not have occurred to some of us in their proper light. I know an instance, which proves the possibility of busy thought so completely engrossing the mind, that for the time it not only prevents the lifting up of the heart in prayer and praise, but even paralyzes the powers of the body; and the hands that ought to be engaged about some allotted employment either hang listlessly down, or perhaps the head rests heavily on them for a period of time, which it may be better not to define; thoughts of present difficulties, undue carefulness about worldly affairs, or airy castle-buildings respecting the future, have been in this instance confessed so to have occupied the mind capable of better things, that when at last the dreamer starts up from the reverie, a considerable portion of the time chalked out for the given employ-

ment has flown, and nothing has been gained. How many hours may be thus thrown away—how ought such a besetting sin to be struggled against—and how will the sincere Christian mourn over these wasted hours to the latest period of his life!

But perhaps the last remark may apply to a comparatively few individuals who have permitted imagination to gain such ascendancy over their habits and even their religion, as may not be frequently the case. The suggestion with which I shall conclude may perhaps be more generally useful, because most persons have a share in those portions of time called *spare moments*. Sometimes it is not our own fault that we have them, and it is too often the habit of persons to say, 'Oh, it is almost time for this or that; there are only a few minutes, and it is not worth while to get my work or my book.' And what is the consequence? They perhaps enter into conversation for a few minutes, but without any defined object. This often leads to trifling; or, if alone, they fall into an equally undefined and visionary train of thought; and if 'Satan finds some mischief still for idle *hands* to do,' surely he will find more for idle *thoughts*. I once asked a little girl why it was that she had always a piece of paper tucked into her band, which I was frequently amused at seeing her read with the utmost attention? 'Does it contain some valuable document or household account which you are afraid of losing?' I asked her, playfully. 'I will tell you what it is,' said she. 'I have an odd habit of writing out portions of poetry or prose, when reading any of a valuable kind, or even portions of scripture, which I learn during *spare moments* whenever I am kept waiting, with nothing particular

to do for a few minutes: it prevents my thoughts from wandering, and I am trying to cure myself of castle-building, no easy task for me, as you know.' I commended the plan; and she further told me, that at night, when she could not sleep, she repeated many of the passages from the bible which she had learnt at school, to prevent her *thinking nonsense*, as she termed it; and the same in the morning while dressing, because she thought that the first and last meditations ought to be about the best things. I should be glad to recommend this plan to those who are much troubled with spare moments: and although a folded sheet of writing-paper may not be considered an universally desirable ornament for the waistband, I would still urge the principle, if not the mode, of carrying it out.

But I must conclude my paper with endeavouring, by the power of Him whose blessing has been sought, to press on my own mind, and that of my readers, the solemn truth, that 'the time is short.' And if we could witness the death-beds of those who have neglected to employ their short sojourn here for the purposes for which they were sent into the world, surely we should have a more just idea of those small portions of time, the value of which we are so lamentably apt to depreciate: and I do think that the Christian, on reviewing his life at the near approach of death, will feel that no act of that life requires more fully the blood of his Saviour to wipe away its guilt than '*the hour thrown away!*'

M. W.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I HAVE long been proposing to myself to address you on the subject of punctuality; I have lately suffered severely from the want of it, among my friends, and I was intending to write a paper on the subject, when I received, from a dear relative, who lives a few miles off, a self-exculpating letter, which is so much to the point, that I am persuaded it will be more efficacious, in drawing the minds of your readers to this topic, than any considerations which I could urge.

Last Saturday I visited this excellent lady, and committed to her care a packet of letters from a dear young friend, now abroad; requesting her to arrange plans for the dear girl's instant return to her native land, and to come to me on the following Tuesday, to settle the affair.

On the appointed day, I waited anxiously for my worthy cousin, who is generally punctual as the sun himself: but in vain, for she came not. On Wednesday the disappointment was repeated, and I wrote anxiously to inquire whether any illness or sudden calamity had caused the delay.

Thursday night brought me the following reply:—

'*Thursday morning.*

'My dear Cousin,

'I lose not a moment in replying to your affectionate inquiries—that a failure in my accustomed punctuality, should have alarmed my no less punctual relative, is natural enough; but be comforted, no such calamity as you apprehended has happened. You desire me to account for my apparent neglect, in regard to my promise of visiting you on Tuesday, to return the deeply interesting packet of our dear Maria's letters, and to settle finally the arrangements for her return.

'I can account for this negligence, but only in a way which I am sure you will condemn, for I can only justify myself by laying the blame on others: no small crime in your eyes. However, I will honestly state my facts; and throw myself on your mercy.

'The first thing on Monday morning, (as you know is my custom,) I laid out my plans for the coming week, as far as possible; impressing on my own mind, and on those of my little household, the importance of punctuality in all things.

'After having disposed of various little domestic matters, my first business was to attend a meeting of our Sunday-school teachers, at eleven o'clock. I was just ready to start, when the postman, with his two loud raps, was heard. He brought me a long and interesting letter from our old friend Mrs. Granby, stating that she was now visiting at Captain Fielding's, at Mount Pleasant, and that she should come to dine with me the next day at four o'clock, and would stay all night.

'So far, the news was very agreeable; but she added, that as Miss Fielding had long wished to

make my acquaintance, she would bring her with her.

'This rather disturbed me, as you know my frugal little household is on so very different a scale from the stylish establishment to which she is accustomed, so that various luxuries would be *minus*. However, I had heard she was a good-natured girl, and I hoped she would make the best of it.

'I hastened off to the school meeting, but what with reading Mrs. Granby's letter, and considering over it, I was half an hour behind my proper time. This was the first misfortune of the week, and it was particularly unfortunate; for as *punctuality* was my motto, I had prevailed on our teachers, in order to correct the want of this virtue in some of them, to consent to a fine on late attendance; and I had agreed, as president, to pay a double forfeit when I should transgress.

'As I entered the room, I saw a smile upon many a countenance, as they glanced at the clock; and on many more, as they handed me the box for my double fine. However, having concluded the business of the day, and appointed the secretary of the Clothing Society to come to me at seven in the evening, to settle bills, &c., I proceeded to make some purchases, in the way of delicacies, for my expected guests. A little poultry must be added to my boiled mutton: some winter fruit must appear beside my oranges, at dessert, and so forth.

'I did not get home again until dinner time; and immediately that meal was over, I determined to enjoy dear Maria's letters. I opened the packet, the papers were spread before me, and I was on the point of beginning the interesting perusal, when Mr. Pres-

ton was announced on some law business, which he had appointed to settle on the *previous Friday*. Oh that men would be punctual!

'He did not leave me until nearly eight; my poor clothing secretary had been waiting an hour. After being engaged with her, adding up pounds, shillings, and pence, till nearly ten o'clock, I felt my head so confused, and I was so much fatigued, that I was fain to hurry off to bed.

'The next morning I was obliged to visit two sick women, and to give out work for another; so that ere I could read my packet, it was time to prepare in earnest for my visitors; I was even unable to write you an apology.

'We were all busy; my old Susan exerted her utmost abilities; my little housemaid, whom you saw, and whom I have just taken from the school, was all on the alert; I assisted and directed in the laying out her table, and she promised to do her best. Four o'clock came, but no visitors; the chickens were done to a turn, and the minced pies quite ready; we waited, wondered, and contrived; Susan was out of humour, and took down her fowls from the spit; the little maid was disappointed, and almost cried; smart company is an event in our house. I was consoled, however, in thinking that if they did not come, I should have a quiet evening, to read my letters, which I had hoped before that hour to have returned to you; but knew it was of no use to come or send to you, unless I had read them. Vain hope! a kind neighbour, who had often promised to come some *morning*, and bring her work for an hour, now most inopportunely came in the *evening*, so here was a double dilemma. I could only tell her that I ex-

pected friends to dinner, every minute; she good-humouredly said, she would keep me company till they should come: and so the evening wore away, until past nine, which you know is no hour for my delicate health to begin an interesting employment.

'Oh Mrs. Granby!—

'Why do people fix one day and come on another? why not name a time and *keep* to it? and not disorder quiet little households from top to bottom, and then disappoint them at last.

'I half resolved to come over to you on Wednesday, at any rate; but as I had not read the papers, I expected you would say, 'Psha! what's the use of coming to me, without having done what I requested?' Besides, Mrs. Granby might call to apologise, and so I was kept at home, frittering away my time in waiting, and receiving one or two morning callers. However, Mrs. G. did not come; we did our best to get our dinner presentable at four o'clock, once more, thinking our visitors might have mistaken the day: four and five came and went, and we had just put all by again, when—at *six* o'clock, up drove a carriage, with Mrs. Granby, *Captain Fielding*, and *two* daughters, who all had to sit down to my poor shabby little dinner. However, they were very good-humoured, thought '*one day* could make no difference,'—and at nine, the Fieldings left, for a large party at Stoke House, and Mrs. G. and I had, at last, a quiet chat.

'I hope to come over to-morrow; I would have come to-day, but Mrs. Granby did not leave me till noon, and I had a poor woman to visit, whom we think to be dying.'

The rest of the letter relates to the packet of let-

ters: I have only to add that in consequence of all this lack of punctuality, the vessel which should have carried the important letter, sailed without it; and poor Maria, under very trying circumstances, must remain, for some weeks to come, in ignorance of our wishes.

Oh, that I could impress on all my readers the importance of punctuality! not *fixing* a time which they doubt whether they can *keep;* of scrupulously *keeping* to a time when once it is *fixed;* of not naming two or three days, and coming on the *last* of them; of not being *five*, or ten, or twenty minutes behind the time to which they *pretend* to keep. A dear friend, in a letter I received last week says, 'Oh the many half hours wasted in unsettled waiting for good folks, who are only a few minutes behind time.'

The want of punctuality is more than an inconvenience, it is a positive *sin;* for though it is not forbidden in the decalogue, yet it falls within the scope of the ten commandments, whereupon "hang all the law and the prophets." Who, that loves her neighbour as herself, could think of keeping a friend waiting ten minutes, or an hour, still less a whole day? She must feel how wearisome, annoying, and perhaps how painful, would be such an unkind action to herself, and she would surely avoid doing to another what she would desire another to avoid doing to her.

I remain, my dear madam, faithfully yours,

X. Q.

REVELATION.

"Whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you."—Acts xvi.

Oh God! the wonders of thy might
In nature's glorious law,—
In earth and ocean, day and night,
Our Pagan fathers saw.

They saw, but knew thee not; the heaven
Was bright with stars in vain,
In vain to bless their fields was given
The late and early rain.

No sense thy hidden power could trace,
No eye thy presence see;
The wisdom of our fallen race
Is foolishness with thee!

Thick clouds thy dread pavilion made,
Darkness was round thy throne!
Till grace rolled back the awful shade,
And Jesus made thee known.

Now shines from Judah's mercy-seat,
A Saviour's ray of love,
And Christ came down to guide our feet
To his bright home above.

His Spirit lights the darkened mind;
Blest be the path we've trod:
Now at faith's open door we find
Our own—our covenant God!

M. A. S. Barber.

THE LATE COUNTESS OF ROSSE.

INTO the rest that remaineth for his people, the Lord hath called one of the most faithful stewards that ever dispensed his providential gifts to those who needed them. The honoured name of Lady Rosse, which has often appeared among the liberal respondents to our appeals, and who warmly patronised this humble periodical, is once more introduced, under feelings of selfish regret for our loss, which is, to her, great gain. In a good old age, surrounded by a fondly-attached family, and meekly resting her sole hope on Christ, the all-atoning Lamb of God, she has breathed her spirit into His hands who gave it, who washed it, who justified, sanctified, and now has glorified the precious work of his creating power, the more precious trophy of his redeeming love.

Lady Rosse had passed, by some years, the boundary of fourscore; and the event so extensively and unfeignedly deplored could not be unlooked-for: but the very length of the period during which she filled the high office of a general benefactress renders it more difficult to realize the fact of her re-

moval. She rests from her labours:—they were indeed labours of love—and her works do follow her. A long bright train they are, of unpretending witnesses to the grace of God which was given her; and in no other light would she herself recognize them. The idea of meritorious pleading, through their means, was far from her heart: she called herself an unprofitable servant, and clung to the justifying righteousness of Him to whose blood alone she looked for the remission of her sins.

Lady Rosse set no limit to her bounty; she confined it to no particular channel, no clime, no circumstances: but in a very peculiar degree she was THE BENEFACTRESS OF IRELAND. The heart which dictates this poor memorial is oppressed under the weight of personal, individual obligation to the beloved lady, whose delight it was to smooth the path of difficulty, and to dispel the clouds of apprehension, and to shed the sunbeam of unexpected, unmerited beneficence on a pilgrimage in no slight degree arduous and perplexed; but neither this, nor the sweet sympathizing kindness that imparted a maternal character to her generosity, could sink so deep into the recesses of that heart as the endearing fact that Lady Rosse was indeed what is here distinguished as her highest title, the Benefactress of her own country—of unhappy Ireland.

And here we crave for a moment the candid attention of those among our readers who are (as we have been told by third parties) in the habit of complaining that Ireland occupies too prominent a place in this magazine. We regret that any should be found to pass this censure, but we blame them not. Ourselves totally unconnected with Ireland, by birth,

education or in any way calculated to prepossess us in its favour, and never having beheld it or wished to behold it, till after the gay dreams of youth had given place to the saddest waking realities of an embittered life—we, too, might be induced to complain if, previous to what we may venture to call our Irish apprenticeship of nearly seven painful years, the subject had been perpetually forced upon our attention. But let our Christian friends consider that it is no idle fancy, no particular taste, no romantic association of ideas, nor—we humbly take the LORD to record—any species of *affectation*, that impels us to this course. Lady Rosse had abundant wealth; and though long a resident in England, she poured a continuous stream of her bounty on Ireland—why? She knew the deep necessity of its people; she understood the nature of that fierce and fearful struggle of darkness against light, violence against good order, idolatry against Christianity, by which her country is convulsed. Her means were indeed inadequate to do all that was required: but using them to the utmost extent, and to the best of her judgment and ability, she has laid her venerable head on its last pillow, with this precious testimony, 'She hath done what she could.' We are poor in worldly goods; far removed from the distinctions of title and splendour. We sit at a little desk, earning our daily bread, and blessing God for the privilege of so doing; and still more that, by the wondrous ways of his providence, he has made the very circumstances which led to this necessity instrumental in shewing us the wants and woes of Ireland; and the act of industry itself an instrument for pleading her cause.

We humbly trust that no fear of temporal loss, no hope of worldly gain, no dread of human censure, no thirst for human applause, will ever cause us to flinch or to falter in this course. Following at a distance, and in a very inferior track, the steps of our honoured benefactress and friend, we will, by God's blessing, earn, alike from the deluded Romanist and from the aggrieved Protestant of Ireland, that testimony upon our humble grave, 'She, too, hath done what she could.'

Lady Rosse was the eldest daughter of Edward, Earl of Kingston. She married the late Earl of Rosse, and at his decease remained possessed of very extensive property, chiefly in the county Longford, while the title devolved on the next heir male; Lady Rosse's only child being a daughter. Thus amply supplied with means, she received at the Lord's hand also the will to become a minister of mercy to his church, his people, and to her fellow-creatures at large, in a measure rarely equalled. She was an enthusiast in benevolence; yet not acting from the momentary impulse of a disposition to give, but weighing and discriminating, and taking heed that, while doing good to all men, the household of faith should be especially considered. To uphold the established church in Ireland was her delight; when affliction and persecution overtook the ministers of that church to an extent that would, but for the interposition of private aid, have starved them at their posts, this estimable lady poured her gold into the Lord's treasury as freely as she had received it from Him. When the first stormy assault had been thus repelled, she did not withhold her hand, but continued to assist many a struggling family. It

was but a few days before her removal that the writer of this article traced, with tearful eyes, the unsteady characters in which she had written the well-known 'J. Rosse' on a bank-post-bill, which formed her reply to a tale of private distress, too touching to be withheld from her. Thus, one of the last acts of her life was to pour balm on the wounds of a dear servant of Christ, totally unknown to her. Enough for her, that he was a preacher of righteousness in her beloved country, and suffering affliction with patience. In the building up of God's desolate heritage, let not this blessed woman's 'good works and alms-deeds that she did' be forgotten among men. The Lord has them in remembrance. When the valuable institution was formed at Edgeworthtown, to educate the sons of the persecuted Irish clergy for the work that their fathers are engaged in, Lady Rosse's name appeared on the list, as a benefactress to the amount of five hundred pounds: with maternal solicitude she watched its progress, and rejoiced over it with maternal joy. It was enough to tell her that a good work was begun, or even contemplated should a beginning be made: her ear was ever open, her hand was ever ready, and the projectors were animated by the cordiality, no less than assisted by the liberality, of her response. The wide Atlantic formed no barrier between her and the exercise of her darling privilege: there are congregations praising God, and children learning to serve him, in spots that might, humanly speaking, have remained to this day silent and desolate, under the powers of darkness, had not her bounty stretched into the wilds of America. Public or private, parochial, domestic, or individual, distress never ap-

pealed to her in vain: and many are the alms-deeds of which it may be said that her left hand knew not what her right hand did. But in the midst of this profuse benevolence, this sensitiveness to the faintest sigh of suffering, from whatsoever quarter it might be wafted, Lady Rosse was pre-eminently, emphatically, energetically, and devotedly, a PROTESTANT.

She knew not, or only knew to abhor it, the puling sentimentalism, that cloaks its real indifference to the cause under a mask of assumed liberality, charity, or delicacy; that cannot relish its morsel, if reminded of the destructive delusions of others; that considers its intellectual or spiritual feast contaminated by the admixture of themes which it dubs polemical or political. No: there never was an hour, when Jane, Countess of Rosse, lost sight of that high and holy principle of which the Lord rendered her so valuable a helper: there never was a moment when, for the love or fear of any thing mortal, she would have furled her banner, or shaded its vivid inscription—'NO PEACE WITH ROME.' She kept the dark features of the Apocalyptic "Beast" perpetually in her own view, and in that of others, that she might wage incessant war against him who makes war upon the Lamb: and this she achieved by promoting in every possible way the spiritual enfranchisement of her wretched countrymen; and by strengthening, to the uttermost of her power, the hands of those who seek their deliverance. Lady Rosse had witnessed, in 1798, the ripe fruits of popery; and when that sanguinary crop had been shaken from the tree, she could not bury in oblivion the fearful lesson; but perseveringly laboured to check its baneful growth. She knew the wretched fallacy of the scheme that

would draw a line of separation between religion and politics; that would legislate irrespective of God's word, and spiritualize irrespective of man's duties as a citizen and subject. Lady Rosse did not luxuriate in the comfortable security of her English home, and send an occasional donation to Ireland, as the price of exemption from farther concern in its troubles: no; she was alive to the minutest particular connected with the cause of Protestantism in all its bearings; and this it was which rendered her benefactions more valuable, because more judiciously directed, than ten times the amount would have been, if scattered at random over the land. Her character was a triumphant refutation of the calumny that political zeal and Protestant consistency tend to roughen the mind and harden the heart. They regulate the one and expand the other.

Thus valuable, thus universally honoured and beloved, and to her own immediate circle of kindred and friends endeared beyond measure, this veteran in benevolence bowed beneath the weight of accumulated years, and in full peace yielded up at once her trust and her spirit to Him who had, even to hoary hairs, carried her, and taught her to glorify Him in the use of his gifts. She reposes not beneath the green sod of her own beloved land; but be her tomb where it may, her epitaph is there. It is written on the churches rebuilt from their ruins, or springing up in the wilderness, through her means; it is written on the schools where poor Erin's little ones learn to behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world: it is written on the dwelling of many a pastor, who surveys, in his restored comforts and in the renovated looks of his surrounding loved ones,

the record of her unostentatious bounty: it is written on the sheltering roofs of charitable institutions, on the widow's hut, and the orphan's cradle, and on the mud walls of the poor labourer's dilapidated cabin. It is written on the hearts of Irish Protestants, and, as an instrument of God's sovereign mercy, on the souls of Irish Papists. Above all—though the reward be not of debt but of grace, and she could but render back to the Giver a portion of his own gifts—we are assured by the word which declares that he who hath pity on the poor lendeth unto the Lord, it is written in the books out of which the dead shall be judged.

THERE is an invisible but powerful chain, uniting in Jesus all those who have in their hearts a spark of love for him. All the people of Christ, from Abel to the last believer that shall be found in this world, from those new brethren who, in distant heathen lands, surrender their hearts to Jesus, even to those redeemed ones around us, whom we love, and to those who, having reached perfection, offer up their prayers at the foot of the throne of God, for their companions in salvation still fighting here below; all, all form one people in the friends of Jesus: all strive together by their prayers, all walk together towards Zion, towards the general assembly and church of the first-born, towards the centre of eternal love, which soon will re-unite them all.—*Family of Bethany.*

TIME.

In the presence of eternity what a little difference in the longest or shortest life! The oldest person looks back to his earthly career as a dream that has very quickly passed away. The older we are the more rapidly does life seem to advance; in youth it is otherwise—the fewer years that have been told, the slower proportionally does time appear to fly; a year, a month, a week, often appears to the young an age in anticipation. But this is only from contrast: life rolls on like the waves of the sea passing in rapid succession to the shore; the present rushes by like the gushing waters, and mingles with the past, the future will do the same, flowing rapidly on in like manner. In a few years what a change of inhabitants is observable in every neighbourhood! A few facts will prove this must be the case. A number equal to the whole population of the world is swept off into eternity every thirty years; thus in one century the human race is renewed rather more than three times; since the Christian æra this would give 54 generations, and 121 since the deluge. And let the young reflect that very considerably more persons die in youth than in older age; that in fact half of all that are born into the world, leave it before they reach the age of eighteen; that in every moment of time some soul is called away; that in Great Britain alone above 1000 individuals die daily, and

that there is scarcely a day that does not afford an instance of an immortal spirit being sent for by sudden death. God sounds the alarm "Ye know not what hour your Lord doth come." Watch, then, that ye may not have cause to say, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." Seek Christ to-day while it is called to-day; for *now* is the accepted time, the only time for salvation. To-morrow is not your own: in a very little while time will be no more; to us one day may appear as a thousand years; but to God who knoweth all things, a "thousand years are but as one day." Yet we must live for ever, through eternity; and what is this life with all its hopes, and cares, and possessions, compared to an endless duration of being? Still this, our very short span of existence (of an existence too so uncertain to us,) has an awful influence on our eternal state, fitting and adapting us to that world we are hereafter to inhabit; the Christian system establishes an important and close connection between our conduct here and our future happiness: Christ himself has engaged to reward all our services, and that every one of us individually shall give an account of himself to God: the rule of judgment will be his word, and all shall be judged *according* to his works. Even now do we stand on the portal of heaven or hell; our days are appointed: our Lord "is gone to prepare a place for us;" he has entrusted us with talents, and time is one of them: he has given us precepts, promised us to *reward* their obedience; though *merit* is altogether out of the question, the reward is as much a favour as the inheritance, we are freely pardoned and saved by grace alone.

The lives of the patriarchs were prolonged to many centuries, for the more speedy replenishing the earth, and for the effectual preservation of the true knowledge of God. Oral tradition was then the only way of communicating true religion, for there was no written word till Moses, who was divinely taught to write. Adam lived with Lamech, Noah's father, sixty-six years, so that a most satisfactory account of the creation, the fall, the promised Messiah, &c., could be given by our first parent himself, and after his death by his cotemporary Methuselah, and with many others, who lived to converse with them who survived Jacob, whose fifty-first year Shem reached; so great was the care of the Almighty to preserve to his church the knowledge of his will.

E.

We hear much of a *decent* pride, a *becoming* pride, a *noble* pride, and a *laudable* pride. Can that be decent of which we ought to be ashamed? Can that be becoming of which God hath set forth the deformity? Can that be noble which God resists, and is determined to abase? Can that be laudable which God calls abominable?—*Cecil.*

A CHARITY SERMON.

A PRIEST in Italy had recourse to the following expedient to procure money for building a new convent which was wanted:—During his sermon he mentioned a poor sinner who had departed this life, and his soul appearing before God, he was required to give an account of all his actions. The evil and the good were afterwards thrown into opposite scales, in order to see which preponderated. That containing the good proved much the lighter, and instantly flew up to the beam. His soul was condemned to the infernal regions, conducted by angels to the bottomless pit, delivered over to the devils, and thrown into flames. 'Already,' said the preacher, 'had the devouring element covered his feet and legs, and proceeded upwards; in his vitals, oh! brethren, he felt them. He sunk, and only his head appeared above the waves of fire, when he cried out to God, and afterwards to his patron saint, "Oh! patron," said he, "look down upon me! Oh! take all the lime and stone which I gave to repair the convent of ——." His saint took the hint, gathered together all the lime and stone, and threw them into the scale of good, which immediately preponderated: the scale of evil sprung up to the beam, and the sinner's soul into Paradise at the same moment. Now you see by this, brethren, how useful it is to keep the convents in

repair, for had it not been for the lime and stone bestowed by this sinner, his poor soul would even now, children, be consuming in hell fire: and yet you are so blind as to let the convent and the church, built by your forefathers, fall to ruin.' This discourse had the desired effect, and money poured in from all quarters.

LET the enemies of the gospel know that with all their enmity and rancour they are working a deceitful work. Let them know that they are living witnesses of the truth of those very doctrines which they oppose; that they powerfully confirm our faith in Christ crucified; that they are accomplishing a most important prophecy; that they are building up that which they would wish to pull down, even to its foundations; that they have the misery of being blind and unwilling instruments in the hands of the Almighty, for the establishment of a kingdom of which they shall not be citizens; that they are like those hireling workmen of the Israelites, who prepared with great labour the materials of a magnificent temple into which they were never to be allowed to enter.—*Family of Bethany.*

Review of Books.

THE FAMILY OF BETHANY; *or, Meditations on the Eleventh Chapter of the Gospel according to St. John. By A. Bonnet, late one of the Chaplains of the French Congregation in London. Translated from the French, by the Translator of 'Meditations on the History of Hezekiah.' With an Introductory Essay, by the Rev. Hugh White, Curate of St. Mary's, Dublin.* Nisbet and Co.

IT would be praise sufficient to say of these discourses, that they do not fall short of their design. It is, in truth, the most enchanting volume of the kind that we ever opened. We are brought into the bosom of the family of Bethany in a way that makes us feel as though we personally knew the individuals, and participated in their concerns. With a touch the most tenderly delicate, yet very decided, the author has sketched his picture; and the filling-up is exquisite. It is not possible for a soul touched with the love of Jesus to dwell on these pages with-

out being prostrated anew before his footstool—without longing to

> Bring forth the royal diadem,
> And crown him LORD OF ALL.

We envy the man who wrote this book, if such a feeling be admissible. The language is very impassioned, but not inflated. The translation flows with all the easy grace of an original, and is evidently faithful. We would particularize the ninth and tenth meditations (they are more properly sermons) as peculiarly fine. Many a tear have we shed over that precious chapter: it has spoken consolation when not even in the Holy Bible itself any other calming message could be found adapted to the bereaved heart's unutterable anguish: but even of this sublime and lovely portion, we had not discovered half the richness that is displayed by the writer of 'The Family of Bethany.' This commendation may appear too strong: if any mourners think so, let them read it, and acquit us. Mr. White's Introduction harmonizes well with the work itself.

THE CURATE'S GRAVE. *By the Author of 'The Jew and his Daughter converted to Christianity.'* Tims, &c.

IN this tale, which is simple and well told, the strong doctrines of Calvinism are brought out fairly, and certainly with no little force of scriptural argument. We do not, on the whole, object to the author's statements, seeing that he does not restrict the message of the gospel, as though God's minister had no general

commission for declaring "repentance and remission of sins" to all, howsoever clearly he may perceive that none will obey the summons but those whose hearts the Lord opens. There is a good deal of very awakening matter in this little book, and we read it with much interest. However, it is going rather too far to denominate the Arminian view 'a heresy'—like good John Bunyan, who ends his 'Holy War' by hanging all the election-doubters. We repudiate Arminianism, as a very dim and distorted medium through which to view the great work of redemption; but it never entered our heads to consider it a disqualification for heaven. This is the only objection we have to make. Should the book reach a second edition, we hope some one will be found to correct the press, for it is sorely perplexing to unravel such false punctuation, and such a random arrangement of inverted commas; but the little volume is really worth reading.

MINUTIÆ; *or, Little Things for Christ's Flock. By the Rev. J. W. Peers, LL.D., Rector of Morden, Surrey, and of Ickleford-cum-Pirton, Herts. A New Edition, much enlarged from the Papers of the Author, and re-arranged.* L. and G. Seeley.

DAILY portions for a year, each contained in a single page, headed by a text of scripture. This class of works is very numerous; but we do not consider Dr. Peers' as a superfluity. The meditations are both spiritual and practical, and may furnish acceptable aid to those whose avocations prevent their devoting so much time as they might wish to profitable reading.

THE NATURE, POWER, DECEIT, AND PREVALENCY OF INDWELLING SIN IN BELIEVERS: *together with the Ways of its Working, and Means of Prevention, opened, evinced, and applied. With a Resolution of sundry Cases of Conscience. By John Owen, D.D.* Religious Tract Society.

OWEN on Indwelling Sin is a work too generally known, and too well appreciated, to need more than an announcement of its appearance in a small, neat volume, among the valuable reprints of the Tract Society. This treatise has, for nearly two centuries, been a standard work in the church of Christ.

THE SACRED CASKET; *containing Gems from the best English Authors, in Prose and Verse. With some Original Pieces.* Ward.

MOST of the poems in this neat little volume are familiar to the Christian reader. A number of prose extracts are interspersed, with some pleasing originals. Among the latter, we wish the 'Call to the Protestants of England' could resound through the land; and, despite of the unaccountable aversion that some good people display against being reminded of the signification of their own distinguished title, we trust such a call is resounding, and will be responded to. We like the choice and arrangement of gems in this casket very much.

EARLY LESSONS FOR CHILDREN, *on Moral and Religious Duties. Illustrated and enforced by Scripture Examples.* **Whyte and Co., Edinburgh.**

A LITTLE tale, concerning some little children, with Old Testament histories, as far as the Exodus, very neatly brought in, by means of conversations with a mother. It is quite suited to the capacity of folks who have not passed the age of seven or eight years, and furnishes them with a pleasing introduction to the study of scripture. A continuation is promised, in a second part, shortly to make its appearance: we wish it success.

AN EXPLANATION OF THE HUNDRED AND TENTH PSALM: *wherein the several Heads of Christian Religion therein contained, touching the Exaltation of Christ, the Sceptre of his Kingdom, the Character of his Subjects, his Priesthood, Victories, Sufferings and Resurrection are largely explained and applied. By Edward Reynolds, D.D., afterwards Bishop of Norwich.* **Religious Tract Society.**

WE have here a very full exposition of one of the shortest yet most sublime Psalms of David. It is a work of deep study, and if studiously read it will be found to repay the attention bestowed, by the rich store of spiritual knowledge contained in it. Bishop Reynolds, like Dr. Owen, was a nonconformist during the extraordinary times of the rebellion, but

found no difficulty in availing himself of the extended sphere of usefulness opened to him at the restoration, by accepting an episcopal charge. In the work before us he has engaged in the grandest subject that can possibly occupy the mind of man: he has treated it with great perspicuity, and in a very attractive style. Without going out of his way to be controversial, the author has dealt some powerful blows at Antichristian heresy, both of the Socinian and Romish schools. We recommend it as an admirable book for the library, worthy to be diligently studied.

THE TYPICAL PART OF OUR LORD'S TEACHING: *a Dissertation, shewing that the Miracles of Christ were prefigurative of the System of Divine Economy which he came to introduce. By Josiah William Smith, of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and of Lincoln's Inn.* L. and G. Seeley.

SOME watchfulness is requisite in admitting opinions on the subject of typical meanings in scripture, beyond what is generally recognised. We have met with the most fantastical extravagancies, recommended from the pulpit, and in private discourse, under the dignified title of types discovered or adapted by the individuals who broached them. Some of those early writers, commonly called the fathers, and exalted to a high pitch of importance by the Oxford Tract gentlemen, have overstepped all bounds of common sense, and run into preposterous absurdities in that way. The short essay, however,

which we now introduce, belongs not to this class. It is perfectly sober and safe, and calculated rather to guard the reader against the snare of fanciful interpretations than to extend it. Mr. Smith considers our Lord's miracles to have been designedly typical of the dispensation introduced by his first advent: and we raise no objection against the very temperate system that he has embraced. The book cannot lead the reader into error; and it may open a very interesting field of enquiry on a subject that cannot be too much before our eyes, or within our hearts —the mighty works of our incarnate Redeemer.

We cannot refrain from noticing a pamplet published by Nisbet, as 'A Sermon preached on Sunday, the fifth of Novemher, 1837, at Trinity Chapel, Conduit-street, by the Rev. H. H. Beamish,' but with which indeed we were principally struck on account of the important 'Preface' introducing it. Mr. Beamish has there placed, in a startling light, the conduct of those ministers of our establishment who ventured to set at defiance alike the law of the land, and their own solemn obligation to observe the rubric of the Common Prayer-Book. Proceeding from this ground, he has exposed the 'masked Popery' within the pale of our church, with so much boldness and fidelity, that we wish it were brought before every congregation in the land. Some of our readers will be surprised to hear, what, indeed, we could long ago have told them, that one of the Oxford divines, while reading the communion service, stands with his back to the people, and facing the table, contrary

to the express words of the rubric, but in faithful accordance with the attitude of a Romish priest at mass. Another humbly bows to the table, making the sign of the cross upon his breast as he approaches to or recedes from the chancel. These things, with the embroidery of little crucifixes on their surplices, and the setting up of the same article in their churches and apartments, proclaim pretty loudly the rapid secession of these deluded ministers from the principles which led Ridley and Latimer's living bodies to the stake at Oxford, in 1555, and earned the same honour for the mouldering bones of Bucer and Phagius in the following year at Cambridge. Mr. Beamish also gives some curious extracts from the writings of this singular sect. We have only to add, that the sermon itself is an appropriate and well-timed historical sketch, rightly applied to the occasion that called it forth.

The Protestant Association have published, as a tract, the paper of X. Q., in a recent number of this periodical, entitled, 'A Sketch of a System.' We wish this excellent society were better known, appreciated, and supported.

THE PROTESTANT.

THREE events of recent occurrence call for much thankfulness of heart. First, the suppression of rebellion in our trans-atlantic colonies; with its favourable accompaniments, the dispersion of the insurgents, and amicable disposition of our United States brethren. Secondly, the defeat of a party, of all others most formidable to the Protestant integrity of the established church, in their bold attempt to seize, as an instrument for propagating their dangerous absurdities, the Christian Knowledge Society. And last, but not least, the reception of the protest of three thousand gentlemen of England by the House of Commons.

On this latter subject my uncle's delight knew no bounds: he, of course, took care to be present; and the excitement of look and manner with which he entered my study on returning from the house, was singular. He sat down in his large chair, rested his elbows on the arms, folded his hands firmly, and with closed eyes, and countenance held down, might have seemed asleep, only for the regular and rapid nodding of his head, accompanied with a similar movement of the clasped hands. I wanted courage to break the silence; for my uncle, with all his manly ardour, does not feel more deeply than I do the importance of this matter. I watched him with trembling anxiety; and after a minute or two, he opened his eyes, fixed them on me with a look that dissi-

pated all doubt, and exclaimed, 'The line is broken, girl: we've anchored at last.'

'Joyful, joyful news, dear uncle! I have been full of fears—I fancied they might object to receive it.'

'So they did: I am most thankful to say they did. Wakley, the Finsbury radical, moved its rejection, and in so doing rendered invaluable service to the cause.'

'Tell me all, uncle.'

'Why, do you expect me, in such a tumult of feeling as made the very house turn round with me, to have brought away a correct impression of all that occurred? From the moment that noble fellow, Plumptre, rose in his place, my heart was fluttering in my throat. I recalled the day when, on Penenden heath I marked his striking figure, towering above the many 'gallant squires of Kent,' as he roused them by his eloquence to resist the fatal inroad on our Protestant constitution. Eight years have elapsed: eight years of sorrow and of shame on the part of all who love their God and their country; and we have been told that the deed was past recal: that the spirit of the age would spurn at a suggestion of rescinding it: that though among the hereditary nobles of the land such a proposition might be received, yet the man did not live who would DARE to lay it on the table of the Commons house. But he does live,' continued my uncle, starting from his chair, 'and so live that the breath of slander cannot touch him. A man who loves God, and serves him in the gospel of his Son: a man who never flinched from confessing Christ crucified before the world; and who never failed of so adorning the faith that he professes, as to win the respect even of its blasphemers. Yes, John

P. Plumptre was the man; and England does not contain one more worthy of the honour thus put upon him.'

My uncle took breath, and proceeded:

'He rose, with that quiet composure of mien which shews a mind kept in perfect peace, because it is stayed upon its God: and in the same calm, impressive way, announced the nature of the petition which he held in his hand, and having briefly recapitulated its purport, declared himself to be unchanged in the opinion which he had heretofore held, as to the impropriety of admitting Romanists to legislate for the land.'

'And how did they take it, uncle; how did they look?'

'Truly, I can't say. My eyes were glued on the precious roll that contained my name; and my heart was lifted in prayer to God; for it was a pause of unutterable importance. The next person who rose was Mr. Wakley, he cited a case ridiculously inapplicable, namely *his* having withdrawn a petition some time since, because it contained matter libellous of the House of Lords. On this ground he demanded the rejection of our petition, since, as he alleged, it charged with perjury a large body of the members of their own house. Mr. Plumptre took advantage of this statement, to propose that the petition be read; which was done, girl,'—and he rubbed his hands and laughed with delight,—'our allegations were emphatically stated, and respectfully, or at least silently listened to by the assembled Commons of Great Britain.'

'Was O'Connell there?'

'He was: he and the other criminals heard the indictment read. Upon this, Mr. Wakley again rose,

and most truly declared that *a clearer imputation of perjury against any body of men had never been made in that house;* he therefore moved that the petition be rejected; and Colonel Butler seconded it.'

'Who is he, uncle?'

'Some degenerate sprout from the noble stem of Ormonde, I suppose. A worthy descendant of the great duke!—who, through the most protracted period of popish disturbance that even Ireland ever knew, stood firm, the undaunted champion of Protestantism and loyalty. Well; next spoke another bold and faithful man, Sir R. Inglis; and after defending our petition on the ground of its respectful language, declared himself of the same opinion with us. He plainly pointed out the treacherous conduct of the Romish members from Ireland against the church and its property; insisting that the petition must be received. Mr. Wallace opposed it: so did lord Ebrington, who, however, referred it to the speaker's decision: and that dignified official, responding to the call, pointed out an additional argument against our poor petition; namely, that it referred to proceedings that had taken place within the house, which he considered illegal. Of course, the inference was that the speaker decided against it. However, Mr. Barron, one of the accused parties, rose, and with a spirit worthy of a better cause, defended himself and his colleagues, on the score that they had, in all their acts against the established church, sought its welfare, and promoted its best interests.'

'Did you not think of Don Carlos and the jailor, uncle?'

'It is in point, I confess. "'Tis all for your good, my young master," was the answer given by the keeper,

to the young prince's bitter exclamations, when informed that he was immediately to be bled to death; and so say these patrons of our church, while draining the life blood from her veins. Mr. Maclean then spoke, intending to call the attention of the house to the allegations of the petitioners *seriatim*; but O'Connell, not relishing the prospect of such an exposé from such a quarter, hastily begged pardon for interrupting him, to announce that Mr. Wakley would withdraw his amendment. This was received with cheers, proceeding from different parties, under different impressions, and the document was formally laid on the table, thank God!'

'I am rejoiced at it beyond measure, dear uncle; and as much at the resistance as at any thing else. It called attention: it presented a face of opposition, and then drew back; giving us evidently a step in advance, which otherwise we might not have been able to claim. But will this advantage be followed up?'

'Ay, there lies the question. If every man who agrees in sentiment with the petition thus received, would resolve, with the spirit of an Englishman, to make his opinion known to the legislature, we should see the table heaped with such remonstrances, and a powerful effect produced. Hitherto, the excuse has been, that no one in the lower house would be found to advocate, or even to present them: that pretext no longer exists. Three men have stood forward on this occasion, not one of whom would decline the office if called on: and had the discussion gone a little further, we should have had a display of awakened Protestantism, which O'Connell foresaw, and with his usual cunning prevented. Every man who,

from this day, withholds his name, or refrains from promoting the enrolment of others, in constitutional addresses to the throne and parliament, incurs a heavy responsibility in the sight of God and his country: he has no longer a cloak for his own sin—he is guilty of all that will follow; and his children must reap the bitter fruit of his cruel indifference.'

'At any rate some new excuse must be found for it, uncle: but to make a transition from the interior of the building to the threshold, are you not delighted at the result of the late meeting of the Christian Knowledge Society?'

'Exceedingly. Whatever imperfections may cleave to that society, and however we may desire to see it improved, of its extensive and important influence there can be no doubt. It is in fact recognized as the organ and mouth-piece of the established church in this country; and to have been made to utter the language, to disseminate the leading principle of the Puseyite sect, would have produced a result for which we were little prepared; but on which, I doubt not, the secret movers of all this mischief, the Jesuits, calculated. They have ever been noted for daring attempts, no less than for creeping manœuvres; and here we have a striking instance of what they will venture upon.'

'Do you then consider the Oxford divines as belonging to the fraternity of Jesuits, uncle?'

'I never said that, niece. I merely regard them as unconscious instruments in the hands of cunning masters. It is an old device with a new name. In one of the most barefaced of their publications, an artful production entitled, 'Home Thoughts Abroad,' inserted in the British Magazine, the sentiment is

uttered—'Charles is the king, and Laud the prelate for us.' It is well known that Laud went to the extremest verge of nominal Protestantism, in his approaches to undisguised popery: and as to unhappy Charles, he was sacrificed by the Jesuits, acting as now by ignorant tools, because he came short of their demands for the total overthrow of pure religion, and triumphant establishment of its worst counterfeit. These gentlemen view him as having lost his life in furtherance of the cause; not as a penalty for having dared to pause in his prescribed career.

'Well, uncle, we have no Laud at Lambeth now.'

'No; thanks be to God! Few things were nearer my heart, than to see some of our bishops step forth and denounce these pestilent errors: it was beyond my hope that the bishop of London, avowedly acting with the sanction and concurrence of the archbishop of Canterbury, should be the man to do so.'

'But did he denounce them?'

'Not expressly: he just knocked on the head their grand proposition—pushed aside the foundation whereon they build. All their superstructure rests on this basis, "The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord are these." Deny them, and their holy mother of Rome, the exclusive distinction of THE CHURCH, and you upset the whole fabric. It was in the necessary preliminary process of unchurching the venerable presbytery of Scotland that they were met by their episcopal superiors, and informed that they must choose some other sphere for their operations.'

'Their proceedings reminded me,' said I, 'of Bonner preparing to degrade Ridley.'

'Rather say,' rejoined my uncle, smiling, 'of

Bonner attempting to degrade Rowland Taylor. You know the stout looks of the good man so intimidated him that he dared not strike.'

'May the Lord, in his rich mercy, ward off the fratricidal blow; and arrest, not in wrath, but with loving expostulation, the uplifted arm that aims it!'

'Amen, my dear. We have reason to bless the goodness that has averted what I must call a peculiarly fratricidal war. My mind has been more disturbed than you would suppose, while calculating the probabilities of an outbreak in the west. Another contest with America presented a prospect too gloomy for my repose. Differing as we do on many important points, and dangerous to our interests as is the spread of republican principles, yet I must confess there is something so revolting to my spirit in the idea of hostilities with the United States, that I could never exult in a victory over its citizens. We are of one blood, one language, and, principally, of one faith. Our fathers endured together the stormy persecution of Rome, and together renounced her unhallowed domination. Never could I, without a secret shudder, see a gun pointed against those whose progenitors aided in overcoming the invincible armada, or rallied round William of Nassau.'

'Added to which uncle, in an infinite number of instances, the hostile forces are only removed by a few generations from actual, literal brotherhood: the great-grand children of one mother, if not nearer still.'

'Well, God be praised for this mercy! The popish rebellion of the Lower province, in Canada, with its radical episode in the Upper, have gone the way in which I heartily hope all popish and radical experiments will always go—to nothing.'

'Sir Francis Head seems to have acted a dangerously daring part,' observed I.

'So say those whose nice plans he has spoiled, by discomfiting their allies: and so echoes the noble lord, who, but for this same desperado of a lieutenant-governor might now be under impeachment for the criminal neglect of our colonial possessions, that has left so indelible a blot on the Whig ministry. Oh, niece, it stirred my choler rather too much, when I heard that admission made from the treasury bench.'

'Then you do not blame Sir Francis?'

'No: he calculated aright on the unshaken loyalty of the vast bulk of the people around him; and by throwing himself and their country upon it, he strengthened the principle tenfold. An honest man loves to be trusted, a loyal man to be tested, and a brave man to have his courage put to the proof. Oh, that the faithful Protestants of a western territory, on this side the Atlantic, had a governor to do them the justice which Head has done to their expatriated brethren in Canada! You know the bitter complaint of our revolutionists at home, is, that the 'patriots' were put to the route by Orangemen.'

'Uncle, uncle, you will ruin the Magazine. That Orange lodge at the foot of Slieve Donard, and your walk on the ramparts of Derry, have made you a regular party man.'

'False, my dear: they have merely served to convince me that what I hastily condemned as the narrowness of a party spirit, is a different thing. But, whatever be my feelings, you need not quit this room to find a person who heartily participates in them all.'

'But I am going to reform, uncle: people say that

unless I become more of a waverer, I shall lose all my fair patronesses.'

'You a waverer! We shall see. But my dear niece, have you nothing to say on the subject of recent events at Derry?'

'So much that I dare not begin. You know, sir, that one of the miserable *securities* afforded on passing that awful bill in 1829, consisted in a legal prohibition of any public display, on the part of the Romish priesthood and their craft. This was violated when McHale and his party formed their glittering procession at Tuam, to the opening of that temple which stands there to insult the established church, and to perpetuate the shame of——but never mind who helped to build it: there it stands. This was passed over: the Protestants of Ireland endured it, for they well knew that no redress would be afforded, and their peaceable loyalty was proof against the temptation thrown in their way. Now, an act well fitted to rouse every angry and resentful feeling of human nature has been perpetrated. An open display of the pride and pomp of that idolatrous worship has taken place: the titular of the diocese, accompanied by a Jesuit priest and others, has violated the sanctuary of a Protestant burial ground; and in the teeth of a formal notice from the dean that the proceeding was contrary to law, and that he would legally prosecute the trespassers,—in the face of two witnesses, regularly and openly employed by the dean to take down on paper the whole transaction—these daring profaners accomplished the deed. The spot chosen was the grave-yard of Derry cathedral, where we saw the high mound of the slain rising before us. Derry grave-yard, uncle, where the Protestants of 1689,

wasted to skeletons before they died, were committed to the earth, to be torn thence by bursting bombs, and re-interred by the living spectres who had scarcely strength for the work, though they had strength to bid defiance to the combined forces of France and Rome, swarming around the walls of that tiny fortress—that gem of the Protestant world! Over the graves of the victims, over the ashes of the deliverers, over a spot more sacred to Protestantism than any in these lands —there the insult was offered, the wrong inflicted, the honour of our church and name trampled under foot. I wait to see whether indeed it is to thus passed over: but it cannot be uncle; and would that you, and the Protestant men of England, would raise your voices on behalf of those whose fathers shed their life-blood for us, and in a tone, the more effectual for being calmly resolute, declare throughout the land that it SHALL NOT be.'

'Pretty well for a waverer,' said my uncle, smiling, while his cheek glowed with animated sympathy; 'I perceive that you and I shall not quarrel yet.

'And now, before we part, let me advise you to commend to the best attention of all your readers, the recent letter of the famous John McHale, calling himself archbishop of Tuam. It is astonishing to see how, with a few strokes of the pen, he has annihilated all the doings, all the sayings, and all the hopes of those who have so laboriously established, so zealously supported the National Education Board for Ireland. In truth, it is an invaluable document —a precious *morceau!*'

THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1838.

CHAPTERS ON FLOWERS.

THERE was once a feeling in the Church of England that seems to have faded into a remembrance of the past, rather than to be a thing of present existence. I allude to the veneration in which the chief pastors of the flock were held, when, casting off the iniquitous mystery of darkness that had shrouded them in the imaginary sanctity, and armed them with the real terrors of a perverted and polluted pre-eminence, the bishops of the Reformation stood forth, arrayed in the garments of holiness, and walking in the light of an unveiled gospel. The brightest burst of sudden spring, over a naked and storm-wrecked landscape, scarcely typifies that revival. The wildernesses and solitary places of our land were made glad because of them: the blighted desert of Antichrist rejoiced and blossomed as the rose. The soft

notes of the dove were heard, breathing peace and tenderness, where the coiled serpent alone had hissed, and the ravening lion had roared after his prey. Then it was that an offering was made to the Lord, even the offering of the heart willingly yielded to Him, and a pure incense of 'praises with understanding' supplanted the impure smoke of a debased, carnal service. Then it was that the good bishops threw open the doors of their habitations, not to close them again on the secret conclave of priestly underplotters, assembled to devise plans for rivetting ancient fetters and forging new ones for the flock, but to invite their brethren to mutual encouragement in their work of faith and labour of love—to strengthen the weak, comfort the persecuted, exhort the unruly, and confirm the wavering. Not to dazzle the laity with a display of pomp and pride abhorrent to the spirit of the gospel, but to nourish the bodies of the poor with the meat that perisheth, and to supply their souls with that which nourisheth unto everlasting life. Then the bishop, robed in his gown, with the flat-crowned doctor's cap on his head, and the long beard imparting additional dignity to his aspect, moved in meekness and gravity along the lofty hall, seeing that his humble guests were properly cared for, and waiting to bestow the ghostly counsel that, severally or together, they desired to receive at his hands.

Such was the spectacle displayed, when a Ridley, a Hooper, a Latimer, or a Cranmer presided. Their light shone before men with a pure and mellow lustre, illuminating and warming wheresoever it fell; until, blending with the short-lived blaze of martyrdom, it was swallowed up in the glory that endureth ever-

lastingly. Then, he that desired the office of a bishop, desired really a good work; and little indeed could the dross of filthy lucre, or the glitter of external pomp, or the grasp of ecclesiastical power, weigh with men who saw beyond that vista the dungeon and the stake.

These times of fiery trial are past; the manners of that age have given place to others as dissimilar from them as are the present abodes and employments of our prelates from those of their early predecessors; but, blessed be God! the same spirit remains, and he sometimes bestows the heart of our primitive bishops on those who occupy their high places in the church. Often, in very early years, have I wandered among the relics of former days, in an episcopal residence where one of the fiercest and most savage persecutors of Mary's reign rioted in the blood of the Lord's innocent sheep; and as I marked the rich foliage, the thousand brilliant flowers, that flung their graceful veil over broken ruins, rendering that most lovely which was formerly most sternly obdurate and harsh, I traced the more glorious transformation of the episcopal office—or rather its restoration to that which God designed it to be.

There was a ruined porch in that garden which seemed to have belonged to a tower of great strength. Iron gates had enclosed it; massive bars had crossed and recrossed the narrow, pointed windows, and from its detached position, within the impregnable enclosure of a double wall, flanked by defensive towers, I never doubted its character of a prison. All, however, was then so changed as to render it a beautiful ornament to the grounds. No bolt remained: the old grey stone that had bidden defiance

to time, looked forth between the clusters of ivy and woodbine, and other climbing plants, while the gayest profusion of yellow wall-flower, variegated lichens, and long tufts of that most graceful and touching emblem of mortality, 'the flower of grass,' waved lightly on its broken summit. Roses and jonquils concealed its base; the interior was gravelled; rustic seats were placed around; and the dark prison-house of merciless Rome had become a beauteous summer bower under the mild hand of Christian culture.

And from among that cluster of flowers I select the China-rose, the most simple, unostentatious, and enduring of its numerous family: the first, in spring, to open its pale, elegant petals to the early sunbeam—the last to quail beneath the winter's blast. I select it, not in connexion with the antique ruin that my childhood loved, but with one whose task it was to preside, first in the spot consecrated by the pastoral charge of the blessed Hooper, and brightened by the fires of his martyrdom; and subsequently where God was glorified in the deaths of several martyrs, Robert Glover, Joyce Lewes, and others whose names are in the book of life. Yes, it was upon a half-opened China-rose that my tears first fell, when, on the second of April, 1836, I first learned the removal to his Master's mansion of that dear servant of Christ, Henry Ryder, Bishop of Gloucester first, then of Lichfield and Coventry.

Few, very few indeed, if there be even one, among those who read these pages, will fail to recognize a name dear to their hearts in that which I have mentioned. Bishop Ryder possessed, beyond most men, the love and veneration of God's people. There was that in his character, in his manners, in his very

aspect, that laid hold on the best affections of our nature, and would not let them go. I never saw a man who brought so strongly to mind the picture my fancy loved to draw of a bishop, in the bright, sad days of our martyrs. There was a childlike humility, a simplicity that nothing could tarnish, a meekness that served to render more impressive the animated energy called forth on occasions when this beloved pastor had to plead the cause he so deeply cherished. It is well known that he underwent a protracted martyrdom of feeling—and he was keenly sensitive—when, with the voice of authority, and the louder language of example, he first strove to awaken the slumbering watchmen, and to call in the roving, unfaithful shepherds under his charge. Evangelical truth, though familiar to their lips in the stated services of our church, was a new and a strange and a hateful thing to the apprehension of the great bulk of the clergy, at the time when Dr. Ryder was raised up to enforce it. Known to the Lord are all the conflicts endured by that tender but constant spirit, when, fixed like the China-rose to its supporting wall, he offered himself to the most savage blasts of the first break of winter, resolved to shine before men, and to breathe incense to his God, whosoever shrank back—determined, in His strength, to stand, whosoever might fall or flee. Long it was, ere the storm of persecution abated; longer ere the gentle hand of spring awoke a few companions to countenance him in the singularity of his holiness. But the season advanced, and brightened, and gladdened him with a vast number of associates, each in his own form, and his own place, rejoicing to do the will of his Master.

Many of my readers, who perhaps knew not the severity of Doctor Ryder's early trials in the character of a Christian bishop, must have been struck by the expression of heavenly gladness—so calm, yet so earnest—that marked his countenance, when, presiding over a public meeting, he cast his eye upon the animated crowd of listeners, while his ear drank in the pleadings of some zealous brother, on behalf of those who were perishing for lack of knowledge; or the enumeration of successes already gained in the glorious cause. There was a time when he, like Elijah, had seemed alone, in the midst of an unfaithful church: and his joy was as that of Elijah, when the convinced and prostrate multitude sent forth that shout, "The Lord, he is the God." Full of love to the Saviour, and love to his fellow-men, that dear servant of Christ longed to gather into the fold every wanderer on the face of the whole earth; and there was not an effort made, from pole to pole, in which his heart took not an interest most deep, while his spirit went forth to every land, with those who proclaimed the glad tidings of salvation, and published peace.

But there was one portion of a neglected vineyard, which it was the dearest privilege and delight of this blessed man to bind up, and to prop, and to nourish. Poor Ireland's ancient, rich, and beautiful vine, so long rent down, trampled under foot, defiled, and preyed-on, by the wild beasts that ravage the land, excited his tenderest sympathies. It was in the prosecution of this work, that one whom I had long revered at a distance became the object of nearer and more devoted regard; and few among many privileges were more

prized than that of being saluted as friend by the good bishop—the unwearied promoter of the cause. Like the China-rose at my cottage door, he thus came under my frequent, habitual observation, and I could trace the resemblance that so beautifully connects him with the flower. At once so gentle, so unobtrusive, so graceful, and so sweet, each knew to endure hardness as a good soldier, uninfluenced by outer circumstances. Each was foremost to take the field, each the most persevering to retain it. Both looked so delicate, that it might have seemed easy to overpower them by a shew of opposition: both, leaning on a powerful support, bade calm defiance to the assault. Sometimes my rose-bush has caught me in passing, and when thus arrested I have stood to admire the rich gifts of God in the beauty and fragrance of the tree: even so, by his fervently affectionate appeals, have I seen the good bishop arrest the giddy hearer, and fix him in serious contemplation of those divine graces which he shewed forth while magnifying them as the gift of the Lord.

But man, in his best estate, is frail; and in his most mature decisions fallible. Bishop Ryder was carried away by the universality of his loving spirit, operated upon by the specious pleadings of the enemy who can transform himself into an angel of light. He yielded his assent to the measure that deprived England of her bright crown—he surrendered the stronghold of his country, in a blind reliance on the pledges of that church whose notorious principle it is to keep no faith with those whom she insolently calls heretics. That his having been so deluded was, to the good bishop, a source of deep and abiding regret, I can confidently say: that he looked with

abhorrence on the rising rampancy of the Romish church, I know; and that he redoubled his efforts to uproot the abominations to the encouragement of which he had unwillingly—or rather unwatchfully contributed, is witnessed by hundreds and thousands, who marked the increase of his zeal in that particular cause. I would not draw a veil over this error in judgment: I would not palliate it. The inspired record affords no example for so doing: and be they still in the flesh, or removed into the presence of the Lord, I say of all who connived at that national transgression, that it was a sin only to be blotted out in the blood of the Lamb. Often, when I have looked on the meek, but animated countenance of that apostolic prelate, has my heart wrestled in prayer for him, that God would grant repentance and remission of the sin. I have thought of Peter, when, gifted as he was with so many and bright endowments from above, and honoured beyond others in the great multitude to whose conversion he was instrumental, a brother apostle saw cause to withstand him to the face, because he was to be blamed. God forbid that I should glory in the grace bestowed on a Ryder or a Wilberforce, without a feeling of deep abasement that in this matter they grievously erred.

My china-rose tree is not free from blemish. Where, on this sin-soiled earth shall we find an object wholly untainted as when the Lord first looked upon his finished work, and pronounced it very good? Yet among the loveliest of inanimate creatures, that rose is singularly beautiful, abundant and abiding. It throws an embroidered mantle, wonderfully wrought to the glory of divine workmanship, over the un-

sightly nakedness of man's poor contrivances; and brightens what would otherwise be a scene of unrelieved desolation. Its very weakness is a call for our tender sympathy; for such are we all in frailty—how few of us are such in the adornments which God has provided, and commands us to put on!

The praise of the good bishop Ryder is in all the churches: there is no quarter of the globe where his efforts have not reached for the furtherance of the gospel: but chiefly on the spiritual wilderness of poor Ireland, and over the wretched abodes of her outcast children in this country, was their influence felt: and surely incense more acceptable arose not to the Lord from the dwellings of man, than the pleadings and prayers that had for their object the diffusion of light and peace, where all was strife and darkness. The memory of that man is doubly blessed, who, while caring for every sheep of his own apportioned fold, stretched forth the arms of love to gather also the poor wanderers whom few recognized as claimants even on their thought, much less upon their mental energies, and worldly means, to an extent almost unlimited. Scenes more recent, names more immediately before the public, may throw into comparative shade those that have passed away: but I am not so weaned from what I have loved and venerated:—I delight to pause in my walk, to number the unfolding blossoms of the China rose, and with a swelling heart to ponder on the memory of one who is transplanted to a fairer garden—the good bishop Ryder.

C. E.

STRANGE FACTS.

THE following story has in itself little interest, save that of being true; and thus affording a genuine picture of the power of divine grace, in supporting the mind under circumstances of peculiar trial. But my reason for narrating it is because it seems to throw a ray of light on a more strange and mysterious tale, which I shall afterwards relate.

A clergyman from the West of Ireland, passed a night in Dublin on his way to England. At breakfast next morning, in the hotel, he met a lively and intelligent young man, with whom he had much conversation. He soon discovered that his new acquaintance was a Romanist; but he expressed very liberal opinions, and greatly reprobated all persecution for differences in religion. When the breakfast party separated, these two remained together; and in the course of conversation the young man communicated to the clergyman that a cousin of his had lately become a protestant; and that his relatives finding arguments and entreaties alike vain, had shut him up in a Lunatic Asylum, in the vicinity of Dublin. The Rev. Mr. —— was much shocked at this disclosure; and expressed so much sympathy, that the young man, with the characteristic frankness of his country, invited him to accompany him to the asylum that day, as he had leave to go to see his cousin.

As they walked to the place, Mr. —— was wholly

occupied in considering what he could do to deliver this victim of papal tyranny from his prison; and regretted the necessity which obliged him to sail for England by the packet the same afternoon. On arriving at the asylum, they were conducted to a small, but comfortable apartment, where the young man was seated reading the bible. He received his cousin with a cheerful air, and his countenance beamed with surprise and pleasure when informed that the person who accompanied him was a clergyman of the church of England. After a little conversation on general topics, the cousin retired to the window, probably supposing the other two might wish to have some private discourse on a subject he did not care to listen to. Mr. —— took this opportunity of asking the young man what he could do to procure his immediate release; inquiring if he had any protestant friends in Dublin, to whom he could communicate his situation. The young man thanked him; but said he had no wish that any measures of the kind should be taken; that if he were desirous to get out, he should find no difficulty in convincing the respectable physician who attended the asylum that he was not a fit subject to be its inmate; but that he did not wish to expose his relatives to the obloquy that would attend a disclosure of their conduct towards him. He further added, that he believed they would only try the experiment for a short time; and when they found his resolution could not be shaken, they would leave him to take his own way. 'I am perfectly happy here,' said he, 'I have my God and my bible, and never feel solitary or dull; I have felt it a pleasant and calm retreat after the strife and turmoil in which I was previously engaged.'

When this anecdote was told me, it awakened recollections that had long lain dormant; reminding me of one, the mystery of whose sad tale will probably never be unfolded, till the day when the secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest. As it is many years since the circumstances occurred which I am about to relate, and they had not for a long time been recalled to my mind, until I heard the little history narrated above, I may commit a few slight inaccuracies in regard to dates, and intervals of time; but the facts of the case are too deeply impressed on my mind to admit of any mistake in stating them.

About fourteen or fifteen years since, Mrs. B——, the widow of a colonel in the army, was travelling in the north highlands of Scotland. She had left the beaten track of travellers, and was going towards a sequestered village, where she meant to pass the night. While gazing from the window of the carriage on the beautiful scenery around, she was amazed to perceive, at some distance, a human figure, utterly devoid of clothing: the poor maniac, (as there could be no doubt it was,) on perceiving the carriage, darted into the adjoining wood with the wildness and agility of a fawn, and disappeared from her view. Mrs. B—— saw no one in her little inn that evening to whom she could relate the circumstance, or inquire whether such a person had ever been seen before. Next morning she strolled out before breakfast to the outskirts of the village, and perceived at a little distance, the same extraordinary figure. Her surprise was increased by observing, that two or three other persons, who must have seen this strange sight as distinctly as herself, took no notice of it, as if it had been an object quite familiar to them. A group

of children were playing near; she asked the eldest of them, pointing to the figure, which had now moved to a considerable distance, if she knew who that was: 'It's the daft leddy,' (mad lady) said the little girl, scarcely raising her eyes from the ground, or appearing to think there was any thing wonderful in the sight.

Finding that the 'daft leddy' was well known in the village, she made inquiries about her, and learnt the following particulars. About two years previously she had first been seen in the neighbourhood; different individuals occasionally encountering her in the woods and lonely places around. When any one approached near her, she bounded off with surprising rapidity, so that all attempts to lay hold on her had been vain. She first approached the village during the severe weather of the following winter, and took shelter through the night in the corner of a shed adjoining a small farm. Finding that any attempt to go near her caused her instantly to run away, the inmates of the farm placed a plate of food in the evening before her arrival, near the straw on which she lay. They found that this was eagerly devoured. They then added, besides her meal, some articles of clothing, which they hoped she would appropriate; but these remained untouched. During the continuance of the inclement weather, she came every night to her miserable lair,—the humane villagers supplying her with food. When the snow fell thickly, and the cold was intense, she sometimes ventured to remain all day in the shed; and so far got accustomed to the sight of her own species, that she was not disturbed by persons going in and out of the shed, to remove the implements of husbandry, and other

things it contained, provided they did not come too near, or appear to take any notice of her. On these occasions the persons thus engaged heard her continually jabbering to herself in a low voice, but could make out no intelligible word except the name, Louisa Wilmot. As the season got milder, her visits to the shed were less regular; and in summer she was frequently absent and unseen for months together.

This was all that the simple villagers knew of this poor outcast; but the account deeply interested the benevolent feelings of Mrs. B. She had not been sufficiently near the poor maniac to observe her face distinctly; but her graceful air, and delicately-formed limbs, irresistibly conveyed the impression that she had belonged to the higher class of society. On her return to P——, Mrs. B. communicated what she had seen and heard to the Rev. Mr. E. and some other friends. The result of this communication was, that a subscription was raised to defray the expense of bringing the poor wanderer from the village near which she sojourned, to the Lunatic Asylum at Dundee. Two persons belonging to the Asylum were despatched in a post-chaise to the village, and, with great difficulty, succeeded in capturing her; and wrapping her in blankets, conveyed her to Dundee. Her rage was extreme on finding herself under restraint; but from the wonderful and almost mysterious influence which those accustomed to manage the insane acquire over them, she soon became less violent, and permitted the clothes which had been put on her immediately on entering the Asylum to remain on her person, which at first she had been very unwilling to do.

Soon after her arrival at Dundee, she was visited by some of the persons in whom Mrs. B.'s narrative had excited an interest on her behalf. She was (to the best of my recollection, as described to me by those who saw her) above middle height, of a commanding appearance, and apparently rather more than thirty years of age. What charms her face might once have possessed could not now be determined; as, besides the wild look, and rolling eye of frenzy, it was sun-burnt and weather-beaten. Her finely-formed hand and taper fingers were particularly remarked, as indicative of one unused to servile work. She took no notice of any one, but continued her incessant jabbering; in which, as before, the only intelligible words were, Louisa Wilmot. The word *Colonel*, too, was occasionally introduced; but the name, if any followed it, could not be discovered. Pen, ink, and paper were given her; when she immediately began to write with great rapidity, like one well accustomed to the occupation; but when the sheet was examined, it was an unmeaning scrawl, consisting merely of turns and long letters put together at random. Never was there a more complete wreck of human intellect, nor a more humiliating specimen how the finger of the Almighty can prostrate in the dust the boasted reason of man.

One peculiarity I have omitted to mention in describing her. Although her words were unintelligible, her accent was so decidedly Irish as to leave no doubt in regard to her native country. The next step taken by the humane individuals interested in her behalf, was, to send a full statement of her case to the principal newspapers in Dublin, and to all the provincial newspapers in Ireland, requesting that

any one who could communicate any intelligence respecting her would write to the Rev. J. E. of P——. They entertained little doubt of obtaining, by this means, some information concerning her, hoping that the name of Louisa Wilmot might enable her friends to identify her. The first letter received in answer to their advertisements was from a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Cork, stating that some years before, when he was sheriff of Cork, the same person had appeared in the vicinity of that city; and had been by him committed to the Lunatic Asylum there. She was then precisely in the same state of aberration of mind in which Mrs. B. found her; the one name, so often repeated, being all of her discourse that could be understood. This gentleman stated that he had used every endeavour to discover where she came from, and who were her relatives, but without success. A few months before the time she first appeared near the Highland village, she effected her escape from the asylum at Cork, and he had not since heard of her, until he saw the advertisement inserted by Mr. E.

This communication only involved the tale in deeper mystery; and they anxiously waited in hope that some other letter might arrive. Nor were they disappointed in this, as Mr. E. soon after received a letter bearing the Dublin post-mark. This was opened with a sanguine hope that it might contain some intelligence relative to poor Louisa, as they called her for distinction's sake; not, however, thinking it likely that it was her own name which was thus frequently on her lips. But this letter, so far from containing any elucidation of the mysterious history, only served to confirm some undefined suspicions that had existed

in the minds of those who saw her, of some foul play —some dark and evil deed, connected with her melancholy story. The letter was anonymous, and written in a disguised hand. It contained but a few lines, the purport of which was, that the benevolent inhabitants of P—— ought not to suffer themselves to be deluded by the person mentioned in the advertisement, as she was *quite an impostor*. What could be inferred from this, but that the guilty conscience of some one either doubted the extent to which reason was obscured, or feared it might be again restored in a sufficient degree to make some disclosures which he dreaded?

Month after month passed away, and no more tidings were received to throw any light on poor Louisa's history. The expense of keeping her at the asylum fell heavily on the individuals who first espoused her cause; and as there was now no prospect of their charge terminating by her removal into other hands, it became necessary to consider how she was to be disposed of for the future. This was ere long arranged by the energy and perseverance of the Rev. Mr. E. The managers of the Edinburgh Lunatic Asylum agreed to take her as an inmate for life, if a certain sum could be advanced to them on her entrance. The sum was of course considerable; but Mr. E. being well-known, and the case itself so touching, he soon succeeded in raising it. She was removed from Dundee to Edinburgh, as soon as the necessary arrangements were completed; and there, I doubt not, she still is, unless she has since been removed to the narrow house, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Such is the sad story of the Irish maniac; a tale at

which humanity shudders. When we read the history of a Babylonish king, the scene separated from us by thousands of miles, and the time by thousands of years, we are appalled at his fearful doom, that "he was driven from men, and did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven." But to know that all this has happened in our own day, and in our own country, to a delicate female, evidently bred in all the refinement of civilized life,—to think that a being once endowed with feelings and sympathies like our own, was driven to herd with the beasts of the field, and to endure hunger, and cold, and nakedness, and the want of all things, calls up a picture of wretchedness from which the mind recoils with horror. And had not the hand of humanity interposed, to snatch her from this worse than savage state, she might have died in lingering agonies on the cold and humid ground, leaving her putrefying carcase to be devoured by the eagles of the rock.

One of the most inexplicable circumstances in this strange tale, is, by what means a helpless maniac could find her way from the south of Ireland to the Highlands of Scotland. She was not likely to offer herself as a passenger by coach or steamer. Was she then privately and cautiously conveyed, by some fiend in human shape, to the western coast of Scotland, and there turned adrift in a waste and howling wilderness?

It would be unjust to infer that this ill-fated female must necessarily have been the victim of popish persecution; but I confess the anecdote with which I introduced this story has impressed a strong conviction on my own mind that she was so. Had she been injured on account of any fortune she pos-

sessed or was heir to—had she been wronged by a cruel step-dame or covetous uncle, the world is too jealous of any tampering with money matters, to have allowed it to pass without some one speaking out; but in such a trifling matter as religion who chooses to make mischief, and embroil himself in his neighbour's affairs?

Every one who knows the evil that dwells in his own heart, must feel thankful that the restraints of education and society prevent the inward corruption of man from breaking forth in its full power. What a fearful display of its malignant effects will be made in that awful day, when "God shall bring to light the hidden things of darkness;" when that which has been "spoken in the ear in closets, shall be proclaimed on the housetops!"

H. S. H.

[We may be excused for adding to the above touching tale, that we can vouch for its accuracy. The minister, Mr. E——, is living, to testify of its truth; as are most of the individuals concerned. Whether the poor maniac yet survives, we know not; but purpose making the inquiry.—Ed.]

SABBATH MUSINGS.

No. XIII.

How powerfully does a train of thought sometimes force itself into the mind, displacing ideas with which, a moment before, it was wholly filled! So it has just happened with myself. While dipping the pen into the ink that was to give 'a bodily form,' and transfer from my brain to my paper certain reflections on one subject, another has come before me with such startling solemnity, that I cannot pass it altogether in silence. It is this—The importance, the great importance and responsibility to the writer, of writing on religious subjects. I dare say there are few of those who are in the habit of employing themselves in this way who have not, at some time or other, felt this consideration press heavily upon them, and can therefore enter into my feelings upon it. Truly it is an humbling and a self-condemning occupation. Literary success of other kinds may gratify vanity, and produce conceit, but success in religious productions has, or should have, a directly contrary effect. There is something so awful, and at the same time so deeply humiliating, in the possibility of being perhaps the instrument of awakening, exciting, and animating others, while we ourselves are left behind in the race! Then the fearful dread, that while occupying ourselves about the vineyards of others, we may at

last be forced to exclaim in bitterness of soul, "But mine own vineyard have I not kept." It is almost too painful to dwell on the possible risk of being as it were like a stationary sign-post, pointing towards the narrow road that leads to heaven, and inducing travellers to turn into it, and remaining at the same time fixed, immoveable, while others are pressing to the goal. Oh, disgrace doubly disgraceful! What anxious self-examination, what trembling humility, what deep abasement before the throne of grace, does a glance at such a possibility produce!

Yet after all, it may be said that giving away a tract, or addressing a word of admonition to a class of Sunday scholars, or any other effort to advance the immortal interests of our fellow-creatures may suggest the same serious reflections. But no. There is something in *writing*, that I think appeals more forcibly to the conscience than any thing else. The tract may be given away, and it and the receiver lost sight of; the word of exhortation may be said, and forgotten as soon as it has passed the lips,—but the writing remains. There it stands in black and white, a silent witness, often—at least so I have found it—a sharp monitor to the writer. The simple page which even I could venture, without the fear of being too presumptuous, to address to thoughtless childhood or the unlearned poor, has often reproached me. "Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant," has it seemed to say, while some humbling instance of a difference between acting and writing rises up in judgment, and the thought comes that "to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." It was something of this feeling that made Hannah More so extremely unwilling

to avow herself the author of her first productions. She dreaded on her own part a failure in living up to the high standard she had erected for others. When *she* had these misgivings, what must not others feel!

There is another peril that lies in the path of writers on religious subjects; but I hardly know whether I shall be able to express what I mean regarding it. The same idea occurs in that very interesting work, 'Bridges on the Ministry,' where it treats on the composition of his sermons by a clergyman. I wish the book were within my reach now, that I might avail myself of the clear definition there given. This clearness in defining is, by the way, one of the most striking characteristics in the writings of the lords of the creation. I have often observed and admired this distinguishing mark: how a few bold, concise, *manly* strokes of the pen will in a moment define a point, about which a lady wielder of the quill would have bewildered herself and her readers in a whole labyrinth of words. The peril alluded to is this: The habit of viewing a subject, not with reference to self, but as to the effect it is calculated to have on others. This habit, when religion is the subject and the scriptures the study, is dangerous indeed. Self-application is apt to be forgotten, in the constant desire and aim of applying these things, and bringing them home to the heart of those for whose benefit we write. Thus the work becomes a purely mental one; the brain is busy, conscience still, and the head, not the heart, is kept in exercise.

These are serious and deeply humbling considerations. May they incite us to increased watchfulness and earnest prayer! May the dangers and difficul-

ties that beset even the path of duty, make us fly more habitually for refuge to Him who alone can deliver us from evil, so that by his grace the promise may be fulfilled, that they who water others shall be watered themselves!

And now to return to the theme upon which the above reflections intruded themselves.

There lies in my bible a slip of paper, dated 'Brussels, July 3, 18—,' and containing a text from scripture, which never meets my eye, as I open the volume, without causing the most heart-thrilling sensations of thankfulness. It is a little monument of the goodness and mercy of God. A glance at it, when under any depression or uneasiness of mind, is sure to afford relief, and to convey a delightful sense of his fatherly condescension, who stoops to hear and answer the prayer of the most unworthy. For his glory, and for the encouragement of the cast down and the weak (should this page meet the eye of any such), I record the circumstance connected with it, hoping—these being my motives—to be forgiven the egotism of thus venturing to intrude an entirely personal incident.

It was a sabbath day; the first spent in a foreign land, since new views and new feelings had hallowed that sacred season in my eyes, and made me peculiarly alive to its due observance. Weak Christian that I was—if Christian, indeed, I dared to call myself in the true sense of the word—it was not without many misgivings I had quitted the spiritual advantages of our happy islands. I felt how much I needed them, and knew well besides that what would be perfectly safe and harmless to a steady, established believer, might prove an occasion of falling to a weak

beginner like myself. These misgivings, silenced for a time, revived with double force on the morning in question, and effectually chased away the peaceful feelings with which I was wont to welcome the day of rest. Peaceful feelings indeed it would have been hard to cherish in the midst of such a scene. The streets of Brussels were thronged with multitudes of persons dressed in the extreme of the fashion, parading their nodding plumes and gaudy colours in the sunshine, or, gathered in groups, gossipping and laughing together, apparently intent on nothing but "finding their own pleasure, and speaking their own words." The windows of the suite of rooms we occupied in the hotel looked out on the *Parc Royale*, and I could see from mine the idle loungers sauntering along its promenades, or stretched at lazy length on the wooden benches under the trees. Sounds of toil came to mingle jarringly with the hum of merriment that broke the sacred rest of the sabbath. The hammer and trowel re-echoed from a half-finished house close by, upon the scaffolding of which the busy workmen were passing too and fro; and at a little fruit-stall, a few yards off, sat a young woman mending a coat. The fume of cigars, mingled with snatches of drinking songs and peals of uproarious laughter, rose at intervals to the windows, from a sort of coffee-room below; and the whole scene altogether, succeeding as it did the uneasy thoughts of the morning, was such as to fill me with dismay. It was the hour when, from every steeple and tower of favoured England, the joyful summons to the house of God was ringing, and thousands were hastening to tread its courts; and my thoughts flew back to my yet more distant home—its pleasant sabbath duties—

the quiet village church—the little band of worshippers gathered there. 'And this I have left,' I exclaimed,' to come among a people who seem to have no fear of God before their eyes! 'My heart smote me. The sense of my own weakness, and liability to be led away by evil example, overwhelmed me with dread. I fell upon my kness, and buried my face in the sofa pillows, to shut out the sights and sounds around, but I could not stifle the stingings of self-reproach within. Those words of St. James seemed to thunder in my ears—"Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God. Every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed." It may seem exaggerated to say so; but truly my agony of mind during those moments is not to be described. Weak faith struggled like the flickering light of an expiring lamp; I seemed to have let go all my hopes, and even to forget that there was One unto whom I might cry in my trouble, who would deliver me out of my distress. This must certainly have been a device of Satan, and indeed it could have been no other, since its effect was to keep me away from God, and to weaken, nay destroy, while the feeling of despair lasted, my trust in him.

At length, finding no relief in prayer, and being unable to endure this mental pressure any longer, I rose, hoping to obtain some comfort from that blessed source of consolation, the word of God. Opening the bible, which lay on the table, the first words that met my eyes were these—"Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days, so shall thy strength be." (Deut. xxxiii. 25.) Had this cheering promise proceeded from the Divine lips which once uttered those

gracious words, "Daughter, be of good comfort," the effect could not have been more soothing, more instantaneous. They were indeed like oil on the troubled waves of my spirit; and though many may consider the idea enthusiastic or presumptuous, I did then, and ever shall, feel strongly convinced that God, who despises not the sighing of a contrite heart, had himself in his tender mercy directed me to that passage. The parallel texts were peculiarly applicable, and fraught with consolation. "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." (1 Cor. x. 13.) Also Isaiah xli. 10; Joshua i. 9; Deut. xxxi. 8, &c. These I wrote out at the time, and placed the paper containing them in my bible, there to remain, and keep alive a constant and thankful sense of my Heavenly Father's love. We need these little memorials; for, alas! feelings, however strong, while they last—so strong that we think the impression can never, never fade—pass away from our deceitful hearts, and leave no trace behind. Wave follows wave in the restless current of life:—new trials, new mercies, come with the gliding years, and the sorrows and blessings gone by are forgotten; lost, and washed away by their successors on that ever changing stream.

But to turn from self, and mention two or three instances similar to the above, calculated to strengthen our faith, and to bring home to our hearts the delightful assurance of the constant presence and mindfulness of our God. That he is, indeed, about our path and about our bed, spying out all our ways, and witnessing our conflicts, is a truly happy conviction.

Could we realize it, and feel it as we ought, we should never have an uneasy moment, but should experience the ample fulfilment of that beautiful promise in Isaiah, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee."

One who had been long living without God in the world, and who, owing to the early loss of parents, and an education in foreign courts, was destitute even of that head knowledge of religion which most nominal Christians possess, was brought from darkness to light by means of severe affliction. Her natural disposition was very untoward, and from being 'nursed in the lap of luxury,' and unaccustomed to controul, many evil tempers had gained a powerful ascendancy. These, when she became spiritually enlightened, were a source of constant and bitter regrets:—her struggles with herself were most painful, and never did I see such deep and utter self-abhorrence as hers. Every fall,—and they were many at first,—was succeeded by pangs of remorse, and often by the most distracting and agitating doubts as to her state. On one occasion, when her wayward temper had again caused her to transgress, the distress of mind that followed was such as to reduce her almost to despair. She thought of her sin with horror; its magnitude in the sight of Him who is too pure to behold iniquity, made her believe she could never find acceptance. 'I have been deluding myself with a false hope,' she exclaimed. 'No; I have not been really renewed by that Holy Spirit, to whose meek and gentle fruits my ungovernable passion is so contrary: surely I am not, I cannot be, a child of God.' After coming to this hopeless conclusion, she took her bible, more with the idea of seeing

this wretched sentence against herself confirmed, than with any expectation of finding relief in her distress. The first passage that presented itself was this:—

"O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not omforted! behold I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires."

"And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children." (Isaiah liv. 11—13.)

'Think what were my feelings,' she said, 'on reading those beautiful verses; and how they strengthened me in my after conflicts with myself.' The last was peculiarly cheering; it touched a tender chord, for she was a fond and anxious mother, and the spiritual welfare of her little ones was the object nearest her heart. I cannot forget her beaming and hopeful countenance as she repeated the words a second time with the deepest feeling. And it was fulfilled, that promise; not in the way perhaps that poor, weak, short-sighted human nature would have desired;—but divine grace triumphed over the yearnings of the mother's heart, and consoled her, even in the midst of her tears, with the view by faith of the 'great peace of her children' in that better land to which their Heavenly Father so soon removed them.

The next instance is a well-known one, occurring as it does in a book familiar to all, 'The Retrospect.' I cannot resist the temptation of transcribing it here; first, because it is so exactly a case in point; and, secondly, becouse of the sanction its authority confers on the foregoing. For surely no one who is acquainted with the sober, rational, sailor-like, straightforward character of the author of 'The Retrospect,'

stamped as it is with such frank and manly simplicity on every page of his writings, will accuse *him* of yielding to imaginary fancies.

He says:—'Sitting alone, and for the first time reading the Pilgrim's Progress, I felt much interested; and though I understood but little of its spiritual import, I made a general application of it to myself. I considered life as a journey, beset with innumerable dangers, and myself as a traveller, surrounded by so many and great difficulties that I deemed it almost impossible but I must one day fall under them, and never reach the celestial city. It was no trifling season. I closed the book, and for the first time in my life wept over myself as a sinner exposed to much spiritual evil and many peculiar snares. Then it was I experienced what some may condemn as enthusiasm, but what I at this day humbly hope was the still small voice of God. While weeping over my forlorn condition, these words, "*I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,*" were impressed on my mind with such a distinctness and power, that, had a voice pronounced them, they could not have been received more distinctly. I had then never seen or read them, to my knowledge; but from that instant I felt confident they were a part of holy writ, and conceived some hopes of their being sent as an assurance of the Lord's mercy and goodness to me. And will the Almighty never leave, never forsake *me?* I said to myself. The thought filled my eyes and my heart, as they had never been filled before, and as I cannot describe to others.'

And now may I venture, in conclusion, to relate a circumstance not very dissimilar to the above, which was told in nearly the following words by a clergy-

man, a friend and relative of the parties. The glory to God, and encouragement to his people it is calculated to afford, must plead my excuse for introducing here an incident of private life.

Young N—— was the delight of all who knew him. High-spirited, ardent, affectionate, and kind-hearted, full of all those winning and generous qualities that so often grace the spring-time of life, it was no wonder that he was universally beloved. Of him, however, it might be said, in the words of our blessed Lord to the young ruler, "One thing thou lackest." He gave no heed to the things of eternity, and while occupied with the gay pursuits, the amusements, and studies of his age, his immortal concerns were forgotten. This was a source of much uneasiness to his mother, who was a person of decided piety. The more she loved her son, the more proud she felt of his attractive and graceful qualities, the more concern it gave her to see his total indifferenoe to his best interests. Her anxious thoughts and fervent prayers followed him to the university, where he enjoyed his usual popularity, and took the lead in every thing, among his young companions. She hoped, however, that when time had a little sobered the buoyancy of youthful spirits more serious feelings would ensue, and continued to put her trust in, and offer up her petitions to that God in whose hands are the hearts of all.

Meantime young N—— pursued his collegiate career with ardour and success. His friends exulted in his brilliant prospects, and were looking forward to his return among them, at the expiration of the term, when suddenly a letter arrived from his tutor, conveying the dreadful tidings of his having been

seized with a brain fever so violent that little hopes were entertained of his recovery. His parents set off immediately for the university, and when after travelling day and night they stood at his bed-side, he was already past all medical aid, in a high state of delirium, and quite unconscious of their presence. Thus he continued for some days, not a glimmer of reason appearing, and evidently sinking rapidly. The feelings of his distracted mother, as she watched beside him, may be better imagined than described. She saw her beloved son on the brink of that world upon which he had never bestowed a serious thought; about to enter into the presence of Him who requires from his creatures a strict account of the talents committed to their care. She knew that his fine disposition, and all those interesting natural qualities that so endeared him to his friends would avail nothing now. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." This was the declaration of Him whose word must stand, though heaven and earth should pass away. Alas! Mrs. N—— well knew that no such saving change of heart had taken place in her dying son; he had never earnestly sought his Saviour, or knocked for admittance at that only door, by which if any man enter in he shall be saved. Thoughtless and unheeding, like Gallio of old, he "cared for none of these things," or perhaps had dismissed the intrusive thought with "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will send for thee." Now his day of grace was nearly over, death was approaching with rapid strides, and what was to become of the immortal soul that was about to be freed from its tabernacle of clay?

These reflections were intolerable to the unhappy mother. Her agony of mind, while keeping her weary

vigil beside the dying young man, as she listened to her incoherent ravings, and poured forth her supplications to the Lord "in bitterness of soul" is not to be described. At length, exhausted with weeping and fatigue she sank into that heavy stupor which so often follows great mental suffering:

'For there's a mighty lethargy in woe.'

On awaking out of this she received an answer to her prayers, and an assurance of mercy extended to the object of her solicitude, perhaps the most signal and direct to be found in the experience of any believer—"Then he is gracious unto him, and saith, Deliver him from going down to the pit; I have found a ranson." These words seemed actually to sound in her ears as a message from God, and she found herself repeating over, with the most rapturous feelings, "I have found a ransom;" though at the time she was not aware of having met the passage in the bible, and could not tell in what part of the scriptures it occurred, until a friend pointed it out afterwards in Job xxxiii. 24. All anxiety was now over: and when, in a few hours, her beloved son expired, without giving any signs of consciousness, or expressing any of those blessed hopes of salvation through the blood of Christ, which it is so cheering and consoling to mourning friends to dwell upon, the mother's sorrow was not aggravated by a shadow of doubt as to the final state of her child. She felt assured that his happy spirit was among the redeemed, rejoicing before the throne of him who had "found a ransom," and she took comfort from that blessed promise, that as "Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him."

M. F. D.

MOSAIC GEOLOGY.

BEING A COMMENTARY ON THE FIRST CHAPTER OF GENESIS.

"Thus saith the Lord thy Redeemer, and he that formed thee from the womb, I am the Lord that maketh all things, that stretcheth forth the heavens alone, that spreadeth abroad the earth by myself; .... that frustrateth the tokens of the liars, and maketh diviners mad, that turneth wise men backward, and maketh their knowledge foolish."—ISAIAH xliv. 24, 25.

How great their folly is, who thus
Absurd conclusions make,
And yet their children unreclaimed,
Repeat the gross mistake.
PSALM xlix. 13.—"New Version of Psalms," in Book of Common Prayer.

VERSE 1. This may refer, as some geologists consider, to many ages before the creation of man, and it is confirmed by this and the following verse being separated from the third, which commences with a capital letter in several of the ancient English bibles: and in Luther's bible, the third verse has 1. attached to it.

So that this interval, say they, may consist of *millions of millions of years.*—Dr. Buckland; Dr. Pusey; Dr. Chalmers; Bishop Gleig, &c.; Dr. Buckland's Geology, page 21.

This division, however, may have been placed to explain the notions of the writers of that age on this subject: the latter part of the second verse is also

evidently in connexion with the third. Besides which, the reason is not manifest why the earth should have been created so long before, to remain in a state of chaos, till the time spoken of in the third verse: but these geologists will say, Yes, but this time is *necessary* for the formation of the rocks and strata of the earth; and the order in which animal remains are found in the greatest depths, prove it to have been the case.

But we must not consider the assertions of *these* geologists as conclusive on this subject, for there are many others of the opposite opinion; and besides, the wisest of them are liable to error, as may be seen by some of them retracting what they had formerly advanced; not that I believe that any of these would say a word against the truth of the Mosaic account; indeed they all think that they are confirming it; but that they merely differ as to its interpretation.

But it must be remembered that we have only penetrated the crust of the earth, and that only in a few places; and that favourite theories of geologists are continually being upset by fresh discoveries; these theories being founded on too general and often false conclusions from a few facts, and then filled up by mere suppositions.[1]

[1] With regard to the various opinions of those who wish to, or of those who, sooner than own their theories fallacious, try to upset the Mosaic account of the creation:—Boubée says the world must have been created 300,000 years at least. From appearances of the mines at Elba, one author affirms them to have been worked 40,000 years ago; another author allows only 5,000. The canon Recupero assumed the earth to be 14,000 years, from the circumstance of a bed of lava taking 2,000 years before its surface is decomposed into a rich bed of soil; and from seeing, near Etna, seven lava beds, with a stra-

Thus, from remains of the saurian reptiles being found at a greater depth than those of any other living creature, they have concluded that these must have lived long before other animals, man included, as they have seldom found his skeleton very deep. From this, and from Psalm xc. 4. 2 Peter iii. 8. Job x. 5. they conclude that each of the days of creation may have been a thousand years.

But this is suiting the Bible to theories, instead of founding theories on the Bible: for at the end of every day, it says, "And the *evening* and the *morning* were that day."

As man was born in the east, from whence they spread over the earth as from a centre, we should look for their remains in that quarter principally; since, although they might have dispersed to great distances, yet these parts would be much more thinly inhabited, so that a large tract of country might be explored without finding their residence.

It is probable that at the time of the deluge men fled to the highest mountains, where we ought to look for their remains; or rather, in the plains and vallies

tum of rich earth below them: *forgetting that these could be formed of volcanic ashes, or the accumulation of sand and mud.* (Dr. Ure.)

Dr. McCulloch, in 1831, conjectured, from the depth of the coal-mines of Newcastle being 300 feet and more, and as a Scottish lake only shoals at the rate of six inches per century, that the age of the world is 600,000 years. And among others Dr. Buckland himself, in a former work, the 'Reliquiæ Diluvianæ,' stated that the gravel which covers a large portion of the northern hemisphere, including the various cave deposits, was a result and evidence of the Mosaic deluge. This, in page 95, of his 'Bridgewater Treatise,' he now refutes; thus showing, as Sharon Turner justly observes, how careful we should be in founding any theory, however strong the appearances may be, which is inconsistent with known and revealed truth. These theories are principally founded on the immense time they ascribe to the hardening of rocks, whereas numerous instances might be adduced of their rapid formation.

round these mountains, where they would be imbedded in the sedimentary strata. But many of them would have recourse to boats and other vessels, which being at length swamped would sink to the bottom of the ocean.

Animals, on the contrary, would have been more generally distributed, fleeing for their safety from each other and from man: these at the time of the deluge (not having the instinct of man) would retreat from the waters to the hills or even little hillocks, where being soon drowned, their remains may be discovered.

But it is not *certain* that all the *present* mountains existed from the foundation of the earth; for some may have been formed at the deluge, when "the fountains of the great deep were broken up;" see vii. 11. Nevertheless it is certain that there were mountains from the creation, for it says (vii. 19.) "and all the high hills that were under the whole heaven were covered;" and in verse 20. "and the mountains were covered." Whilst therefore the first step is uncertain, the whole length of reasoning may be fallacious; but we may be assured, even though it should not *appear* confirmed, and notwithstanding the assertions of men, that the Mosaic account is true in its literal and simple signification. But human skeletons have been found, and even if only one had been discovered, that would be sufficient to upset such theories.[1]

[1] Sharon Turner observes, that human remains have been discovered, though rarely. In Lower Austria, by Count Razamouski, *mixed with animals now extinct*. In France, in the department du Gard, at Poudre Jouvignarque, (Acad. de Sciences); also at Bize. In a grotto at Mount Griffon, near Palermo, they have been found with hippopotami, &c. They have also been seen at Geava (Canobio); in

St. Augustine and Theodoret supposed this verse to relate to the creation of matter and the elements, *in a former time*, into the state described in verse 2. Dr. Buckland and others again suppose, (and their opinions come nighest the Mosaic account,) that this verse signifies as though Moses had said:—This earth and heavens, which you see, were created by God in the following manner. In the beginning, on the *first day*, God created the earth in a state of chaos, "without form and void;" though perhaps more properly speaking, it was made perfect at first, but being a true sphere, and consequently covered with water, it was said, in verse 2, to be "without form;" for, in verse 9, it says, "Let the waters under the heaven be *gathered together* into one place, and let the dry land *appear*." This speaks merely of their *appearing*, not of their being *formed*.

Dr. Buckland says, in the 18th page, that 'vegetables and sea-animals are found at *equal* depths;' now vegetables were created on the *third*, and sea-animals on the *fifth* day, but how can we reconcile this when we are told that each day may have been a thousand years or so. Dr. B. affirms the existence of a *former world* and visible heavens, to be not inconsistent with the cosmogony of Moses, (page 29); and that the darkness described in verse 2, arose from the accumulation of dense vapours, which dispersed on the fourth day, but that light had existed before. Page 29, 30.

Verse 2. Even supposing that the earth *may* have

the mountains of Dalmatia (Donati and Germar); at Baden lake (M. Boue); near Krems, in Lower Austria (Count Breuner); at Kostriz, in Saxony (Sterberg); at Chili; at Dufort (M. Renaux); at Auvergne and Clermont (le Coq).

existed several years in a state of chaos before it was ultimately formed for the habitation of man; this verse positively contradicts the theories of those who imagine it to have been inhabited by animals now extinct: unless we suppose a total destruction of the globe to have taken place. For it says, "the earth was without form and *void*."

But we may take vi. 7, 19. as a proof that the earth never had existed before, with these animals upon it. For when God was going to destroy man from off the earth, he would not suffer the beasts to remain. But when Noah found grace in his sight, then God ordered that one or seven pair of all animals, according to whether they were clean or unclean, should be preserved also.

As we may therefore consider it proved that the earth has never had a former existence, as the habitation of *animals only*, and as no remains of any intelligent beings have been discovered, it is also proved that the earth has never existed before. Besides, of what advantage would it be if it had? Could not God as easily create the world out of nothing, as out of a mass of chaos? And even then, there *must* have been a time when *this* was formed out of *nothing*.

Among the *supposed* primitive animals may be mentioned the trilobite, which had its eyes, like those of a butterfly, so constructed that it could see in any direction; but of what use would they have been, when it says, "and *darkness* was upon the face of the deep."

Verses 3, 4, 5. This light (verse 3) is supposed to be a general brightness, which in verse 4 is described as collected into one place, though it may not have had

any determined form, and this was afterwards attached to the sun (see verse 16). Or these verses may be understood thus:—God caused light to proceed from him; and though God, being a Spirit, is everywhere at the same time, yet he might cause by his will, that the *effect* of his presence should be limited to one place—in the same manner that, although he is able to do all things in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, yet he divided his works of creation into six days; for, that he created all things as it were with his own hands, when he might have created them with a single 'BE,' is evident from chap. ii. 2, 3. Doubtless this was done thus in order that man might not so easily forget it, lest by being merely told that God created all things in a moment, they might (this passing their understanding) invent divers fables, and deliver them down to their descendants.

Thus, then, we may suppose "God to have *moved* upon the face of the [1] world," (see verse 2), thereby causing light to appear and pass away successively, (during which solemn procession "all the sons of God shouted for joy," Job xxxviii. 7.), and to have done this until the fourth day, when he created the lights of the firmament, to "be for signs and for seasons, and for *days* and years."

Verse 5. The evening is described before the morning, because the Jewish day commenced in the evening. Levit. xxiii. 32.

Verse 6. The waters above the firmament refer to the vapours borne upon the atmosphere, to send rain

[1] The word "waters," in verse 2. is there used for world, because the world being spherical, was entirely covered with water till the third day, when "the dry land appeared." See verse 9.

upon the earth. The greatness of God's power is here shown by making the air support a body nearly one thousand times heavier: this it does by converting it into steam. But the air not only supports water, for massive bodies of iron are likewise observed to come from it,[1] and which are supposed to have been generated therein, unless indeed we believe them to have been projected from the volcanoes of the moon; but whatever the cause, the effect is alike wonderful.

We may thus form a slight idea of the vast quantity of water which the atmosphere is capable of sustaining, especially when it has been ascertained that 150,000 *million tons* of water fall in Great Britain, in the form of rain or dew. The evaporation of the Mediterranean is so great, that it does not increase, although seven large rivers enter it, besides the *constant current* through the straits of Gibraltar. See Dr. Thomson's 'Outline of Heat and Electricity.' The mean depth of the Atlantic is three, and of the Pacific four miles (Dr. Young); and water now

[1] A stone fell in Yorkshire, in December, 1795, weighing 56 pounds (half-a-hundredweight). Sir Joseph Banks observed a great similarity in its structure with several that were picked up at Sienna, in July, 1794. The emperor Maximilian had an account drawn up of one that fell at Ensisheim, in 1492, weighing 270 pounds. A mass of iron seen by Pallas, in Siberia, which was of meteoric origin, weighed 1400 pounds. Another, found about 500 miles N. W. of Buenos Ayres, is described in the Phil. Trans. for 1788. It weighed upwards of 13 tons. A specimen of it is in the British Museum. Another mass was found in Brazil, about 150 miles from Bahia. It was estimated at upwards of six tons. A fragment was analyzed by Dr. Wollaston. Another, and perhaps the most probable theory, is that proposed by Chladni, viz. that they are bodies, or fragments of bodies, moving in open space, like the comets, which occasionally come within the attraction of the earth. But whatever their origin, it is certain that they are supported and carried round the earth, by its centrifugal and centripetal forces combined, for some time before it finally strikes it; for it is observed that they always fall in an oblique direction.

covers more than two-thirds of the surface of our globe.

Bishop Watson says that the water contained in the clouds would form a stratum round the earth thirty feet in depth. But after God had thus separated this body of water from the waters of the earth, yet there remained still sufficient to cover it. See verse 9. If to these two great bodies of water were added that contained in the bowels of the earth, as at the time of the deluge, when "the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven opened," (see vii. 11.) we need not suffer ourselves to be perplexed by the assertions of those who maintain the *impossibility* of an universal Deluge.

Verses 9, 10. Here the water is described as gathered together in different places, so as to form "seas," and thus to enable the dry land to appear. This may have been effected by means of volcanoes, and the other ever-acting powers of the earth, so as to cause the earth to rise in the form of mountains and high lands. This is confirmed by vii. 19, 20; and both these passages, by observation of the mountains themselves, few of which have any secondary strata upon them, which they would have, had they been level at the time of the deluge.

Verse 14. See verses 3—5, "days." The revolutions of the earth, therefore, if not its rotations, commenced on the fourth day.

Verse 16. Sir William Herschel discovered that the body of the sun is an opaque substance, and that its light and heat proceed from a luminous atmosphere attached to it, but 2500 miles distant from its surface.

Though the sun was created on the fourth day, yet the light that is attached to it was created on the first day. See verses 3—5. It is possible that this light was supplied by the comets, for these are ascertained to diminish every revolution.

"He made the stars also." Moses does not describe the stars as assisting the moon to rule the night, and it is uncertain whether he meant them to be included in the following verse, in "giving light upon the earth."

From this it is manifest that they may not have been created at the same time as the sun and moon. We may, therefore, conclude, that the sun and moon were created for the service of the earth, and that the stars were to assist therein, though not ordained exclusively for that purpose. This is confirmed by several of the stars being invisible to the naked eye, and the greater the power of the telescope, the more becoming visible. New stars are also continually appearing in the heavens, which Huygens concluded was owing to their light having only just reached the earth, although created from the foundation of the world; but this must be greatly exaggerated, though it would take four months for the sun's light to reach Sirius, which is the *nearest* of the stars, this is twenty-one *million* of *millions* of miles distant, and they are thought to be similar distances from each other.

From the sudden appearance of some, however, and the as sudden disappearance of others, they may be rather regarded as recent manifestations of the power and governance of an infinite Deity.

But for what cause have the stars been created?

Though we are ignorant of this, yet we may be

certain that God intended us to profit by them. If created exclusively for the sight of man, we may compare them to some of the minerals of the earth, which, though beautiful to the eye, are only stumbled upon by chance, and are of no further use to mankind, but are intended to cause us to glorify God, by convincing us of his great power. See Job xxxvi. 24. For though we may consider it as impossible that God should create such large bodies (being at least a million times larger than our earth), which may not be discovered till future ages, and then only by a solitary astronomer; and some to be kept concealed from the eye of man for ever: yet whether is easier, or which more difficult for God to create, an atom or a world, a shining mineral or a glowing sun? See Matthew ix. 5. But if, as is far more probable, from their resemblance to our sun, they are centres round which other worlds revolve, we are lost in the contemplation of the wonderful works of God. Then may be applied to them that saying of Christ to the Jews, John x. 16. "And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold, them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

Verse 20. Thus birds as well as fish are children of the ocean. They resemble each other, in their forms and the elements in which they move, and also in their manner of moving, and propagating by eggs. Dr. Thomas Willis observes that their brains are very similar; so also are their eyes.

Verse 21. This refutes the theories of those who say that the simpler kinds of animals lived first, and gave way gradually to more complex ones.

Verse 31. "And behold it was very good." To God,

whose wisdom is far above out of our sight, nothing was imperfect, but every thing was *very* good. How foolish then do we discover ourselves to be, when we find fault with the least of God's works.

(*To be continued.*)

AN IMPORTANT CONSIDERATION.

WE were so struck by the justness of the following remarks, that we take the liberty of transferring them from the columns of the 'Record,' to our pages.

'We avail ourselves of this opportunity of stating our deliberate conviction, which we trust we may be permitted to do without giving offence to any one, that there is at present a want of faithfulness exhibited by the higher clergy and dignitaries of the church, who perceive the important error and extreme danger of the doctrines now advanced by Dr. Pusey and others. We submit with all deference and respect, and only from an imperious sense of duty, that they betray unfaithfulness—we say, *unfaithfulness*—in not bearing at least as public a testimony against those doctrines as their abettors exhibit in their promulgation. And with all respect we warn them that important mischief is insidiously advancing in the church, which might have been in all probability prevented, and which may now be effectually arrested, if they will, at least, with boldness and decision declare the sense of the malignity of the evil, which we *know* they entertain.

These semi-popish and pestiferous dogmas are

being circulated and discussed everywhere. A large proportion even of educated men, especially of the young and inexperienced, are incapable of probing the subject for themselves, and their opinions are formed on the representations of others, and under the force of the authority of names. The silence of men of station, high office, and character in the church at this moment, on a subject which they feel to be deeply interesting and important, it is difficult satisfactorily to account for, and, as we have said, its effects are eminently to be deplored. They may awake *too late* to the truth of the representations we are now making. Surely no earthly or personal consideration ought for a moment to interfere with the defence of the truth of the gospel when insidiously, and therefore the more effectually assailed; and, surely, the perception by an individual that such exists in his own position or circumstances, ought to make him the more jealous fully and instantly to discharge his duty, in this matter, to the church and to his Saviour. We are not speaking at present so much of an elaborate examination into the errors, as of the frank, urgent, and public testimony to their danger, which is a bounden duty laid upon all who have influence in the church, who perceive danger approaching her, from whatever quarter, and in whatever age.'

THE FIRST BURST OF GRIEF.

A QUERY was lately introduced, by a dear friend of mine, in a letter which conveyed intelligence of the efforts being made, by various friends, to divert the mind of a bereaved widow from the subject necessarily occupying it. "Is it right to disturb the first burst of grief?" asks my friend, parenthetically.

I answer, No: it is cruel, irrational, and unscriptural. Cruel, for it would check the outlet of an overburdened heart, provided by what some call nature; that is, by the Creator of all things. Some writers there have been, whose words I should be loth to quote, unless in an instance like this, where I would fain shew that even to the most earthly and carnal natures, enlightened only by that knowledge which man may acquire by the mere use of his impaired faculties, the inhumanity of such a process is apparent, and has been strongly set forth too. Who will put a negative on that well-known assertion,

> 'The grief that does not speak,
> Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.'

To check the utterance of grief was, in the estimation of that shrewd observer of human kind, to oppress, even to bursting, the heart already too full. And is not this cruel? Again: there is even a notion of duty to the memory of a beloved object, which shrinks from the hasty oblivion that some comforters

recommend, as from a wrong inflicted on what is to them most precious. Another poet, as far removed from all spiritual knowledge as the first, but, like him, deeply read in the darkest pages of man's mind, has expressed this, with great power—at least I have felt it to be so—

> 'Oh no; it is my bosom's pride
> This last sad duty to fulfil:
> Though all the world forget beside,
> *'T'is meet that I remember still.*
> For well I know that such had been
> *Thy* tender care.'

Separation, eternal separation as regards this world, endears in some degree what was before an object of indifference: how much more does it knit the heart of affection to that which it always cherished, but has now lost! There is a positive consolation provided in the very sorrow that demands it; and once more, I ask, is it not cruel to deprive the desolate heart of this its natural balsam?

It is irrational too: even the brutes are sensible of compassionate sympathy. Try the experiment on a dog that is fond of you: if he is hurt, and you have no means of alleviating the smart, caress, and speak in mournful tones of commiseration, and you will find that he appreciates your concern: nor can any mortal affect to disbelieve that his fellow-man is much more susceptible, even in the cradle, of such soothing partnership in trouble. Is it not, then, irrational to withhold, under the plea of superior kindness, the cheap, the welcome solace? Suppose you had irretrievably lost a purse, or a pocket-book, containing the great bulk of your earthly possessions, and a neighbour, marking your distressed looks, should tell you it was a matter of no great conse-

quence; you had better not trouble yourself about it —would that reconcile you to the event?—would it not rather produce an irritation of feeling against his stoical endurance of your loss? If in a thing that a little extra exertion, the help of friends, or some unlooked-for interposition, might speedily repair, you would shrink from receiving, or proffering, such counsel in such a way, is it rational to pursue the plan, where the loss is one that can never be replaced? Once more I turn to the first-quoted author, who has, in four words, embodied the whole scope of natural feeling in the case of the unhappy victim of disturbed grief. A chieftain's castle is, in his absence, surprised, his wife and all his children slain, and the tidings are communicated with terrible abruptness. A companion, wishing to rouse the horror-struck husband and father, addresses some words of choice common-place rebuke of his indulged anguish. The reply is most thrilling—uttered in soliloquizing bitterness of spirit—

'He has no children.'

And this, be sure, is the secret response, under whatever variety of suffering, of the heart so irrationally disturbed in the first gush of sorrow.

But I long to take higher ground. Scripture is most explicit upon the subject. Under the Jewish dispensation, a long season of indulged sorrow was not only permitted but appointed, under the title of mourning for the dead. Only the frantic excesses of the heathen, leading to personal disfigurement and maiming, were forbidden. In that very ancient book, Job, what an exquisite picture do we behold of respectful abstinence from even the word of consola-

tion! Job's friends sitting on the ground beside him, day and night, until he first broke silence, is a scene as tender and touching as their subsequent expressions were harsh and cruel. David's servants were surprised, it would seem almost offended, at his ready acquiescence in the removal of his child, for whom he had so fasted and prayed, until he explained it to them: and even in the prolonged paroxysm of his immoderate grief for Absalom, it was no pious or amiable personage who essayed to rouse him from it. Ezekiel's prohibition to make lamentation for his wife, was given as a sign so amazing as to startle even the torpid minds of his idolatrous people. Our blessed Lord himself never chid the gush of sorrow, though he removed its origin. The unbelief of Martha and Mary he gently rebuked, but not their grief. Oh no; he also wept. Paul's language, too, is very strong, particularly in speaking of the mercy of God to him in raising up his sick friend: shewing how overwhelming to his affectionate spirit would have been such a grievous infliction. I have merely touched on a very few instances, from the earliest to the latest date of the inspired writings; and all may be summed up in the commandment given by the Holy Ghost, 'Weep with them that do weep.'

It may be inquired, 'How long is violent sorrow to be indulged?' If the meaning be, how long is the mourner to indulge in grief, I must reply, that is not for you or for me to prescribe; neither can we control it. Rudely, or importunately, or indeed in any way suppressing the manifestation of sorrow, does not affect its indulgence, unless to render it longer and deeper. You may force the worm inward, but that only places it further beyond your

reach. Much must depend on the individual character, and much on the real desires of the person most nearly concerned. If the question imports, 'How long are we to indulge the mourner's regret?' that depends on yourself. The royal law will here, as in every case, apply. Imagine yourself so bereaved, and imagine, too, as nearly as you can, the particular tone of the person's mind, and then consider how soon you would yourself wish to be checked, or whether you would not much rather be left to your own choice in the matter. The spirit of dictation to others, with the very strong repugnance that most of us feel against being dictated to, is an ugly feature in the human character; nothing more effectually tends to keep it back, than a habit of placing ourselves in the situation of the person with whom we have to deal, before we pronounce a judgment that is apt to be sadly warped by the innate conceit of our hearts.

But my correspondent's query related to a case of all others the most affectingly strong in its appeal to sympathy. A wife, suddenly deprived of her best earthly stay, the head appointed by Christ to a loving vicegerency in his name and authority:—one to whom, in all cases of difficulty, she could go, and ask direction, and take sweet counsel with him. The depository of all her cares, the soother of her fears, the cherisher of her hopes, and partaker of her faith. Yea, no longer twain but one flesh, typical of, and sanctified by the union of the Lord Christ with his church. Fully acquainted with all the shades of her character, the bias of her temper, the habitual turn of her mind, he could enter into every trial, and share every comfort, as no other fellow-mortal could

do. And this prop had been recently struck from under her tottering steps; this voice of counsel was silenced, the smile of love quenched, the glistening eye of sympathy closed, and the form that seemed to hover, an appointed guardian, over her path, was folded in darkness, to see corruption, and to be beheld no more, until the unknown morning of the resurrection. Could she, at the word of half-chiding remonstrance, cease to weep? Did not the very reproof, so unlike his indulgent tenderness of participation, cause a fresh gush from the wound so roughly touched, with a purpose of healing? Change of scene, a miserable dragging of the mourner from place to place, in the idle hope of divorcing her, as it were, from her own shadow—this was the method of cure prescribed by worldly wisdom. I would rather, under those circumstances, take shelter among the beasts of the field than find myself surrounded by such charlatans in the art of healing.

"Weep with those that do weep." It is while the mourner's heart is softened by your tears of sympathy that it will retain the impression of your mild persuasions to receive from the hand of the Lord the seeming evil equally as the evident good: and it is when your own yields to the influence of participated sorrow, that you will be enabled to speak words of true consolation. The first burst of grief is a sacred thing: and, in some cases, that first continues long, very long, in all its fresh acuteness. We may easily break the bruised reed; but how much sweeter to support it gently, till the Lord heals the breach, and enables it once more to stand firmly in his presence!

R. H. F.

CONTROVERSY.

THE following dialogue lately furnished me with matter for reflection: it took place at a friend's house.

'What sort of a sermon had you last Sunday evening?'

'We were, I am sorry to say, disappointed. Mr. L—— preached quite a controversial discourse, and I never find such profitable.'

'Nor I. Controversy is opposed to the spirit of love. It is a discordant string, the striking of which destroys that evenness of harmony so delightful to the sanctified spirit. If Mr. L—— becomes a controversialist, I shall seek pasturage elsewhere.'

'But surely,' I ventured to say, 'there are cases where controversy cannot be avoided, without injuring the cause of truth.'

'There may be,' replied one of the gentlemen: 'but such cases are of rare occurrence. The scriptural mode of convincing those in error, is to preach the gospel: just as the lighting of a candle is the best way to dispel darkness. Controversial preaching only rouses stronger opposition on the part of those it is directed against; and excites uncharitable feelings in the minds of others. What was the object of Mr. L——'s attack?'

'The errors of the church of Rome.'

'So I suspected. Let him, and let us, give the

bible to the poor Romanists: the simple purity of the gospel is the best and only antidote for their delusions. It is hard that we, who go to have our own souls nourished by the sincere milk of the word, should be compelled to swallow the vinegar of disputation. I, for one, have too much need of that milk to dispense with it—I never will attend a controversial preacher.'

Here the subject dropped: but when, afterwards, I communed with my own heart in my chamber, the censure passed on my good minister led me to consider whether he was indeed doing any thing opposed to the "spirit of love," in directing our attention to the grand principles in dispute between those two great opposites, the Protestant church of England, and the Papal church of Rome. But controversy in general had been denounced, and I would not narrow the question to one point out of many. If I could settle to my satisfaction what is the spirit of love, and what are its scriptural fruits, I might arrive at a conclusion to be afterwards applied as the various cases should require.

The object of love is, primarily, God in Christ; then the people who are one with ourselves in him, and, collectively, the individuals of our widely extended family,—the children of Adam. In its nature, this love is spiritual, having for its subject the undying spirit that must survive the wreck of all things, and exist for ever, in perfect happiness or in hopeless misery, according as the ingrafted blessing is embraced, or the original curse retained, during the short span of mortal life. So far, I am sure, my anti-controversial friends would agree with me: as also that the proper exercise of the gracious principle

is in the work of seeking to bring all men to the obedience of faith.

Here I found myself at the point where Mr. L—— and the others have parted into different roads, each aiming to arrive at the same goal: he by exhibiting, and they by withholding the contrasting error, while recommending the truth. Which should I follow?

"Cease ye from man:" "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, there is no light in them." To the scriptures, then, I referred the decision; and they, to my apprehension, established my pastor's as the way appointed of God: commanded by authority, and enforced by example. The old Testament would be conclusive, but some of Mr. L——'s congregation, as I know, disapprove an appeal to the law of Moses, lest it should lead us to the length of taking arms against unbelievers, and exterminating them. They, however, all admit the Psalms; and what says David, in that most spiritual portion, the 119th Psalm? "I hate every false way." Hatred is not a passive, but an active quality. He prays the Lord to remove wickedness from his dwelling: here it may be objected that sanctification in the person and household of the believer, and in the pure church of God, is alone intended: but what says the Lord himself, in the last, solemn, sublime message that he sent by inspiration to his people? It is very striking: in the midst of a rebuke, addressed to a church that had left her first love, with a menace of speedy chastisement, he says, "But this thou hast, that thou hatest the deeds of the Nicolaitanes, which I also hate." Again, while commending the faith and the constancy of another church, where even martyrdom had been endured for his

name's sake, the Lord says, "But I have a few things against thee, because thou hast there them that hold the doctrine of Balaam, who taught Balak to cast a stumbling-block before the children of Israel, to eat things sacrificed to idols, and to commit fornication. So hast thou also them that hold the doctrine of the Nicolaitanes, which thing I hate:" and then follows a call to repentance, and a threat of judgment. The denunciation against the woman Jezebel, and those who allowed her false teaching, is even stronger than these: and I am unable to conceive how the churches could put a stop to what the Lord hated, without engaging, and deeply too, in controversy. In fact, their backwardness in so doing is the evident cause of the reproof.

From the Revelation of St. John, I turned to the gospels and epistles: in the former, I find the Baptist, while preaching the kingdom of heaven, addressing the Pharisees and Sadducees in terms that my friends would scarcely reconcile to their idea of the spirit of love. In the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew, I behold the Lord himself, in some of the strongest language that ever was written, exposing the false doctrine and evil practices of the Scribes and Pharisees, warning their followers against them, and shewing how greatly their sin was aggravated by the assumption of being the only true church. This would apply to the very subject of Mr. L——'s discourse; but I wave that, and only receive it as a sanction for occasional controversial preaching. The simple exhibition of gospel truth was not used by St. Paul, as sufficient to convict the Galatians of error: the false teaching, and false teachers too, are exposed, and confuted. Spiritual darkness is not

always to be illustrated by natural. Satan is sometimes so transformed into an angel of light, that the shining of God's word is rejected as needless by those who walk in sparks of their own kindling. True, the light that is in them is darkness, and how great is that darkness! but while they consider it as light, the ministers of God have a task to perform, in proving the contrary by *rightly dividing* the word of truth. Neither is it an unnecessary work to explain the matter to their own people: we must know the extent of our brother's need, to move the bowels of our compassion towards him: we must understand the symptoms of his disease before we can properly apply a remedy.

Believers may consider themselves beyond the reach of contagion, in doctrine: but let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. We require to be built up in that which we know; and to be put in remembrance of the features that the Holy Spirit has pourtrayed, as belonging to the various antichrists who now walk on every side. We shall know no perfect harmony till we reach the heavenly place: the cry that summons us to help a drowning brother may break in rudely on our tranquil moments, may grate upon the ear, and ruffle the mind: but this is a perishing world, full of perishing souls; and blessed is the voice that on their behalf exclaims "Men of Israel, help."

A. B. D.

THE GREAT DUKE OF ORMONDE.

JAMES, the first duke of Ormonde, was a rare instance of unshaken loyalty, combined with ardent patriotism. He commenced his public career in the reign of James I, and finished it, with his life, in that of James II. Throughout the dreadful period of Charles I, and the trying perplexities of Charles II, he occupied the most distinguished position in his country; and for thirty years was invested with the viceroyalty of it. No man, perhaps, better earned the adjunct of Great, than this duke of Ormonde: in public, his life was a pattern of integrity, zeal, and self-devotion; in private, his moral character ranked equally high, as a husband, a father, a master, and a friend. Untainted with the vices of the great, even amid the shameless profligacy of the court of Charles II, and presenting in his own person a striking contrast to its impurity and corruption, it might be expected that self-righteousness, even to a pharisaical extent, would mark the secret, if not the avowed temper of the man. It is delightful to see how opposite was the reality:—the following beautiful prayer was found in his private desk, in his own hand writing, bearing the date of his son's death, the earl of Ossory, who was taken away July 30, 1680:—

'O God, by whom and in whom we live, move and have our being, I own and adore thy justice, and magnify thy mercy and goodness, in that thou hast

taken from me and to thyself, my dear and beloved son. My sins have called for this correction, and thou didst hold thy hand till thy patience was justly wearied by my continual and unrepented transgressions; thou gavest thy blessed Son for my redemption, and that such redemption offered on the cross for me might not be fruitless, thou hast sent this affliction to call me to repentance, and to make me inwardly consider and behold that Saviour whom my accursed sins have nailed to the cross, and pierced to the heart.

'From my childhood to my declined age, thou hast made use of all thy wondrous and manifold methods of drawing me, a sinner, to amendment and obedience; but, alas! how, hitherto, have they been in vain! thou madest me prosperous and unsuccessful, poor and rich. Thou broughtest me into dangers, and gavest me deliverance; thou leddest me into exile, and broughtest me home with honour, and yet none of thy dispensations have had their natural or reasonable effect upon me; they have been resisted, and overcome by an obdurate sensuality. So that, if in thy infinite mercy thou wilt yet make any further experiment upon me, and not leave me to myself, the most heavy of all judgments, what can I expect, but that afflictions should be accumulated till my grey hairs be brought with sorrow to the grave? This, O Lord, is my portion, and it is justly due to me. I lay my mouth in the dust, and humbly submit myself to it. Yet, gracious God, give me leave with comfort to remember, that thy mercy is infinite, and over all thy works. In that mercy, and in the merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, look upon me; turn thy face to me, and thy wrath from me.

Let this sore affliction melt or break my heart; let it melt it into godly sorrow, or let the hardness of it even be broken by yet heavier calamities. However, at last return, O Lord, and heal me, and leave a blessing behind thee—the blessing of a true repentance, and a constant amendment—the blessing of fervent devotion, of universal obedience to thy holy laws, and of unshaken perseverance in the ways of Thee, my God. This I beg in the name, and for the sake of the all-sufficient sacrifice and merits of my blessed Redeemer.'

ERRATUM IN LAST NUMBER.

To the Editor of the Christian Lady's Magazine.

DEAR MADAM—As I believe the *Errata* pointed out in any work are not often read or attended to, permit me thus publicly to disclaim an opinion attributed to me by your compositor. I am made to say, in the last number of 'The Bystander:'—'I fear there are too many teachers of youth who overrate the power of *divine* instruction:' which seems a strange assertion for a Christian to make. It ought to have been: 'overrate the power of *direct* instruction.'

I remain, my dear Madam, yours most sincerely,

MARTHA MARKWELL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

DEAR CHRISTIAN LADY,

WITH all deference to your reply to Janette, in your January number, I feel that there is no scriptural warrant for bowing at the name of Jesus, in the creed or elsewhere. The practice is a relic of the inventions of popery, by which outward worship is substituted for inward, and the worshipper is self-deluded into reliance on meritorious observances. And we cannot be too watchful, in these days, against even the *appearance* of popish evil.

But I grieve especially over that beautiful passage in Philip. ii. being brought to bear upon the practice. The practice is for *men* to bow the head, and *women* the knee, or head. The passage is, if brought out literally (and it is only by the literalness of the passage that the practice is justified), not that the *head*, but that the *knee* should bow; neither is it that *the head of the man* should bow, and the *knee or head of the woman*, but that " at (or properly, *in*) the name of Jesus every knee should bow;" not of man or woman, but "*of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth.*" So that the literal interpretation does not justify the literal practice. If it be replied, ' True, but some outward act of reverence at the name of Jesus, befitting each sex, according to the observances of society, is intended.' Then the

literal interpretation is given up, and the *literal* practice has no warrant from this passage.

But the fact is, my dear Lady, that the passage has nothing to do with the practice at all, literally or figuratively. It forms part of a statement by St. Paul of the glorification of Jesus, when the day of his glory comes. Jesus, though equal with God, humbled himself into the fashion of a man, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross; wherefore God hath highly exalted him, so that he shall receive in the day of his glory the adoration which is due to him from all created things, whether in heaven, or in earth, or under the earth; and every tongue shall everywhere confess that Jesus is LORD, has the power and the lordship over them, to the glory of God the Father. This is the mind of God in the passage.

Pardon one, who is jealous over *every* word of his Lord; and could not but rescue a passage which has been sealed to his own spirit, as giving out a pledge of his Lord's future glorification, from the dishonour of seeming to sanction a papal and fleshly superstition. And he would observe, in parting, that it is of the highest importance to understand each passage of the word rightly; for whenever we miss the truth of it, we must fall into error; and that this is never more painfully exemplified than in the perversion of the thousand passages which speak of the Lord's glory to come.

Yours in all Christian fellowship,
ONE OF THE LORD'S WATCHMEN.

WE readily insert the foregoing, because the writer has given us his name; and we honour him as being

a truly pious minister of the gospel. We also desire to have the matter fairly argued out, within reasonable bounds. For ourselves, we continue of the same mind, as regards the propriety of the observance; even apart from all direct scriptural authority. The Holy Ghost has left many things to the judgment of the church. We use the expression in its utmost latitude, including every congregation of spiritual worshippers. Now the question arises, how far we are to pursue the work of innovation: whether all that the godly reformers of our national faith, the Protestant fathers of our national church, is to be swept away: or how much, or how little of it? Some object to the sign of the cross in baptism: we consider the rite as equally perfect without it, yet would be very sorry to see that expressive part of the ceremony omitted. In like manner, many things that now are done decently and in order, must become a mass of confusion and contradiction, if individual ministers, or single congregations, still professing to adhere to the ritual of the established church, are to prune away whatsoever does not exactly fall in with their respective prepossessions.

The monstrous abuses, we will say the abominations, introduced into the worship of some churches, particularly in Oxford, we utterly repudiate and abhor: they amount to external idolatry, whatever the secret intention may be: but we hope that some clerical friend may be induced to give us a few paragraphs on the subject of bowing at the name of Jesus, calculated to place it in a less objectionable light than our excellent correspondent has done. We honour his conscientious scruples: and he will not chide us for so far retaining our own.—ED.]

BISHOP RAVENSCROFT.

I DOUBT not that amongst the readers of the Christian Lady's Magazine, many, like myself, are readers of the Church of England Magazine also. In a recent number of the latter a very interesting paper, entitled, 'The Lay Reader,' contained an anecdote connected with the late excellent Bishop Ravenscroft, of South Carolina. This allusion to him brought to my mind some of the circumstances of his remarkable history, which were once related to me by one who had been his personal friend. I wish I could recount them in the very words in which they were told to me: but I remember the facts, and they are very striking in themselves.

Mr. Ravenscroft's family was of Scottish origin, and he was sent to study at Edinburgh, from whence he returned to take possession of a large property which he inherited in one of the southern states. He had imbibed infidel principles, and was dreadfully profane; so that it was a common saying, of any one remarkable for profligate character and profane language, that he was 'as bad as Mr. Ravenscroft.' But in him—as in the case of one who was also once "a blasphemer"—the Lord "showed forth all long-suffering;" and to him also "the word of reconcilation" was to be afterwards committed, although to human eyes he appeared hardened beyond hope in obstinate rebellion. In this state he continued till he was

about forty years of age. At this time one of the negroes on his plantation, who had equalled his master in his habitual profaneness of speaking, became a truly religious character, and in consequence was heard to swear no more. Mr. Ravenscroft ridiculed the idea of this change having been produced by religious principle, and said that he could do the same as his slave had done, by force of his own resolution. Accordingly he several times resolved, and as often broke his resolution. At length being enraged at his own want of power over himself, he made a vow, with the most horrid imprecations upon himself, if he should fail to keep it. In three weeks his vow was broken, something having occurred to excite his passionate feelings. As soon as he remembered what he had done, he went into what might be called a frenzy of rage and despair, enraged at discovering his own weakness, and despairing of escaping the punishments he had imprecated upon himself. Then at once his pride seemed to be subdued; he thought there might even yet be hope from the mercy of God, and felt that there was no other hope for him; and now, for the first time in his life, as he said, he knelt down in prayer.

From that time "old things passed away and all things became new;" "cursing and bitterness" no longer proceeded from his lips, but "contrariwise blessing;" and the friend I before mentioned thought his character one of the most saintly she had ever known. As soon as he became a Christian he devoted himself to the instruction of his negroes. His words and his example had hitherto been the means of leading them in every evil way; but now he spoke to them "the word of life," with that "sweetness"

which "increaseth knowledge;" and they not only heard him speak of the "paths of pleasantness and peace," but saw him diligently seeking himself to walk in them. In a short time, the bishop in whose diocese he was, sent for him, and strongly advised him to qualify himself for greater usefulness to others, by taking orders. He replied, with an expression of the deepest humility, 'Who would come to hear *Ravenscroft* preach?' The bishop, however, at length prevailed, and he was ordained. Thus he who, a short time before, had been a rebel, became "an ambassador," to preach "the unsearchable riches of Christ." Not long after he had been thus put in trust with the gospel, to his utter astonishment, he was elected bishop of South Carolina. The first announcement of his election caused him deep distress; but after several weeks' consideration of it, he said that 'with the help of God he would accept the office.' And most faithfully were its sacred duties discharged.

'These are thy wonders, Lord of love!'

H. N.

INFANT EDUCATION.

PERHAPS a subject of higher importance, of wider extent, can hardly be submitted to the Christian public. I am very far from being of opinion that just ideas on the management of little children are so prevalent as, in the present state of society, might reasonably be expected. It is not my intention to write an essay on the evils to be avoided, and the point, to be cultivated; it would lead me into too wide a field, even were I competent to the journey. My simple object is to plead the cause of a society which is working on right principles, for the welfare of the rising generation, and which is very much in want of support,—the Home and Colonial Infant School Society.

'Societies!' some will say, 'there is no end of societies.' True—there are many, and I rejoice in it. Much is done by united efforts; much by division of labour, and though it is impossible for each individual to support all, it is not impossible that all should be supported by the Christian public. And some societies seem to have peculiar claims on particular classes of individuals. Those which relate to education, such, for instance, as the Irish School Society, the Female Education Society, &c. seem particularly to claim the attention of the numerous class of persons who gain their own subsistence by education, and the society for the improvement of

Infant Education has a superadded claim on the thoughts, the attention, and, I would say, the self-denying efforts of Christian mothers.

It is on this account that I am entreating a page in the Christian Lady's Magazine, and I am not afraid of a refusal. Were it merely for the establishment of infant schools, I should not deem the matter of so much importance. The congregating of children may be a work of good or a work of evil, according to circumstances, and knowing, as we do, the deep corruption of the human heart, we are fully justified in declining to support any Infant School, until we have satisfactorily ascertained how it is conducted. The peculiar feature of the present society is, that it endeavours to improve the system of infant tuition; and who, that looks with a dispassionate eye on the present struggle between truth and falsehood, can over-estimate the importance of sowing good seed early in the hearts of immortal beings?

A very common mistake seems to be, that what people are pleased to style education, needs not begin until a child is capable of learning to read; and competent authorities are brought forward to prove a very obvious truth, that four or five years of age is quite early enough for attempting this acquirement. But is this, as Satan would fain persuade us, sufficiently early for the commencement of the great, the real work of education? O that the words of our Lord could be universally heard, and his gracious invitation universally acted upon, "Suffer *little* children to come unto me, and forbid them not!"

The real truth is that a child is capable of perceiving, reflecting, and judging, much earlier than is commonly supposed, and the remark of a great philosopher

may be borne out by facts, that an impression never to be effaced may be made on the mind of a child under two years of age. Education may—nay *ought* to begin before a child can speak; for there are feelings within, before there are words to express those feelings.

I am not wandering from my professed object: I appeal to every mother who reads this paper to consider what she individually may do, by means of this society, to improve her own system with her little ones, and how she may repay, in some degree, the benefit conferred, by affording it her support. Many persons are probably acquainted with a valuable little work, published last year, at the request of the committee, entitled, 'Practical Remarks on Infant Education.' A personal inspection of the Model School, in Gray's Inn Road, is requested by the committee, and a visit may afford some valuable hints to those who, even in their own families, are engaged in infant instruction.

The funds of the society are, as has been already hinted, most inadequate to their work. Great economy has been exercised, and very much, considering the circumstances, has been effected. The writer would feel most thankful if this short and feeble appeal were made instrumental in withdrawing one guinea from self-indulgence, or self-gratification, to be cast into the treasury of Him whose eye is upon that treasury, and whose promised warning is, "Inasmuch as ye do it not unto one of the least of these, ye do it not to me."

M. A. S.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

MADAM,

IF you should see the propriety of introducing to your readers the subject to which this letter refers, you may probably give it a place in the 'Christian Lady's Magazine.'

The latter end of the year 1832, a few persons saw the expediency of forming a society, naming it 'the London Mental Relief Society:' its progress was impeded by the death of some of its supporters, and other unforeseen circumstances. An address was drawn up and printed, advocating the cause of the most wretched of human beings—those who have been discharged from public lunatic asylums uncured, without a home, or a place to shelter them, too often contemptuously pitied and treated with fear, or scorn, as though they were out of the pale of humanity: many of them, nevertheless, having been enlightened from above, and are the beloved of God. Being morally and legally dead, they are buried alive, as it were, in the dreary cells of a workhouse, without any human probability of their recovery—where hope is forbidden, and where sympathy cannot reach them—no one caring for their souls, or taking the trouble to investigate their mental grievances and their many wrongs. Numbers who have moved in respectable society, inheriting the good things of this life, and

possessing cultivated minds, have been reduced to penury and extreme distress, through being improperly treated in the first instance for insanity. It is not surprising that so much disunion and discord in Christian churches should prevail, whilst some members of Christ's body are suffering so intensely, and so little care is manifested towards their welfare. Please to refer to the 12th chapter of 1st of Corinthians, 25th and the two following verses.

If such a society existed as the one alluded to, it would afford an opportunity for intellectual, educated men to stand up before a public assembly, and boldly assert the power of Christ in restoring them to their reason—willing to confess with humility and gratitude, that it was not in their power to retain that ennobling faculty; ascribing all honour, power and glory to their crucified Saviour, and communicating that information which they alone can, relative to the devices of the evil one, and the stratagems of his emissaries. What iniquity would be exposed! what deeds of darkness brought to light! and what a formidable attack would be made on the strong-holds of Satan, whose interest has been, is, and ever will be, (so long as he retains power) to blind the reflecting faculties, and cause ignorance to exist on the causes, effects, and the cure of insanity. How gratifying it would be to observe the once mentally oppressed (who, through the prevailing ignorance or insanity, dared not allude to their having been treated for that malady) publicly claim, in the name of their Redeemer, those social, moral, and legal privileges which they are—or ought to be entitled to, as members of society, —demonstrating they had received "The spirit of power, of love, and of a sound mind." They would

then be recognised with some affection and respect, instead of being treated with coldness and suspicion.

Much more might be adduced, but I hope enough has been said to stimulate my sex to use their influence with their husbands, fathers, brothers and friends, that means may be adopted to emancipate that class which has been so much neglected, and so long left to writhe under the pressure of mental bondage.

I am, madam,

Yours very respectfully,

SARAH.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

'HE was, in his last years, turned to a greater severity against popery than I had imagined a man of his temper, and of his largeness in point of opinion, was capable. He spoke of the corruptions, of the secular spirit, and of the cruelty that appeared in the Romish church, with an extraordinary concern, and lamented the shameful advances which we seemed to be making towards popery. He did this with a tenderness and an edge which I did not expect from so recluse and mortified a man.'—*Bishop Burnett.*

THE FIRST CHURCH,

BUILT BY THE PURITANS IN NORTH AMERICA.

"For, from the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, my name shall be great among the Gentiles—saith the Lord of Hosts."
—Malachi i. 11.

Where Massachusetts' bay
By many a hill and wood,
And many a lonely plain,
Rolls on its mighty flood;
Deep in the forest's shade,
For ages past untrod,
Where shadows veiled the earth,
They built the house of God!

That exiled band had left
Fair Europe's ancient shore—
The home, where erst they dwelt,
Shall shelter them no more!
Nor England's violet turf,
Nor village yew-tree's gloom,
Nor pale spring-rose shall deck,
The exile's distant tomb.

They came to seek a spot,
Where they might serve the Lord,
And, "pure in heart," confess
The Saviour they adored:

His guiding care and love,
O'er all their wanderings rest—
Pleasant the desert paths,
To those thus highly blest!

Rich streams the coloured light,
Through Europe's gothic fanes,
And through the aisles resound
The organ's solemn strains—
Around the desert church,
Damp mists pervade the air,
But 'neath the roof is heard
The voice of earnest prayer.

And hearts with faith imbued,
Their supplications raise—
And lips with love inspired,
Pour forth the songs of praise:
Draw near, ye tribes of earth,
And learn the way to heaven—
By the Spirit, and the Bride,
Is the invitation given!

M. A. S. BARBER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

MADAM,

In these days of refined popery I would caution all persons who are attached to the doctrines of the established church in England, and who consequently regret the Oxford doctrines, against the incautious use of the term '*The* Church,' meaning thereby the established church of England. There is, to my mind, but one universal apostolic church, to which may be prefixed the word 'The,' and that church must be, in a great measure, invisible. I was much struck, the other day, by hearing an excellent clergyman combating the Oxford absurdities, and at the same time talking of the English established church as 'The Church.' I know he did not intend to apply the term in any exclusive sense, but in these days we ought to be careful even of our smallest expressions.

Your constant reader,

M. W.

EXTRACT

From 'Meditations and Addresses, chiefly on the Subject of Prayer,'

BY THE REV. HUGH WHITE.

'WE live in an age of decidedly increased knowledge, zeal, exertion in divine things; yea, and increased *social* prayer; but do we live in an age of proportionably increased *secret* prayer? I fear not; and to this single fact may, I think, be mainly attributed the many glaring inconsistencies and blemishes which disfigure the aspect of the professing church of Christ.

'Prayer is the divinely-appointed means of sustaining *spiritual life in the believer's soul;* of shedding on all within, the influence of divine grace, and so imparting to all without, the impress of the divine image.

'It is the feeding on the living bread which came down from heaven, to nourish the soul to everlasting life; and for the divine nourishment thus to be obtained, nothing can be safely substituted.

'Praising the bread of life, however warmly, cannot. Were you to try a similar experiment with the daily food for your body, what would be the result? And does the soul less require its appropriate nourishment, to strengthen its spiritual life?

'Distributing the bread of life to others, however

liberally, cannot be safely substituted for feeding on it ourselves, by prayer.

'Try a similar experiment, but for one day, with the body, and will not its weakened and exhausted state, at night, painfully remind you that the most active and benevolent zeal cannot supply the place of necessary food, in supporting animal life? Believe me, it can as little supply the place of secret prayer, in support of spiritual.

'Working *for* God, however laboriously, is no safe substitute for constant devout communion *with* God: yea, the more work you have to do for God, you but the more require those abundant supplies of divine wisdom, grace, and strength, which you can alone obtain by fervent prayer, and without which you will soon grow weary *in*, or weary *of* your work.'

(Might not the reverend author have added another and most dangerous alternative, '*or*, you will begin, if not to rest *in* your works, yet to look to them for your *evidences*, whereas these can only safely be found in the fruits of the Spirit, *love, joy, peace, long-suffering, patience, meekness*, &c.)

There is in the same work a paper or two on unscriptural marriage, which might afford some useful and important hints to young Christians, if the subject be admissible at all into the Magazine. But I no longer have the book, which was only lent me.

M. R.

Review of Books.

Christ Crucified; or, some remarkable Passages of the Sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ, devotionally and practically considered, in Six Discourses. By John Norman Pearson, M.A., Principal of the Church Missionary Institution, and Evening Lecturer of St. Mary's, Islington. Forbes and Jackson.

A VOLUME likely to be profitable at all times; and particularly seasonable just now. The sermons were delivered on successive Good Fridays. They are what the title page imports, devotional and practical; brief too, and simple, such as we would recommend for family reading. There is much earnestness of exhortation: such pleading with sinners as becomes the lips of those whose commission is to beseech men, in Christ's name, that they be reconciled to God.

Poems of a Traveller. By the Rev. John Hartley, M.A., Author of 'Researches in Greece and the Levant.' Second Edition, enlarged. Nisbet and Co.

THE sphere of Mr. Hartley's missionary labours has been one that could not fail to awaken classical and scriptural recollections. He has combined the two, and thrown his thoughts into verse, intermingled with prose notices. Among others, the beautiful anecdote of the Theban legion is one of the latter, with some spirited lines commemorative of those six thousand Christian soldiers, who, rather than 'sacrifice unto devils,' in the form of Roman idols, submitted to be twice decimated, and finally martyred to a man. Mr. Hartley disclaims all ambitious aspirations as a poet, aiming alone at usefulness: these little pieces, nevertheless, bear the stamp of an elegant and spiritualized mind: they will prove to the reader what they were to the author, a soothing and profitable recreation.

The Present State and Prospects of the World and the Church. By a Clergyman of the Establishment. Seeley and Burnside.

FAITHFULNESS is the character of this book. It is the production of a prudent man who foreseeth the evil, and who, hiding himself under the 'covert from the storm,' would persuade others to seek the same refuge. But this is not all: it is the trumpet sound, breathed by a true watchman, who cannot see the sword coming upon the land, and judgment begin-

ning at the house of God, without proclaiming it. We do not mean to say that on all points the author's views coincide with our own: for example, we do not expect to see the Millennium ushered in through the exclusive agency of the Holy Spirit: but on this point the author concedes far more than is usually granted by those who do not look for an open manifestation of the Lord Jesus Christ at that period. The remarks on Popery are not those of a man who has speculated at a safe distance from the scene of its practical inferences in this kingdom: he has evidently beheld the workings of that atrocious system not far from his own door. In all his declarations, whether they regard the political or spiritual development of the great plague-spot, we most heartily concur. He has come very near to the point of plain truth concerning it, to which few can attain, and which none can overpass.

Sunday Occupations. A New Story. By the Rev. C. Malan, D.D. Translated from the French. Nisbet and Co.

THIS is one of those slight, but picturesque little sketches in which Malan excels. Four good people hold a discourse on the subject of Sabbath occupation, and agree to devote a portion of the sacred day to missionary circuits in their immediate neighbourhood. Where they went, and what they did, is related at their next meeting. It is a little book of eighty pages, and may be very useful in giving hints of usefulness. Its playfulness and simplicity will recommend it to youthful readers.

Ordnance Survey of the County of Londonderry. Colonel Colby, R.E., F.R.S.L. and E., M.R.I.A., &c., Superintendent. Volume the First. Dublin: published for her Majesty's Government. Hodges and Smith.

'JUSTICE to Ireland!' cries Daniel O'Connell, and 'Justice to Ireland!' is our response. 'First flower of the earth—first gem of the sea'—continues the agitator: and we re-echo it. Nay, not only do we thus sympathize with this extraordinary personage, but greatly rejoice to see her Majesty's government yielding its powerful support to him and to us. Here is a volume, a handsome quarto, containing above 350 pages of letter-press, with some fine plans and etchings, besides plates of botanical and fossil specimens, given to the public at the very low price of twelve shillings—a book that does honour to the British nation, and exhibits in a proud light the high attainments of her Ordnance department.

We know not to how many volumes this valuable work will extend: it is a survey of Ireland, preparatory to a more equal valuation and appropriation of that bright but neglected jewel of the British crown. Colonel Colby, of the Royal Engineers, undertook the task, by desire of the House of Commons. He trained and organized for the purpose a new department, the basis of which was formed of officers and men belonging to that distinguished corps, the several branches being filled by the most scientific coadjutors they could engage; among them a perfect adept in the Irish language and antiquities. They might have sought far, very far and wide, throughout the British dominions in all quarters of the globe,

and they might have sought in vain for a spot whereon to commence their operations, in a great national military and historical work, so rich in all that can interest the soldier, the student, the protestant, as that which forms the subject of this beautiful volume —the city of Londonderry.

Inglis was no enthusiast: a complete matter-of-fact tourist, who never dreamed of dipping his pencil in the rainbow, and who has dealt very sparingly in that scarce article, Justice to Ireland. Yet he kindles into animation on the first sight of this beautiful spot, the imposing situation of which seems to have surprised him into a surrender of his phlegmatic caution. It remained, however, for the Ordnance survey to penetrate the depths where others have only gazed on the surface; and whether in reference to the natural features and history, the records, commencing with the eighth century, the locality, buildings, population, or social economy, such ample and even-handed justice has been done to Derry by the gentlemen engaged on this survey, that we grasp with grateful joy the first instalment of a debt which, in one of its items at least, we hope to see liquidated. God grant the work of honest restitution may not rest here! It is not enough to exhibit Ireland as she is: make her what she ought to be—make her what she has been—a land of gospel light and gospel love. Meanwhile, we earnestly beseech our readers to possess themselves of this interesting volume, as an act even less of personal gratification than of fair dealing towards the sister island.

THE CHURCH IN THE NAVY AND ARMY.

Being the Second Series of the Church in the Army. Innes; Hamilton and Co.

THE fearful scenes of immorality to which all are necessarily exposed, on engaging in the military or naval service of their country, are such as to sicken the heart of hope itself, when contemplating the entrance of a youthful friend in either of those paths. For ourselves, we never could see a plea of justification, or even palliation, in favour of the Christian parent who could devote his offspring to the fiery furnace of every diabolical temptation. Such things however are, even among believers; and in the extensive class of worldly people, the privilege is often sought as a very desirable thing. Of late years, God has marvellously glorified himself, by forming and owning a company of devout men, plucked as brands from that burning, and by enabling them to keep the faith, to war a good warfare, and to finish their course with joy. Now we do not regard these wonders of divine grace as affording any excuse for such as wilfully enter, or send their children into, the service: but we hail with eager gladness any work calculated to arrest the attention of ungodly soldiers and sailors, or to strengthen those among them who are enabled to confess Christ crucified. Such is, 'The Church in the Army.' A volume of interesting narratives, including much auto-biography. We desire its wide circulation, wherever England has a soldier or a tar. There are hundreds and thousands now living, who have devoted their best years to the preservation of our home blessings, in the midst of

distress, peril, and bloodshed; and who now, with crippled limbs perhaps, and ruined constitutions, certainly with hardened spirits, continue strangers and aliens to the gospel which, but for the instrumentality of their dauntless courage, would have been long since crushed beneath the arm of violence. We owe to these men a debt that defies calculation. The blood of their neglected souls cries against us. Let us employ the means placed within our reach, and by peaceful exertions promote their welfare, who scrupled not to face all the horrors of war for the maintenance of our security.

WE have lately seen a thick volume, entitled, 'The Doctrine of Election,' &c. by Mr. Erskine. It is painful to us to speak in terms of unqualified condemnation of any book, written by an amiable man, for the purpose of promoting what he considers the cause of gospel truth. We cannot, however, conscientiously refrain from warning our readers against the unsoundness of this work, which ought to have been entitled, 'The doctrine of man's free will.' In fact, it wholly subverts the scriptural plan, and confuses in a fearful manner the grand subject of which it professes to treat. We dislike the line of preaching and teaching adopted by some, who would draw out the doctrine of election into an unharmonious prominence from among the great body of divine truths: but we cannot be silent when we see an attempt made to thrust it back into oblivious darkness, and to substitute a phantom of human pride in its place.

THE beautiful 'Scripture Illustrations,' already known to the public, as having been bound up with the last edition of Scott's Commentary, are in course of re-publication, in monthly numbers, at 2s. 6d. each; with valuable explanations and remarks, from the pen of the Rev. J. A. La Trobe. This will make a splendid volume at the end of the year, the letter-press department having been assigned to one fully competent to the important work. The three first numbers are a guarantee for the whole, exhibiting the scholar, the theologian, and the Christian, and we must add, in the beauty of his style the poet, co-operating with the artist. Some of the engravings are most lovely.

TWO missionary students, who we have reason to know are fully competent to their interesting undertaking, have started a little monthly periodical, price one penny, called the Children's Missionary Magazine. The first number, for March, opens with 'A prayer for the heathen,' (one of the Collects for Good Friday) then gives an easy, familiar of Matt. xvii. 12. shewing Jesus Christ as the first missionary; and after some very sweet anecdotes of Negro and other children, concludes with a pretty hymn. We recommend it to our youthful friends.

IT is now our painful duty to relate a recent instance of what we must call an illustration of part of the second Psalm. It is well known with what devoted perseverance the Rev. E. Nangle has pursued

his arduous and difficult work in Achill: Rrpeatedly has he been made to feel that in daring to war against the abomination that maketh his country desolate, he must wrestle not only against flesh and blood, stimulated to offer personal violence, and to seek his very life, but also against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places, countenancing and encouraging the madness of the infatuated people. Still he went on; and having established both a church and school in that island, where Satan dwelleth, he recently added the formidable engine of a printing-press. A newspaper called the 'Achill Missionary Herald,' was set on foot, published, and circulated from that spot. The usual stamps were purchased, and every thing done to legalize it as one of the regular journals of the country, while its extremely moderate price ensured an extensive circulation to the important truths contained in it. By an act of the most arbitrary power, availing itself of a doubtful right reserved to the existing government, this newspaper, thus protected by the Stamp Office, has been seized at the Post Office, arrested in its circulation, and charged as a letter to those who have a right to receive it free of postage. We earnestly call on our friends to interest themselves in the case; to uphold Mr. Nangle in his just and difficult course; and to assert on his behalf the rights which, if we see not to it, will soon be wrested away, until Protestantism itself is no longer an object of toleration.

THE PROTESTANT.

I NEVER write these words at the head of my paper without experiencing a thrill of almost impatient anxiety. And, "Is there not a cause?" Months glide away, years roll on, and events succeed each other like drops from an unseen fountain descending on the rock below. Alas! these continued droppings, which few of us care to mark, are quietly wearing away the stone on which our fortress stands; and because they do not thunder down in the form of a cataract, we take no heed to dam up the stream, or to renew the defensive works that once presented a barrier to its course. I have sometimes thought of enumerating the various particulars illustrative of the effect produced; but it is a discouraging task: for, foremost on the list must stand that lukewarmness of spirit which repels with chilling indifference, or insults with unseemly levity the attempt to exhibit things as they are. The drops that fall upon our rock are not those of the pure element that represents the influence of the Holy Spirit, gently, gradually, perseveringly descending on the hardened heart of man, until, step by step, the blessed work is accomplished. It is not the sprinkling that subdues and cleanses; it is the trailing of a tainted fluid, which defiles while it corrodes—which, eating a portion away, deadens and corrupts the remainder, rendering it an easier prey to the next invasion. Truly

may we say that blindness in part has happened to our Israel; and the part so blinded comprises, as in the expiring Jewish church, the great majority of the whole. There is indeed a remnant; and concerning them we can but ask, "By whom shall Jacob arise? for he is but small."

For a long while past, the cunning perseverance of the Romish party, aided by our criminal carelessness, has prevailed to engross to themselves the appellation that no tortures could induce our pious forefathers to bestow on them. Let it be remarked in company, Such a one is a Catholic, and every body present will understand it to signify that he is a member of the church of Rome. I am always willing to attribute this misnomer either to ignorance of the meaning of the word, or forgetfulness of the last Sunday's presumed confession of "one catholic and apostolic church;" but many reject these excuses, saying they are aware it is not the correct term, but they use it from habit, or for brevity. Poor apologies these, from such as have studied the admonitory warnings of scripture against rashness of speech! 'What is there in a name?' they ask: the answer is, much every way. Names represent things; and he who wantonly misapplies the one, is on the road to misapprehension of the other. Mark the progressive effect of these minute droppings: war has recently been declared against the name of Protestant; and men there are at this day officiating in the church of England, unscathed by ecclesiastical censure, who do not scruple openly to reject it, and to assert that the Reformation ought never to have taken place: that our separation from the apostate church of Rome was a sin of schism; and that there

needed but some few curtailments and improvements in her outward seemings to render her a perfect church. In other words, they hold that the washing of a portion of the paint from off the harlot's cheek, and the throwing of a decent veil over her brazen brow, would have identified her as the chaste, and humble, and undefiled spouse of the Lord Jesus Christ! If this be not a blasphemous insult to HIM, I know not what deserves to be so called.

There is nothing in a name, so long as that name be a title of honour conferred on the enemies of our Master: but a name rises into vast importance, and is to be most emphatically repudiated, when it implies, on our part, a decided separation from and opposition to those his enemies. Indeed, the latter is the inevitable consequence of the former; and many a smile of derision, many a frown of rebuke have I endured, while witnessing, at all times and in all places, for a long course of years, that so it would at last appear. The time has arrived, and He who said to his Israel, "I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine," is perhaps overruling the madness of these infatuated men to the severing of his servants from among his foes, preparatory to putting honour upon them—the honour it may be of the dungeon and the stake—even in the very same name that their fathers gloried in, as the badge of their protest against the Antichrist of Rome. Is it then a marvel that the word should come home to my bosom, fraught with recollections and anticipations which bid me rejoice with trembling, while I consecrate a portion of my poor offering to the Christian Ladies of my country, by that sacred and honoured title, THE PROTESTANT, and that they fling a shade of

anxious uneasiness upon my spirit, amid the efforts of a deluded sect of false teachers in our own church, to wrest the pledge from our relaxed grasp?

Something must needs be done to counteract the spreading venom. Popery must be unmasked, and a higher power than man's invoked to achieve the re-conquest. Many methods have been suggested, several adopted, but all with limited success. The Reformation Society was the first to break the ground, and its steady progress, aided by publications devoted to the same object, has done much in each quarter of these islands. More recently, the Protestant Association has arisen, putting a vigorous hand to the plough, and embracing a wider range than the former, inasmuch as it meets the enemy in the compound character peculiar to that wily mystery, a political system shrouding its temporal despotism in the robe of spiritual infallibility. The extension of this society is a point of the utmost importance, but before men can see the necessity for such an engine of defence, their eyes must be opened to behold the perils that surround them. The platform and the press will combine their powers in vain, until the spirit of prayer be poured out, and the Lord intreated first to awaken us, then to save us. To this end, it is most desirable that in every neighbourhood where a few have been aroused from their lethargy, prayer-meetings should be held, with an especial regard to the humbler classes, and a revival of true Protestantism in the land made the subject of united supplication. Let all who be thus minded resolve at once to commence, whether alone, or with a single companion; whether within the circle of their own homes, or amid a group of cottages, or in a more extended

party, which the Lord will, in due time, add to his praying people. Let the rule be to set apart a special time for this exclusive purpose, to place in juxta position the sublime doctrines of salvation, as shewn forth in the pure word of God, and the debasing falsehoods by which popery has contrived to turn that truth into a lie. Let historical facts, and passing events be admitted in illustration of the evils that we deprecate, and a feeling cherished not of enmity or unkindness, but of the tenderest compassion for the unhappy victims, and the still more wretched promoters and upholders of the Romish apostacy. To pursue these exercises simultaneously is a great object: there is much encouragement in united prayer; and the solitary believer, or the single family whose hearts may be led to seek the Lord on this behalf, will derive additional encouragement from knowing that many others are similarly engaged. The first and the third Fridays in the month are those which I shall set apart, for an evening assemblage of this nature; and in order to meet the hesitation of some who may be willing, but at a loss how to proceed, the last page in each number of the Christian Lady's Magazine shall henceforth be devoted to a little sketch of the proposed service for each of those days. If any doubt the necessity for this, let them ask of God to open their eyes to the real state of the case: and they cannot waver long, if they follow up the prayer by the honest use of allowed means.

The simple statistical fact of the immense increase of popish chapels must not be overlooked. The no less obvious truth that in very many places they are building spacious accommodations, and gorgeously decorating them, where not a hundred, not fifty Ro-

manists are to be found within a wide circuit of country, must be fairly pondered, and its natural inference admitted. The readiness with which the upper classes of Protestants yield to the temptation of regaling their eyes with the splendors, and their ears with the harmony of these idol temples, with the usual penal consequences of wantonly running into temptation, will furnish farther thought; while the undisputed event of recent perversions in that rank of life cannot but rouse alarm. Then, see the novel demonstrations of Popery officially domesticated in the home of royalty, and Popery reverentially lauded from the pulpits of our church: Popery invitingly pourtrayed in tracts and magazines avowedly Protestant; and Popery jingling sweetly through the numbers of a so-called apostolic lyre. Like the plague of lice it has stolen upon us, in too minute a shape to be detected in its first advance: like the plague of frogs, it proceeds to manifest itself in a more conspicuously disgusting form, and more glaringly intrusive character: like the plague of locusts, it has begun to eat up all the green and wholesome things in the land: like another plague, it is preparing to transform the pure and living streams of gospel preaching into the loathsomeness of the blood of a dead man: like the plague of darkness, it threatens to fall upon us in paralyzing horrors, destroying the very power of motion, and cutting off all communion between its wretched victims: and when the crowning visitation comes, when the sword is drawn, and the slaughter commences, oh, who shall express the bitterness of the cry—who shall conceive the anguish of the lamentation that may proceed from every house!

All tokens are abroad that it is time to betake our-

selves to prayer; our rulers are stumbling upon the dark mountains; public faith is a name and public character a thing that we have read of in books, heard of in conversation; and, perhaps, some of us may remember a time when it was deemed a present reality. But it is vain to recapitulate: those who have eyes to see will acknowledge it all; and those who have not require our prayers, that their blindness may be removed; and with regard to our humbler fellow-subjects, we owe it to their souls that they should be apprized of the common danger, and directed to the only refuge. It may be asked, How shall we pray, and for what? A sketch shall be appended to this paper, for the use of such as desire a guide, in leading the devotions of others, or modelling their own: a churchman needs not to go far for materials, thanks to the pure protestantism of better days! It will be gratifying to learn that any Christian friend has determined to act upon this suggestion; and if it appear presumptuous thus to give the call for a general concert in the matter, the words of a devoted servant of God shall be borrowed in excuse. When the first official blow menaced the Irish church by cutting off ten bishoprics from her establishment, it was considered adviseable to convene the clergy at so alarming a juncture. No one high in place would incur the responsibility of so doing: Mr. McGhee therefore took it upon himself; and in apologising for the step, most beautifully said, 'It is a very humble officer of the church who tolls the bell to gather the congregation together.'

A Prayer, for social use, in reference to the present juncture.

Eternal God, our most mighty Protector, we, thine unworthy servants, do most humbly present ourselves before thee, in the name of thy dear Son, through whom alone we may have boldness to approach thine awful presence. We acknowledge thy power, wisdom and goodness, in delivering this realm from the deep darkness that so long overshadowed it, when the light of the glorious gospel lay hid behind the thick clouds of error; and thy holy and beautiful church became a temple of idols. We glorify thee for the great grace given to thy servants, who, in testifying to the truth of thy holy word, and resisting the Antichristian power of Rome, counted not their lives dear unto them, but yielded their bodies unto death, suffering for righteousness' sake, and bequeathing to us an unfettered Bible, and a pure worship, which we, by thy great goodness, to this day enjoy.

Thou, O Lord, hast nourished and brought us up as children, but we have rebelled against thee: Thou hast multiplied thy loving kindnesses, while we have ill requited thee, as a foolish people and unwise. We have soon forgotten the wonders that thou didst, neither have we kept thy great works in remembrance; but in defiance alike of thy warnings and menaces, we have given place by subjection to seducing spirits, and tarnished the brightness of our national faith. O Lord, to us belongeth shame and confusion of face, but to thee belong mercies and forgiveness. We beseech thee, deal not with us after

our sins, neither reward us after our iniquities, nor let the word go forth to leave us alone. Forgive, for thy dear Son's sake, our pride, our unwatchfulness, and carnal security. Let not that which we dread come upon us: let not the enemies of thy truth again prevail to darken our land, and to delude the souls of the people. O thou to whom a thousand years are but as one day, who seest all things, past, present, and to come, naked and open before thee, look upon the desolations wrought in the earth by the tyrannous hate of that wicked one who was revealed according to thy word: whose coming was after the working of Satan, and who has so often been drunken with the blood of thy saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus. Remember, Lord, the cry that resounded through the vallies and hills of Piedmont, the blood-stained weapons, the destroying flames, and groanings of prisoners appointed to die in the lonesomeness of their prison-houses. Remember how, in this land, thy people were led like sheep to the slaughter, and suffer not our enemy again to triumph over us in unrebuked iniquity. Look upon the multitudes now lying in chains of darkness, the souls yet in bondage to great Babylon, and send forth, we impore thee, the awakening call, " Come out of her, my people."

Give the word, that great may be the company of preachers to declare deliverance to these captives, throughout the world; and especially within these dominions, where the sin of suffering false prophets to teach and seduce thy people, our fellow-subjects, lies heavy upon us. Let none of us, O Lord, be longer guilty concerning our poor brethren by neglecting any means for bringing them to the know-

ledge of thy saving truth. Strengthen the hands of all thy servants, now contending for that truth, in opposition to the soul-destroying errors of the Romish apostacy; and give an abundant harvest of souls to the labourers whom thou sendest forth.

O thou who of old didst wonderfully deliver this nation from the snare, be thou still our mighty protector, and scatter the enemies who seek our destruction. Infatuate and defeat their counsels, abate their pride, assuage their malice, and confound their devices. Strengthen the hands of our beloved Queen, with all who are put in authority, with judgment and justice to restrain and controul all such workers of iniquity as turn religion into rebellion, and faith into faction; that they may never prevail against us, to triumph in the ruins of thy church among us; but that our Sovereign and her realms, being preserved in thy true religion, and by thy merciful goodness protected in the same, we may all joyfully serve thee, and give thee thanks in thy holy congregation.

Finally, O Lord God, we implore thee, on behalf of those who perceive not the signs of the times, but carelessly remain at ease in their possessions, or incredulously turn from the voice of warning, arouse them to see, and to understand, and to call upon thy name, ere yet it be too late. Shed abundantly thy Spirit upon such as are blowing the trumpet in Zion, and warning the people according to thy word. Especially give grace to the ministers of thy gospel, that they may both understand, and admonish their flocks, so that the evil day come not upon them unawares. Pour out the spirit of discernment, of prayer, of boldness and of fidelity, throughout the land; and hasten the day when, Great Babylon com-

ing in remembrance before thee shall be suffered to bewitch the earth no more with her sorceries; when, every enemy being destroyed, thou shalt take to thee thy great power, and reign. In the sure prospect of this, keep us faithful unto death, and give, as thou hast promised, a crown of life, the purchase of our crucified Saviour, in whose adorable name we offer up these our humble petitions. Amen.

FRIDAY, APRIL 6.	FRIDAY, APRIL 20.
Psalm lxxiv.; 2 Thess. ii.	Psalm xcvi.; Daniel ix. to v. 20.

Where there is no person prepared to expound, some appropriate reading may be selected from the various tracts and histories bearing on the subject. Of the former, the Religious Tract Society have several, as 'Richard Woodman,' 'William Hunter,' &c. The Reformation Society, and Protestant Association, have also a supply. 'Milner's Church History,' 'The Martyrology,' 'Southey's Book of the Church,' Strype, Fuller, and parts of 'Scott's Commentary on the Revelation,' will all afford interesting details. It would be very desirable to establish lending libraries, furnished with a view to the same object—the diffusion of scriptural and historical knowledge as to the character and workings of the Romish system.

THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1838.

CHAPTERS ON FLOWERS.

SPRING is yet young; and the severity of a biting winter has retarded the appearance of much that would, in milder seasons, have shewn itself. It was unreasonable to stroll with inquiring looks into the shady corner of my little garden allotted to that lovely summer flower, the Lily of the Valley, and examine the unstirred earth for tokens of what I had as yet no right to expect. The flower was before my mental eye, in all the delicate grace for which it is so conspicuous; and the train of thought whence originated my premature search will not allow itself to be banished. I must, then, forestal the Lily, and permit imagination to furnish the type, while in sorrowful reality the antitype engrosses my feelings.

It is now some years since the association was formed between the flower and the individual: far

more probable it was, in the course of nature, and under existing circumstances, that both should have bent over my humble grave, than that the secret link which my fancy formed between them should ever be recorded in these faint outlines of the departed. But thus the Lord has willed; and we poor children of mortality can only lay our mouths to kindred dust, and say, "Even so, Father." Flowers often appear to me to have been made for the express purpose of affording admonition to the fair and blooming: at least in their wrecked condition. I know not if the flowers in the garden that Adam was set to dress and to keep were perishable before his act of sin brought death into the world: I only know that now "the grass withereth, the flower fadeth;" and in sad unison with them "the fashion of this world passeth away." And "as for man his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth." We naturally bear witness to the beauty and applicability of the symbol, even before it has been brought home to our hearts by an unwilling appropriation—before the bright blossom that decked our own bower has been prostrated at our feet by the rending blast, the devouring worm, or the mysterious process of unexplained decay; but when that has occurred—when the flower to which the loved one was likened becomes the sad remembrancer of what has left our sight for ever, how thrilling is the appeal contained in those numerous passages of holy writ that afford us a higher than human authority for the symbol that naturally commends itself to the mind.

When I first beheld Zelia, she was as yet a bride; and certainly the loveliness of her aspect could not be surpassed. I had heard of her, as being singu-

larly handsome; but the portraiture my fancy drew came far short of the original. Her tall, elegant form, the exquisite symmetry of her features, and that delicate transparency of complexion that distinguishes the maidens of her native country—the land of soft zephyrs and gentle dews—struck me at once as entitling her to a place among the fairest flowers of the garden; and a subsequent acquaintance bringing under my observation the quiet humility, retiring modesty, and child-like simplicity of her character, assigned her a locality the fitness of which none who knew her could dispute. In loveliness, delicacy, grace and sweetness, Zelia claimed to be the Lily of the Valley among my treasures. She would have smiled, with a farther resemblance to the innocent and happy-looking flower, had she heard me say so: but she knew it not. I have seen her fair face bent over these chapters, with emotion heightening its bloom, little thinking that they were to become the record of her own short transit across my path.

Never did the most enthusiastic florist watch the pride and glory of his parterre as I have seen the appointed cherisher of Zelia fulfil his happy charge. Ardent and affectionate even beyond the common characteristic of his race, he superintended the transplantation of his delicate blossom to this rougher atmosphere from the more genial west, and even when the lip restrained its language, which was not always the case, I have marked the proud glance, scanning a whole cluster of fair girls, as in defiance of any competitor who should dispute the palm of beauty with her. I have marked it, and trembled; for I knew the frailty of the tenure whereby he held his treasure; and in the very tenacity of his grasp, I

read an augury of bereavement. Yet the contrast gave a finish to the picture; his passionate admiration threw a light, as it were, on the beauty of her calm unconsciousness of that which called it forth. I never traced in her look or gesture a movement of vanity: nor observed a ruffle on her quiet aspect, save when disturbed by solicitude for his peace; whose extreme sensitiveness laid him open to many a wound that would have been an unfelt collision to one of colder temperament. 'Awake to the flowers,' he was peculiarly liable to be 'touched by the thorns;' little would he have heeded them had he foreseen the poignard that was being sharpened for the bosom of his earthly peace and joy!

The tenderness of her concern for him rendered her delicate constitution more susceptible of injury: some severe trials of health quite undermined it, but we thought this Lily of the Valley would prove as enduring as her hardy, though delicate-looking type, which fades, indeed, and bows its head beneath the sod under a rough visitation, yet starts up again with the reviving year, and re-asserts its pre-eminence of place among the ornaments of the earth. Zelia, restored to the full bloom of health, and in the increased radiance of beauty, was, by the will of God, removed from the comparative retirement where we had met, to a scene so far dissimilar, that, had I not known her to have been a child of God I should have despaired of her retaining the resemblance to my simple Lily. It was so far the path of duty that no choice could be exercised: but the call which fixed the sphere of her husband's labours in the midst of metropolitan society exposed them both to the deadliest of all snares, popularity, and adulation.

Poor, blind, unbelieving creatures that we are! If a man but devote himself to a pursuit, if he rear and nurse a flower for his proper credit and renown, no less than his pleasure, we never suspect that he will carelessly leave it, in its promise of prime, to be rent by the gale or trampled by the hoof. We trust him that for his own sake he will guard the work of his hands. But even this poor measure of confidence we are slow to place in Him who plants trees of righteousness that he in them may be glorified. Knowing that the Lord doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men, we cannot doubt the meaning of his dispensations. If we pass by, and miss the flower, and behold no vestige thereof in its wonted place, what are we to conclude, but that the careful gardener foresaw some coming storm, or the rude intrusion of some defiling tread, and housed the delicate shrub from harm? Oh, it would have been sad to see the petals of the beauteous lily withering under a burning sun, or disfigured by the reptile's trailing course, or bruised and prostrate in the unclean soil from which it had been lifted to bloom in the pure atmosphere of heaven. It was better to contemplate the vacant spot, and to mourn over a temporary separation, with the sweet assurance that such occurred only because the Author of its being would preserve it unharmed and undefiled, to flourish in his presence, far removed from every foe.

It was by no lingering ailment that the removal of our sweet Lily of the Valley was affected. She had bided her time, and rejoiced that a man was born into the world, and smiled back, in returning convalescence, the fond father's redoubled delight as he looked on the soft blossom that reposed on her pillow.

But the pestilence walking in darkness found unsuspected admission to the scene—she was no subject for its sharp visitation—a few, a very few short days, and no more remained of that young wife and mother than what claimed the last sad office of agonized love—to be shrouded in darkness, and laid low, till the morning shall break that will know no closing night: till the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout; with the voice of the Archangel, and the trump of God: till the life-restoring mandate is issued, "Gather my saints together unto me," and the dead in Christ, rising first, shall encircle the throne of Him who comes not again to suffer, but to reign; and to fulfil the blessed promise that they who here suffered with him shall then reign with him also.

'If we suffer with him'—it is a startling 'if.' Suffer we must, for we are born to it, in virtue of our inbred guilt and corruption; but to suffer with Christ is a mysterious privilege alike inaccessible and unintelligible to the carnal mind. He alone who knows that Christ has suffered for him can suffer with Christ. It is not ours, as in the days of the infant, or awakening church, to receive the cup of persecution: the sword does not flash above our heads, nor the faggot kindle at our feet; nor are the untamed beasts of the wood let loose upon our bodies. But since to suffer with Christ is the decreed pathway to the kingdom of his glory, we may rest assured that He who has secured the end will prepare the appointed road. To contemplate the Saviour in his humiliation and affliction, and to arm ourselves with the like mind, is all that rests with us. "Be still; and know that I am God," is alike the language of preparative warning, and of subsequent support. It

is a terrible lesson for flesh to learn—yea, impossible that flesh should ever learn it: but that which is contrary to the flesh receives the stroke, and bends, with the might of a renewed will, the otherwise immoveable sinew of the neck. Oh the stupendous working that achieved the sublime victory when "Aaron held his peace."

But nature, thus subdued, is not crushed beneath the iron fetters of a pitiless conqueror. "Cast down, but not destroyed," she weeps, and finds the tenderest of all sympathy in him whose mercy smote because he loved. We know the flower is but removed from the breath of uncongenial air, and in that we cannot mourn; but the eye has lost its delight, the heart its treasure, the home its sweetest charm. How desolate now, and blighted appears the spot that was as the garden of Eden! How cold and comfortless the earth that her presence clad in beauty! It would seem as though the very sunbeam was only attracted by the flower; and now on the naked soil it strikes harshly and glaringly, repelling the gaze that it formerly gladdened. An unsupplied want oppresses the mind; a strange vacancy sickens the heart. Restless, wearied, terrified at the newness of his position, where shall the mourner find a solace commensurate with his need? In this—"If we suffer with Him we shall also reign with him." There is an immeasurable distance between submission to the cross and acceptance of it. Simon the Cyrenian, compelled to bear it, and Paul glorying in his infirmities that the power of Christ might rest on him, are the representatives of two classes whom man may confound, but who are severally discerned of God. The one bends in silent acquiescence be-

neath the burden that a stronger hand has fixed beyond his power to shake it off: the other regards his affliction as a heaven-appointed means of bringing him to a fuller participation in what Christ's sufferings have purchased for him—even that strength proportioned to his day which is doubly precious as being a fulfilled promise. A strength that he marvels at—perhaps almost murmurs to find so mighty; for the disposition of the heart is that of Jonah, when fainting he wished in himself to die, and said, "It is better for me to die than to live." It loves to brood over the loss, to conjure up a thousand torturing phantoms of past happiness, and to contrast the present gloom with the most vivid of all the day-beams that preceded it. Under this influence, many a mind has wrought itself to frenzy, and either become a wreck—a blank in the intellectual world, or nerved the hand to the commission of a crime for which there is no repentance. No, nature does not welcome the voice that, coming with power to appease the tempest, says, "Be still, and know that I am God." Poor comfort indeed it were to receive that message, if its purport respected only the absolute sovereignty with which he wields the power of life and death! The experience of one whose pride had been crushed into the dust of earth, and his glory changed into unexampled vileness, and who had learned to tremble before Omnipotence, suggested that sublime language, "All the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing; and he doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou?" But such helpless submission to irresistible power

belongs not to the Christian. To him the declaration, "I am God," comes fraught with the sweet assurance, "I am love." The hand that smote him was guided not by despotic authority, but by compassionate tenderness. He knows God as one who doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men. It pleased the Lord to bruise his beloved Son: to put *Him* to grief in whom he delighted, and to deal with him as a sinner, who did no sin. And this was love—infinite, everlasting love, in its highest exercise. The Christian knows it to be so; and he is still, even in spite of the desperate struggles of corrupt nature, desiring to rebel; for in the Godhead of his Master he acknowledges the pledge of power to save to the uttermost; and he joyfully takes hold of the strength that prostrates and paralyzes another. It is an amazing work, so to subdue the will of man; and in the mightiness of its operation the mourner feels not only that his God can do all things with him, but that he, poor mangled worm as he is, can also do all things through Christ who strengtheneth him.

These are solemn seasons indeed, when God presents himself to the soul which he has afflicted, and says, "Lovest thou me?" And if the soul be enabled with sincerity to answer, with Peter, "Lord, thou knowest that I love thee;" the stillness of spirit succeeding that colloquy, when the Lord being in his temple, all that is earthy keeps silence before him, is perhaps the nearest approach to heavenly peace that his redeemed people can know while yet in the body. The heart knows that it may sorrow; that no prohibition has been uttered to stifle the voice of woe. Rachel was not chid when she wept for her children; and

that grief in itself is perfectly innocent, who shall deny, when we point to the Holy One, "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," throughout the whole course of his visible abode among the sons of Adam. The stillness commanded is not that of apathy or of oblivion, or of forced acquiescence: it is a patient waiting for the promised crown, while bending under the predicted cross.

The Lily of the Valley will shortly appear, as tranquilly beautiful as ever, as gracefully mantled in its broad leaf, as rich in the fragrancy of its delightful perfume. And shall the feeling be denounced as unsubmissive that draws a sorrowing contrast between the gardener's acquisition and the mourner's bereavement? If so, I claim my portion of the censure, for I shall assuredly lament over it, and wish the flower that I love had been altogether blotted from the fair face of creation, so that the husband had not been widowed, or the babe left motherless. The form and the hue that bring her with more vivid fidelity before my recollection will almost appear intrusive; for nature secretly says, 'Why should these pale blossoms be found in their wonted station, while the place that knew her knows her, alas! no more for ever?' But although thus coldly greeted, the beauteous Lily will be dearer than before, for it brings a message of hope, ripening, as I contemplate it, into joy.

Last autumn I had occasion, through some changes in the arrangement of my little garden, to take up the roots of the Lily of the Valley, for an hour. It was a hacknied subject, I confess, but while looking on the small unsightly heap, as it lay at my feet, I could not but be struck anew with the wonder-work-

ing skill that was to weave such a tissue of elegance and loveliness from materials so unpromising. For the hundredth time I pondered over the nothingness of man in his best estate, supposing the uttermost of his power and craft to be expended on one of those ordinary objects. Deprived of the aid of three elements, earth, air, and water, could he, by any effort, cause it to reproduce the form that, if left to the unassisted operation of those elements, it would certainly exhibit? Impossible: he might by violence destroy the principle of vegetable life; but to call it into action, otherwise than by the way that divine wisdom had appointed, was beyond the reach of his contrivance. Glorious in creation, how much more glorious is the Lord our God in redemption! Man may reach the mainspring of his fellow's mortal existence, and wrench it away, and stop the complicated machinery in its course: but neither man nor Satan can approach the life of the soul, when restored by Him who first breathed into Adam's nostrils "the breath of lives." Dying in Adam, made alive in Christ, he that believeth on the Son of God HATH everlasting life. It is a prize in possession, not in prospect—it is what no power could confer but that which in giving stamps the gift with immortality.

I buried the roots again, and smoothed over them the earth, and left a little stick to mark where I might confidently look for their re-appearance in due season. And she, the fair, the gentle Zelia, she too has been laid low beneath the surface of the ground, and the sod is growing smooth above her, and the record of lamenting love distinguishes it from surrounding heaps. Many a successive crop of Lilies of the Valley may rise and bloom, fade and die, be-

fore the appointed time of her bright change shall come. But come it will; the Lord will have a desire to the work of his hands. He will call, and she will answer. Imagination cannot realize the scene, when the vile body—vile at its best estate—shall be changed like unto Christ's glorious body, and become like Him. Imagination cannot look into those glorious revelations; but faith, which is the evidence of things unseen, beholds it all. Affection itself sorrows not as being without hope; and that hope, that precious hope, steals upon the lacerated heart, sweetly whispering the promise, and bidding the mourners in Zion "comfort one another with these words."

C. E.

THE ear and the eye are the mind's receivers; but the tongue is only busied in expending the treasure received. If, therefore, the revenues of the mind be uttered as fast or faster than they are received, it cannot be but that the mind must needs be held bare, and can never lay up for purchase. But if the receivers take in still, with no utterance, the mind may soon grow a burden to itself, and unprofitable to others. I will not lay up too much, and utter nothing, lest I be covetous: nor spend much, and store up little, lest I be prodigal and poor.—*Bishop Hall*, 1647.

THE BYSTANDER.

No. XVIII.

THERE is an annoyance to which I have already alluded, and which I suppose others experience as well as myself; but I am disposed to think my erratic habits give me a more than ordinary share of it; I mean that of being taken to task for the misdemeanours of my Christian acquaintance; and called upon to explain why religion produces effects so exactly the reverse of what might be expected.

During a visit I recently paid to the metropolis, I spent a few days with an old friend at the west end of the town. This lady is, like myself, a spinster; and having few domestic duties to engage her, spends the greater part of her time in works of piety and charity. She is one of—I was going to say the *very small* class—but I really do not like to make this admission, so we will let it pass *par parenthèse*. She is a very judicious Christian, and possesses the art of avoiding unnecessary offence, without either compromise of principle, or departure from her accustomed practice. She is one of a large family, all of whom, except herself, are married, and only some of whom are like-minded with her; so her firmness and forbearance are often put to the test, by visits from worldly-minded sisters and gay nieces. One of the

latter was her guest during the few days I spent with her—a lively girl of eighteen; who, though she occasionally pained me by her levity, often amused me by her acute remarks and good-humoured raillery.

We seldom saw my friend Miss E. between breakfast and dinner; and as neither Julia nor I went out until two or three o'clock, we usually spent a considerable part of the morning together. As we sat at work, on the second day after my arrival, she said to me, with a sort of half-natural, half-affected, bluntness, in which she loved to indulge: 'Miss Markwell, you seem a more reasonable sort of person than the generality of aunt's religious friends; so I will ask you to solve a problem that has often puzzled me: Why are religious folks usually the most disagreeable people in the world?'

'I am not disposed to admit the allegation,' said I, smiling; 'so I cannot reasonably be expected to account for what I do not believe to be a fact.'

'It is a fact established beyond the possibility of doubt,' said she; 'and pervades all ranks from the highest to the lowest.'

'I suppose you think it pervades all sects also; and are disposed to say with the poet—

> 'Is he a Churchman? Then he's fond of power;
> A Quaker? sly; a Presbyterian? sour.'

'Exactly so; and we may add farther: Is he a plebian? he is forward and impertinent; is he a patrician? he adds pride spiritual to a vast increase of pride temporal.'

'I cannot at all agree with you, especially in the last accusation; as I know a great many exceptions to what you allege.'

'*Exceptions* indeed, for the other is the rule. Then, again, when you come to the lower classes, it is intolerable. If you deal with a religious shopkeeper, you get the worst articles; if you employ a religious tradesman, he keeps you waiting a month, and makes clumsy work in the end; if your dressmaker is religious, you may rest assured your gowns will never fit. Then when religion gets into the kitchen and servants' hall, adieu to all comfort. A religious cook spoils the dinner; and when you find fault with her, she scolds you for being so intent on pleasing your carnal appetite; a religious footman is so busy in reading tracts that he allows the house to be nearly knocked down, before he opens the door to visitors; and a religious housemaid leaves you a gallon of dust, and gives you a bushel of impertinence. Just before I left home, I rang the bell at mid-day, for the housemaid to dust the piano-forte; she scrubbed away with all the energy of ill-humour, as if she meant to get rid of the French polish; and told me it was awful to see an immortal being spend so much time strumming on that great clumsy thing.'

I was saved the trouble of replying to all this, by a loud knocking at the street-door; and as Julia, on recognizing the carriage, declared the visitors to be some dear friends of hers, I retired to my own apartment.

When we met in the drawing-room before dinner, Julia said to me, 'Miss Markwell, you and I are to enjoy a great treat this evening; we are going to Lady A—— R——'s to meet a religious lion.'

On inquiring who this personage was, she mentioned the name of a well-known Irish clergyman, whose praise is in all the churches; and then added,

'And now we shall see whether you or I are right, by the manners of the Misses R.'

'I do not know the Misses R.,' said I; 'but from what I have heard of their mother, I should expect them to be both pious and pleasing. Your aunt knows them, I suppose; does she think them agreeable?'

'Oh, they may be agreeable enough for her; but it does not follow that they will be so to you and me, whom they know nothing about.'

'Perhaps that may be in our favour; coming under your aunt's auspices, we may borrow some consequence from her.'

'O no, that is out of the question; the very announcement of our names will be sufficient to indicate that we are a couple of *nobodies*. If we were Russells, or Montagus, or Seymours, there might be some chance that we had a distant title to admission into exclusive society; but as your name, (you will pardon me,) does not sound very aristocratic, and mine is, unfortunately, one of those so common as to be frequently adapted by that well-known personage, John Smith, alias Thomas Jones, &c. &c., we shall be set down as two of aunt's religious hangers-on.'

The entrance of her aunt, of whom she stood somewhat in awe, silenced Julia's loquacity; and the subject was not renewed. At the appointed hour we went to Lady A. R.'s. We found a small party in the drawing-room, consisting only of her ladyship, her three daughters, and the Dowager Lady S. Lady A. R. received us all very courteously. The Misses R. and their married sister, Lady Y., shook hands with Miss E., but took no notice of Julia or me. Lady S. was an old acquaintance of Miss E.'s, just

returned from the Continent, where she had been for some years. Having much to hear and tell, these two ladies and our hostess sat down together on a sofa by the fire, leaving Julia and myself (I presume) to the attentions of the young ladies.

The three sisters sat together at a large round table, busily engaged with ornamental needlework, from which they never raised their eyes, nor once looked towards us. Julia at length seated herself at the opposite side of the table to that where the sisters were; and I sat down beside her, not from feeling the juvenile part of the company my appropriate companions, but patiently waiting till some one should say: 'Friend, sit up higher.' Not a word was spoken for some time, until the breaking of a needle broke the silence also; and a good deal of conversation ensued on the subject, while the needle-cases were searched, to get one of suitable size and quality to replace it. This was succeeded by another pause, during which Julia rose, and went to examine a painting that hung at the lower end of the room. When she had viewed this sufficiently, she went to a pedestal that stood near the working party, and called me to come and admire a beautiful bust that was upon it. 'Is it not delightful?' said she, pointing to the bust with an air of pretended admiration; 'such urbanity! (it happened to be the head of a fierce-looking Roman;) and one can understand what he means as well as if he spake; it is indeed the very loquacity of silence.' I was glad that the approach of the servant with coffee put a stop to her remarks, as I feared this might be followed by some still more palpable hit. While the sisters sipped their coffee, they conversed together; but as they

spoke of people and places of which we were ignorant, we took no share in the conversation. I was willing to believe that the Misses R., though I was their guest, expected me to make the first advances, on account of being so much their senior: Lady Y. being, like myself, a visitor, was not, according to strict rule, bound to entertain me. I therefore, on the name of a place being mentioned, of which name there are several villages, asked Miss R. if she meant B——, in H——shire. A cold negative was my answer. The next subject on the *tapis* was the comparative merits of different popular preachers. One whom they had heard preach the previous Sunday was mentioned with high approbation. Julia, addressing me with an air of affected simplicity, said, in a peculiar under-tone, remarkable for its distinctness and emphasis; 'I think, Miss Markwell, that is the person who lately preached an excellent sermon, either from the text, "Be ye courteous;" or, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers:" I do not remember which of the two it was.' I was much disposed to smile at this sally; but I restrained myself, and gave Julia a reproving look, which silenced her; so she betook herself to a book of prints, and I to my own reflections, until the entrance of the *lion*, as Julia called him, and the other gentlemen who had been of the dinner-party. The rest of the evening was agreeably spent in listening to the conversation of pious and sensible men, on the state of Ireland, and other topics of interest to the Christian.

As soon as Julia and I were left alone next morning, she commenced the conversation with a triumphant—'Well, Miss Markwell, what have you to say now for your fraternity, or rather sisterhood? They

do not belong to the sisters of charity, I think, if charity means love.'

'I have no hesitation in saying that I was much disgusted with the conduct of all the sisters; as even Lady Y., in her mother's house, ought to have shewn a little more civility to her mother's guests. But I must add, that I have not often met with such behaviour; and I think I may venture to say I never before saw anything like an approach to it in those of high rank; on the contrary, I think one of the great fascinations of noble society is the suavity of manner that prevails in it.'

'*Noble*, indeed!' said Julia, tossing her head; 'the Misses R. are but commoners like ourselves; their father was the younger son of a marquis, and only noble by courtesy; and if you wish to play upon words, we may say, they are ignoble by ill-breeding and spiritual pride.'

'It is neither religion nor family connections to which the behaviour of the Misses R. is to be attributed,' said I; 'a more probable cause is, that they have not yet an experimental knowledge of the difference between a sound creed, and a sanctified heart.'

'I do not draw my conclusion from the Misses R. alone,' said Julia, determined not to yield the point so easily: 'I have seen many religious ladies and gentlemen, old, young, and middle-aged, and I admit they may be very useful, and very benevolent, and very devout; all I maintain is, that, with some few exceptions, they are very disagreeable.'

'My dear Julia, what do you mean by religion?'

'I cannot give theological definitions; but I suppose I mean by religion the same thing you do; I have heard enough about it from my aunt, so I am

not ignorant of what you and she consider necessary to constitute true religion.'

'But I cannot argue with *you*, on what she and I think; I must know what you consider to be true religion.' Julia hesitated, and seemed at a loss how to reply. 'Do you not admit,' I continued, 'that true religion, in practical exercise, is following the footsteps of our blessed Saviour; that, as the scripture says, "He that saith he abideth in him ought also to walk, even as he walked?"' Julia assented. 'Then, my love,' I added, with solemnity, 'consider what a proposition you have been maintaining, that following the example of Christ makes persons disagreeable! Do meekness, gentleness, patience, compassion, self-denial, and all the other fruits of the Spirit render individuals disagreeable to you? Is it likeness to Christ that disgusts you; and will you dare to say to Him: Lord, I hate thine image when I see it in thy creatures?''

Julia was silent for a short time, and I think experienced some conviction of the enmity of her mind against the things of God; for she replied in a subdued tone, and with tears in her eyes: 'I confess myself wrong, Miss Markwell, in saying that religion is the cause of any one's faults; I believe it is the want of religion that makes both the Misses R—— and myself what we are.'

I was delighted with this honest confession, and pleased to observe that Julia was more silent and thoughtful than usual, during the rest of the day. And should any young person who may happen to read this, feel conscious of harbouring a dislike to religious people, I would solemnly advise such to put the question: 'Is it their religion I dislike, or the

evil tempers which religion has not yet subdued?' No one can be expected to like the latter; but we may often imagine we are only indulging dislike to these, while in fact we are giving vent to that enmity of the carnal mind against God which is by nature in every human being.

But though I was able to vanquish Julia, and convince her it is not religion that produces unamiableness of character, I could not conceal from myself that the caricature she drew of the conduct of some religious professors bore too much resemblance to truth. I believe it was worthy old John Newton who said, that 'a *Christian* shoe-black, ought to be the best shoe-black in the parish;' but unfortunately it is not so; for I fear it is but too common with tradesmen and servants who make a profession of piety to expect that, on this account, faults are to be overlooked in them, which would be severely reprehended in others. Yet how completely is such conduct without excuse, in those who profess to make the word of God the rule of their life! How many exhortations does it contain to Christians that they be "not slothful in business;" that they "study to be quiet, and to work with their own hands," and "provide for those of their own house!" And again, how admirable are the rules given for intercourse between the different ranks of society, which Christianity was never meant to destroy, but only to regulate; how completely are forward pretensions to equality on the one hand, and supercilious haughtiness on the other, set aside by a few simple injunctions! "Let as many servants as are under the yoke count their own masters worthy of all honour;—and they that have believing masters, let them not despise

them because they are brethren, but rather do them service because they are faithful and beloved, partakers of the benefit." 1 Tim. vi. 1, 2. And masters are not only instructed to provide for the comfort of their servants, by giving them "that which is just and equal," but are exhorted to treat pious servants as beloved brethren: "Not now as a servant," says Paul, writing to his friend Philemon in favour of his converted slave Onesimus, "but above a servant, a brother beloved." Philemon 16.

And O! what a change it would make in Christian society, if the heavenly temper and precepts of Jesus regulated its intercourse! Then would nothing be said or done "through strife or vain glory; but in lowliness of mind" would "each esteem other better than themselves." Then would "the brother of low degree rejoice" that Christianity has exalted him to such an eminence, that he needs not to envy the temporary distinction belonging to his superiors in this world, but may pay honour to whom honour is due, with the conscious dignity of being himself the "Lord's freeman;" while the rich and great would rejoice in that they are made low; having learnt no longer to esteem themselves on account of those trifling distinctions that pass away "as the flower of the grass," and which shall be altogether unknown in the world to come. Then not only would "the younger," in years and Christian experience, "submit themselves unto the elder," but according to that beautiful reciprocity of subjection to advice and reproof, inculcated by the apostle Peter, *all* would "be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility." And while the peace of God ruled in each heart, and brotherly love, not to the members of

a sect, but to the members of Christ, glowed in each bosom, what "meekness of wisdom," what "words of grace," would adorn the conversation! Alas! why does all this, which ought to be a reality, seem only a pleasing dream? To inquire into the various causes of this, would be a long and painful investigation. One cause I venture to suggest, in the way of serious self-examination to my readers and myself: Is not our reception of the precious truths of the gospel sometimes used, not as an incitement to, but as a substitute for, *personal holiness?*

MARTHA MARKWELL.

Others will say, it is a comfortable thing to know ourselves to be the children of God, and they hope they are so: they speak well of the gospel, and are glad to hear it; and like well the promise of eternal life. But they never go about to fasten and apply it to themselves by meditating of it, weighing the truth and unchangeableness thereof, and making their account to live by it, and to be conformed to it.—*Rogers*, 1610.

CHRISTIAN CIRCUMSPECTION.

"SEE that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise," is a caution no less needed by the Christians of the present day than by those among the Ephesians to whom St. Paul wrote his beautiful epistle: and I do not hesitate to give it as my decided conviction, first, that the want of circumspection among Christians causes more scandal to the church of Christ than almost any thing else, and, secondly, that when its disastrous consequences are seen and deplored, the conviction of this sin causes the contrite, heart-broken backslider more sorrow of spirit than can be conceived by those who have never known, and therefore never felt the plague of their own hearts.

And amongst Christians of the present day, who need this caution so much as *young* professors? those who are in the enjoyment of bodily health, buoyant spirits and vigorous minds, who have yet to learn the many painful lessons which damp the glowing ardour of early life, and which practically caution them to let their moderation be known unto all men. It has frequently been said, (and oh! how truly,) that youth is the season of enjoyment. Yes! to the ardent glow of feeling so peculiar to youthful minds there is something of excessive delight, almost amounting to extacy, as they eagerly pursue their enjoyments or recreations on which they have been

enabled first to ask the blessing of that God to whom they have presented themselves a living sacrifice. There is something exhilarating to their spirits in the sweet promise of spring,—in the gentle breeze of the summer evening,—in the varied tints and rich harvest of autumn, and in the sparkling icicles which hang on the otherwise bare stems of the wintry shrubs: again, in casting the eye over the beautiful scenes of hill, wood and dale, to be met with even in our own beloved land; or over the boundless sea, with the gallant ship sailing proudly on its heaving surface; or directing it upwards to the innumerable and mysterious orbs glittering in the firmament, till the eye is wearied with gazing and the mind lost in wonder. Yes, there is enjoyment, exquisite enjoyment in all these, and surely in such things the young are not forbidden to rejoice in their youth. Those who have passed the season of youth will not accuse me of overdrawing the picture of its enjoyments, if they call memory to their aid; while among those who have not I shall doubtless find many sympathizers in the sentiments I have just expressed; they will feel it it to be no overwrought or fictitious description, but a faithful representation emanating from a heart which has felt, and is still feeling, all that has been here expressed. And, oh! may thousands of the sons and daughters of the spiritual Israel continue *thus* to rejoice, and if I might plead one thing in their behalf and my own, in submission to the will of our common Father, I would supplicate that when that rejoicing is interrupted it may be by any thing rather than the bitter consciousness of having those high blessings which were bestowed that we might therewith glorify Him who gave them,—

of having, I repeat, perverted them to the crucifying our Lord afresh and putting him to open shame, to the dishonouring our holy profession, and the blaspheming our Master's name!

Many may think this a strange petition, and may consider that I place circumspection in too important a light—there are others who will, I trust, agree with me in believing that the want of it is capable of producing all these sad consequences. We who are not ignorant of Satan's devices know full well that as he does not neglect to avail himself of the despondency of some believers to attempt making shipwreck of their faith, so he will also of the rejoicing of others, in various and most insidious ways; and it will be well for us to turn from the faint picture of this fair world which we have anon been considering, and look a while at that *once* more fair, but now barren, rugged, and sin-defiled soil, the human heart, with respect at least to the subject now before us.

I said in the beginning of my paper that the want of Christian circumspection causes more scandal to the church of Christ than almost any thing else; and so I believe. Young Christians are apt to consider that when they have been enabled to quit the professedly careless portion of society and seek companionship in what is called the religious world, their need of circumspection is lessened, and they may give themselves up more entirely to the bent of their peculiar dispositions. What a refined delusion, and how worthy of the enemy of souls is this! And yet it is frequently supported in practice, though not in theory, for the admission of such a principle would lead to formidable heresy, and open the flood-gates of false doctrine. It would argue that dangerous,

false and unscriptural proposition that sin is not so displeasing to God among his chosen people as in those who have not known him—but who that feels the electing love of God would wish or dare to assert this? Let us then dread admitting that in practice the principle of which we should be shocked to acknowledge even to ourselves. Besides this, (if any other consideration be needed) is the professing Christian in this world always beyond the observation of them that are without? And is there no weak brother or sister within our influence who may stumble or offend through our own careless walk? O then never let us dare to relax in our war against every inward and cherished sin, natural to our own deceitful and desperately wicked hearts. Let me suppose a case, by way of illustration of my last point. You have a very tender and valuable plant, perhaps the gift of some deceased friend whom you loved while on earth, and whose memory you still cherish—you water your little plant, and watch it daily through the summer months, as it blooms in your garden; and as the winter approaches you say, 'My plant is too tender to remain out of doors, it must be brought into the house.' It is brought in, and placed by a window which admits a strong and blighting wind, but you cease to water it,—to cut off the dead leaves, or to care for it in any other way—'because,' you say, 'now it is in the house, it needs no more care—the cold wind may blow over the little plant, but so long as it is not really out of doors, it does not matter.' I am not much of a gardener, but I think common sense would predict that the little tender plant would not live long under such circumstances. So it is with those mistaken persons who think they

need no longer keep their hearts with all diligence, when they are professedly under the influence of godly companionship; and if the little plant of faith there does not wither, it is because some kind friend, after a time, takes the pruning-knife, and may-be he has to cut away much that is useless and corrupt, till after a long season of languor bordering on decay, it at length revives and blossoms: the Friend of sinners, He only who has power to give life to that little tender plant, and to place it in the heart of the believer, "*He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.*"

I have spoken also of the sorrow felt by the real Christian on conviction of the sin of want of circumspection; and this is on many accounts. He has betrayed his Saviour, and wounded him in the house of his professed friends—he has been guilty of base ingratitude in abusing the blessing entrusted to him—he has lost the honour of his Master, which was committed to his keeping—he has lost much of the spirituality of his own soul, and has therefore despised his birthright; in short, he feels himself to be a backslider. It is written in Proverbs, "The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways:" and this is indeed a mercy, for he not only feels his soul filled with the bitter consequences of 'his own ways,' but he also feels so filled with them as to say, "I have had enough of my 'own ways;' where are the good old paths? for I will walk in them," and He who is the way will lead him therein. I believe there can be few things in Christian experience more painful than the consciousness of having thus carelessly grieved the Holy Spirit by our want of circumspection, when we find that the world has

taken hold of some instances wherein we have been unwary, and used them to the disadvantage of the church of Christ. Satan would take advantage of this state to drive us to despair, and for a time the aching heart may be ready to meet him half-way in the desperate work. He suggests, 'Make no more profession; you have disgraced the cause enough; go back to that world whence you came out.' 'Shall I go back!' ponders the Christian; but it is only for a moment, and he hastens to the foot of the cross, casts his burden there, and cries even with tears, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" The conviction of sin to the returning child of God is indeed painful; but it is that sorrow which endureth for a night, and which is succeeded by joy in the consciousness of his Father's forgiveness and returning favor; but the apparently quiet because undisturbed living in the sins of a fallen world is more like the cruel bondage of Egypt under the merciless taskmasters and ferocious monarch.

I might write much more on this subject without saying nearly all that is in my heart about it; but I must conclude, and may possibly, if permitted, resume the consideration of it at some future time. I would only now affectionately urge my young fellow-Christians,—as you love the Lord Jesus who bought you with his own blood,—as you love the church of Christ, of which you are a member, and as you love the comfort and peace of your own souls, "see that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise."

M. W.

SABBATH MUSINGS.

No. XIV.

THE sky is of a glorious and resplendent blue, and yonder clouds piled one above another in fantastic shapes, dazzling and white, look like a mass of purest snow. The river is of the same intense and lovely azure, its calm expanse seeming to smile back in joyous gratitude the colouring shed down upon it from the skies. The air is full of brilliant sunshine, imparting warmth and gladness;—the rich green leaves of the arbutus tree and glossy laurel glitter in the beam;—blackbird and thrush are pouring forth their clear sweet notes, and many a little bird is joining its lively chirp to swell the ærial concert. Fragrant and fresh is the smell of the damp brown earth over which yon drooping snowdrops are bending their modest heads, while the gay crocuses, planted in broad and gorgeous tufts, are opening wide their yellow cups, as though they revelled in the sunshine and rejoiced in their new existence. The balmy air comes fraught with the perfume of the wallflower, polyanthus, and half-blown jonquil, those treasures of early spring;—while the hidden violet and lowly primrose breathe their fragrance from many a shady spot under the trees.

How fresh, and bright, and smiling is everything without!—within, what a contrast!—aching hearts,

pale cheeks, eyes dim with weeping. O sunny lawns, and fields, and evergreens, how can ye look so fair and verdant, when your beloved possessor is no more! Oh flowers, ungrateful flowers! how can ye bloom so brightly, when the dear hand that planted you is lifeless and cold;—when the dear eyes that did so love to watch your opening beauty, and dwell with such delighted gaze on every blossom in the rich parterres, are closed for ever in the dark chill grave. And those unsympathizing skies, so glad and radiant—those little birds singing their joyous songs, as though there were no sorrowing mourners near, no weeping ones mocked in their bitter grief by all the light, and life, and melody around.

> 'It wrings the heart to see each thing the same,
> Tread over the same steps, and then to find
> The difference in the heart. It is so sad,
> So very lonely—to be the sole one
> In whom there is a sign of change!'

But am I right in thus giving way to the overflowings of a troubled mind? Alas! I cannot do otherwise. Grief

> 'is like the glass,
> That throws its own sad colour over all.'

In vain I endeavour to direct my Sabbath musings into their ordinary course. One dire event, as unexpected as it was heart-rending, engrosses every thought. Since last I took the pen, what a scene of desolation has been this happy abode of peace and love—this meeting-place, for years, of family affection round one endearing and venerated object. How little did I think, when I so lately wrote of her[1] "dearer than all, deeply and fondly loved," and

[1] See page 134.

saw as she read the words and marked the praises of her own 'terrace walk,' the tear of gratified affection start to her eye,—how little did I think that in a few short days.....

God's will be done! Father of mercies,—God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation, enable those whom thou hast smitten to bear the stroke!

How true it is that we know not what shall be on the morrow, what a day, what a night, an hour may bring forth. No cloud of the coming sorrow that overhung this house cast its shadow upon the assembled inmates on that last happy evening they were ever to spend together in this world. There sat the honoured head and parent of the family, diffusing cheerfulness around her, active and busily employed as the youngest of the group. With what a beaming and affectionate expression she looked round upon her children and her children's children, and all her household gathered for evening prayer. All day she had been moving about among them, ministering to their enjoyments, anticipating their wishes with untiring and watchful affection, carrying her hospitable cares into every corner of her mansion. Wherever her cheerful countenance appeared, or that her light and active footsteps were heard approaching, how joyfully were they hailed! how anxiously she was entreated to 'stay a little longer.' Nearly the last errand that evening before retiring to rest was into the library, to place a sum of money for the poor in the hands of one who had often been her almoner.

Little did her children think when, as usual, she made her affectionate rounds to give to each the

good-night kiss in their rooms, that it was the last embrace!—the last time her smile would gladden them in this world. Mine was inside hers (it was a dear privilege I always enjoyed,) and I left her calmly sleeping before retiring into it. The night sped on. Oh how fearfully were my slumbers broken!—what an awakening was it, to hear my name uttered by that beloved voice in suffering and distress—to fly to her bed-side, and see and feel that she was dying?

The scene is still before me—the agony of that hour still vibrates through my frame. The pale dismay pictured in every face, as all came crowding in, roused from their beds by the astounding tidings; the old domestics gathered round the door—they who for so many long years had served their kind, indulgent mistress; the speechless anguish of those standing by the dying bed; and that beloved form supported in my arms, her dear head resting on my shoulder, her cold hands clasped in mine. 'Pray for me, Oh pray for me!' she said; and then arose the prayer in tones struggling with sobs, choking with bitter agony. How different was the calm composure of the dying saint! Yes, hers was prayer indeed—quiet, earnest, fervent, full of humility and faith. Her Saviour was her stay; to him she looked in that awful hour, committing her soul to him with such intense and energetic supplication, that it seemed to raise her very frame from off the bed. 'Jesus, dear Jesus, intercede for me,' were her last words: and then she leaned her head once more upon her grandchild's bursting heart, and there it lay, and none could tell when the immortal spirit fled, so gently it departed. We might have thought it sleep; but no—there was a beautiful

repose, a holy calm, so pure and tranquil, it did not look like earthly rest. I never shall forget the heavenly peace shed over that dear face—upon the brow and round the mouth; a sort of beaming smile, such as it never wore before. It seemed as if the angel who had come to call the spirit into bliss had left that radiant trace upon the breathless clay.

But O, to part from her—'twas dreadful! And dreadful was the struggle in those first writhing moments of bereavement. Faith trying to raise her streaming eyes to heaven, and still bowed down even to the very dust by the load of grief, too heavy almost to bear: while nature's voice, that strong and bitter cry, would not be silenced, refused to be comforted.

And then to see the absent ones arrive, summoned to pay the last sad rites. How different from their wonted visits to their childhood's home! No bounding footsteps now flew towards them with a joyous welcome; no dear and graceful form stood on the hall-door steps, watching with anxious love, eager to press them to her mother's heart ere they had gained the threshold. Sadly and slow they crossed it now. Heart-rending it was to see those manly frames bowed down with sorrow, and the soldier's eye that had gazed on many a battle-scene, now quenched and sunk in anguish. No greetings were exchanged—no words were said, but bursting sobs, and silent, agonized embraces. Each knew too well what filled the other's heart. It was a mournful meeting.

But why dwell on these harrowing scenes, as though there were no gleams of light in the dark picture. Blessed be God there were! The beloved and honoured parent, who had seen two generations grow up around her, went down to the grave full of years,

and exempted, by the merciful kindness of her heavenly Father, from the infirmities that usually attend the evening of life. She had nearly "come to fourscore years," but, thanks be to Him, her strength was not "labour and sorrow." Age had not blunted affections the warmest and most enduring that ever throbbed in woman's bosom, or quenched the playful vivacity and intelligence of an ever active mind. Her step was light, her dignified and graceful figure preserved its youthful symmetry—no faculty of mind or body was impaired—the lamp burned brightly to the last.

And is not this consoling? Oh yes, it is a blessed thought, that our beloved one was spared the often lingering and painful forerunners of removal. Sickness and suffering cast no cloud over her latter days —"wearisome nights" were not appointed her. But one short hour elapsed from the moment when her dear voice broke on my startled sleep, until these unwilling arms resigned their lifeless burden.

And there are holier sources of consolation far than this. High over every earthly solace rises the Christian's hope, the Christian's blessed prospect concerning them which are asleep—the dead in Christ. This it is that takes from death its sting, and from the grave its victory: this is the only balm that can soothe the mourner's wounds.

The life of faith, unceasing charity, and good works of her we weep, her deep-felt and unobtrusive piety, these are delightful to look back upon. She was indeed the poor man's friend. The burst of sorrow that arose from the assembled tenantry and poor, when the remains of their adored and generous benefactress were borne down the steps where she had

stood so often to listen to and relieve their wants, was a touching tribute to her unfailing kindness. It was suppressed, for there were breaking hearts within that could not have borne that sound. But when the melancholy cortège had passed the gates, and the tide of feeling was no more restrained,—long, loud, and bitter was the wail. The widow and the orphan whom her bounty had fed, crowded around the grave, and one who then stood near, said he never witnessed any thing so heart-rending as their grief. Poor creatures! unmindful of the multitudes about them, and of the rain which fell in drenching torrents, they pushed their way through every obstacle, to take one last despairing gaze of affection and regret, at that which enclosed the mortal relics of their honoured patroness, before it was hidden for ever from their eyes.

A touching anecdote of one of these humble mourners was related by a person who kindly visited her in her affliction. The poor woman was loud in her lamentations. 'Many's the heart that's sore this day,' she said, 'and well they may. They'll never see her likes again. She was a good friend to the poor—her hand was always in her purse.'

'Yes,' said the visitor, 'but notwithstanding all her good works, it was not in them that Lady C—— put her trust. Her Saviour's merits were her only dependence at the last.'

'Aye, that they were,' said the poor woman. 'Well,' she added, 'if her hand was in her purse then for the love she had to Jesus, her hand is at his side now for the love he has to her.'

How consoling are these simple words from the lips of one of the poor of this world, rich in faith!

Why then their loss deplore that are not lost?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,
In infidel distress?

It is a blessed thing, in the hour of nature's agony, when our hearts are torn with partings from those we love, to be able to look to Him who bore our griefs and carried our sorrows, and who having been tempted himself, can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. Oh! it is at such moments we feel indeed the unutterable consolation contained in those two words, "Jesus wept." He who was the resurrection and the life, even when he was about to exercise his almighty power, "wept."

Unchanged that voice—and though not yet
The dead sit up and speak,
Answering its call, we gladlier rest
Our darlings on earth's quiet breast,
And our hearts feel they must not break.

Far better they should sleep awhile
Within the church's shade,
Nor wake until new heaven, new earth,
Meet for their new immortal birth,
For their abiding place be made,

Than wander back to life, and lean
On our frail love once more.
'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.

Then pass, ye mourners, cheerly on,
Through prayer unto the tomb,
Still, as ye watch life's fading leaf,
Gathering from every loss and grief
Hope of new spring and endless home.

Then cheerly to your work again,
With hearts new braced and set,
To run, untired, love's blessed race,
As meet for those, who, face to face,
Over the grave their Lord have met.

M. F. D.

THE CONFESSIONAL.

THE following remarks were elicited from that undaunted champion of truth, the Rev. Hugh McNeile, by the publication of Mr. Nolan's recent pamphlet. We give them as they appeared in the form of an extract from his discourse.

'The consequences of this claim to judicial power in the sacrament of penance, have invested the Romish priesthood with the terrible authority which they exercise over the people, the supernatural position which they are supposed to occupy, and the attributes of God himself with which they are supposed to be invested. And to give to the sacrament of penance all the awful power which the objects of the Romish confederacy require, it is shrouded in the most inviolable secrecy. I here open a digest of the evidence taken before the Committees of the Houses of Lords and Commons, on the doctrines and discipline of the Roman Catholic church in Ireland. In vol. i. p. 271, I find the examination of Dr. Doyle, the celebrated Roman bishop.

'Would a priest think himself justified, in case he received in confession a knowledge of an intended crime, to take any measure by which he could prevent the execution of that crime?—No, he cannot.

'Could he warn the person against whom the crime is intended to be committed?—No, he cannot. If it

were once allowed to the priest to reveal a confession, under any circumstances, no criminal would come.'

At page 273, of the same volume, is the examination of the Right Rev. James Magaurin, Romish bishop of Ardagh:

'Supposing a priest to be made acquainted with an intention to commit murder, in the way of confession, would he think himself authorized to make any communication on that subject?—Any communication made to him in confession is inviolable: he cannot divulge it.

'Would he be authorized to give notice to the party whose life might be in danger?—No, I do not think he would. We believe that it is of divine institution, and as such, inviolable in its secrecy.'

At page 278, the same Bishop Magaurin is further examined:

'Suppose the case which was put to you, of an individual who had engaged in a conspiracy to commit murder becoming penitent, and confessing his intention, would the priest say to him, 'It is your duty to go to a magistrate and lodge information against the parties, in order to prevent the crime?'—He would not say that.'

And it is evident, from what follows, that the penitent would have absolution without doing so.

This is no mere fictitious or hypothetical case. A most remarkable pamphlet has just been published by a man who was a Popish priest. He says,

'During the last three years I discharged the duty of a Romish clergyman, my heart often shuddered at the idea of entering the confessional. The thoughts of the many crimes I had to hear—the growing doubt upon my mind, that confession was an erroneous

doctrine—that it tended more to harden than reclaim the heart, and that through it I should be rendered instrumental in ministering destruction to your souls, were awful considerations to me, in the hours of my reflection. The recitals of the murderous acts I had often heard through this iniquitous tribunal, had cost me many a restless night, and are still fixed with horror upon my memory. But, my friends, the most awful of all considerations is this, that through the confessional I have been frequently apprised of intended assassinations and most diabolical conspiracies, and still, from the ungodly injunctions of secrecy in the Romish creed, lest, as Peter Dens says, the confessional should become odious, I dared not give the slightest intimation to the marked-out victims of slaughter. But though my heart now trembles at my recollection of the murderous acts, still duty obliges me to proceed, and enumerate one or two instances of the cases alluded to.

'The first is the case of a person who was barbarously murdered, and with whose intended assassination I became acquainted at confession. One of the five conspirators, (all of whom were sworn to commit the horrid deed,) broached to me the bloody conspiracy in the confessional. I implored him to desist from his intention of becoming an accomplice in so diabolical a design. But, alas! all advice was useless; no dissuasion could prevail; his determination was fixed: and his only reason for having disclosed the awful machination to his confessor, seemed to have originated from a hope, that his wicked design would be hallowed by his previous acknowledgment of it to his priest. Finding all my remonstrances unavailing, I then recurred to stratagem. I earnestly besought

of him to mention the circumstance to me out of the confessional, in order that I might apprise the intended victim of his danger, or caution the conspirators against the committal of so inhuman a deed. But here ingenuity itself failed in arresting the career of his Satanic obstinacy. The conspirator's illegal oath, and his apprehension of himself becoming the victim of brutal assassination, should he be known as the revealer of the conspiracy, rendered him inflexible to my entreaties; and, awful to relate —yes awful, and the hand that now pens it shudders at the record it makes—a poor inoffensive man, the victim of slaughter, died a most cruel death by the hand of ruthless assassins. Oh, my dear Protestant countrymen, you will now naturally ask, whether am I, or the perpetrators of the bloody deed, most to be censured? I who knew the murderers and the murdered previous to the act—I who had met the intended victim of slaughter in the public streets but a short time antecedent to his death. But, my friends, the prejudices of my early life in favour of the doctrine of auricular confession, and the influence of subsequent education, instilling into my mind the inviolability of that iniquitous tribunal, must plead before my God and the public as my only apologies for the concealment of the diabolical conspiracy. And now, you Romish priests, I ask you, could the Lord Jesus institute a doctrine so monstrous in its practice, and so subversive of the principles of humanity;—a doctrine that beholds the dagger pointed at the human heart, but hushes the warning voice that would apprise the devoted victim of his danger? I must now proceed with the recital of another case, more revolting to humanity than

even the former one. It is that of a female administering poison to her parent. Her first attempt at parricide proved ineffectual, owing to an immediate retching that seized the parent after taking the draught. The perpetrator of this foul deed afterwards came to confession and acknowledged her guilt; but circumstances proved that she only sought for priestly absolution to ease her mind and prepare her for a speedy repetition of the heinous crime. Again she attempted the act, and it proved successful. I was called on to attend the dying parent. The unnatural throes and convulsive agonies of the unfortunate man, convinced me that the disease was of no ordinary nature. The previous confession of his daughter, who at this time made her appearance, rushed upon my mind, and suggested that the parent was a second time poisoned. From what I had known through the confessional, I could not even hint at the propriety of sending for medical attendance; for the Romish doctrine impressed an inviolable secrecy upon my lips, and prevented my giving the slightest intimation of the malady; whilst the poor parent, unconscious of the cause of his death, died in the most excruciating agonies of which humanity can form a conception. Oh, monstrous system of confession! Will you dare any longer to ascribe your origin to the Great Eternal, and thus affix to nature's God the blasphemy of your tenets? Oh, thou iniquitous tribunal! thou cloaker of crimes! thou abettor of wickedness! thou brutal murderer! A child attempts the most diabolical act against a parent; but thou, by presuming to erase the past transgression, only encouragest to a repetition of the crime. A parent suffers the most agonizing tortures,

and dies in the most excruciating pains, from poison administered by an unnatural daughter; but thou, polluted tribunal, wilt not allow the priest acquainted with the circumstances to disclose the cause of this heart-rending death. Oh, my Roman Catholic countrymen, why not awaken from your lethargic slumbers—why not arise from the mystic spells that bind you, and cast off that unnatural yoke, which would dare to unite your God in an unholy alliance with such monkish blasphemy? Should any unacquainted with Romanism question the veracity of these statements, let him consult history, and he will find many similar facts. Did not the Romish priest, the Rev. Mr. Garnet, the provincial of the Jesuits, justify his concealment of the gunpowder plot, on the pretext of its being revealed to him at confession? Did not Father D'Aubigny, the French Jesuit, put forward a similar plea of justification for concealment, when the assassin Ravaillac, that stabbed Henry the Fourth, in 1610, acknowledged to him in the confessional his plan of regicidal murder? But why need I refer to such circumstances, as every priest who has acted in the capacity of confessor must admit the fact of similar cases frequently coming before him at the confessional!'

The whole of this pamphlet will well repay perusal. It is from the pen of the Rev. L. J. Nolan.

Let me call your attention to the disastrous operation of this system on the well-being of society. Human nature, fallen as it is, does nevertheless possess some elements conducive to the safety of human society. The terrors of a guilty conscience have driven many a culprit to confess his crime. The terrors of a guilty conscience have caused restitution for frauds and

injuries. The terrors of a guilty conscience have brought murders to light. Man is invested by his moral constitution with a witness against himself, which supplies, as far as it goes, a safeguard to society. Who can tell the anguish inflicted by guilt smothered up in the conscience, without the power of lightening the load by communication: for there is a wondrous lightening of the load in the circumstance of being permitted to tell it to another. But who can tell the penetrating power over a man of keeping close—of shutting up within himself, as a fire in his bones, the consciousness of some crime? It has, I say, led many to give themselves up to justice, and it does afford a provision for the security of society. But the Romish confessional presents a mode of relieving the mind from the weight of guilt, without any equivalent protection for society. The Roman Catholic is provided with what he calls a minister of religion, who is involved in the most solemn oaths to keep secret what is told him; so that the poor man can come and unbosom himself—can tell his heart's secret—can let out what is boiling within him—can throw himself on his knees before the priest, and get rid of his load, and go back easy to his work, while not one step has been taken towards the prevention of the crime intended, or towards a restitution for the mischief done. If this be the case—if the confessional of the church of Rome be a sort of safety-valve for the inward action of man's conscience—if, for instance, the laws of his church deliver him from the laws of his king—if he may have absolution from a priest while meditating crime against any of his fellow-subjects, and without laying information before a magistrate, as this Romish priest distinctly

says he may—what is the result? Practically that the Romish confessional operates as an antagonist to the laws of the land. A priest is made acquainted with a project of murder; he knows it is to be committed; yet no steps are taken to prevent the execution of it. The man will not tell, the priest dare not; and because the man says he repents, though he will not show fruits of his repentance by giving information, the priest absolves him from his sins, and the victim is murdered the next day!

How can such a system be bound by human laws? The laws that are sufficient for Protestants, who have no such confessional, are not sufficient for men who have such a confessional. A pressure which would be all-sufficient on an engine that had no escape—no safety-valve—would be totally insufficient where there was constantly an open valve. And the pressure of the authority of the state, which would be quite sufficient in a Protestant community, is found insufficient in a Popish community, because the poor deluded Papist has a refuge to which to fly from the pressure of his own conscience and the laws of his sovereign, into the fearful depths of the confessional and the plighted secrecy of the priest. Here is a thing the laws of England take no cognizance of: therefore it is that a population having this thing to fly to, is found unreclaimable by the laws of England. It is utterly impossible that there should ever be peace and security for England, with her Romish population, unless this peculiarity of the Romish machinery be recognised by the laws of the state. For this reason, that in legislating for a Popish population, we are not legislating for human nature alone. Take human nature *as it is*, and our laws

apply to it. But in Ireland you have *human nature as it is not*—an anomaly, a nondescript mixture. The Popish confessional introduces a feature not belonging to human nature in itself; and if you legislate for human nature as it is, the laws will ever be found inefficient in a place where human nature is as it is not.

In stating this, I believe, in my conscience, I have told you the secret of the state of the Roman Catholic population in Ireland. The laws of England do not touch the sore place. The statesmen of England will not, and they hesitate not to say, they dare not touch it. The allegiance of the poor man's heart is to the iniquitous tribunal of the confessional, and not to the throne. The supreme power over his conscience and his conduct is in the confessional, and not in the law. In the confessional he is taught to look upon his priest as his God. Therefore the Romish priesthood are the real governors of the country, not your rulers. The Bishop of Rome will not allow a veto in the appointment of a bishop, and the bishops will not allow a veto in the appointment of a priest. Thus you have an allegiance *out* of the land overcoming the allegiance *in* the land, and a rebellious population, the natural working out of the principle of the confessional,—a principle founded entirely on a misinterpretation of the language of our Saviour to his Apostles.

THE JEW.

He is mourning alone; for no kind friend is near,
His woe-stricken spirit to comfort and cheer;
Nor ever descends blessed sympathy's dew,
To refresh the sad heart of the sorrowing Jew.

He thinks of the land where his forefathers lie,
Beneath the warm smile of their own eastern sky,
And he wishes, perchance, he were laid by them too,
For earth has no home for the sorrowing Jew.

He thinks of that holy and high-honoured fane
Where Jehovah would stoop to hold converse with men;
He thinks of the glory Jerusalem knew,
And he thinks of himself—a poor sorrowing Jew!

Oh hushed be thy sorrow, unheard be thy sigh,
And hid the warm tear trickling down from thine eye?
There are that would mock at thy grief and thy woe,
And scoff at the tear of the sorrowing Jew!

Yet woe to the man, though a prince on his throne,
Who shall mock at a people God still calls his own!
For He whose great name is the Holy and True,
Hath sworn to avenge the poor sorrowing Jew!

Rouse, rouse ye, then, Christians! if Christians indeed,
Your hearts for the sorrow of Judah will bleed;
Ye will mourn for her temple, her glory laid low,
Ye will mourn for her son, the poor sorrowing Jew!

Oh think ye with fear on the curse and the woes
Jehovah hath threatened on Abraham's foes;
Oh remember that He who was offered for you,
In the days of His flesh was a sorrowing Jew!

And thou, blessed Spirit, whose life-giving power
Alone can the feet of the wanderer restore,
Oh teach them their own pierced Messiah to view,
And bring to His fold the poor sorrowing Jew!

ELNIE.

Written June, 1833.

MOSAIC GEOLOGY:

BEING A COMMENTARY ON THE SECOND CHAPTER OF GENESIS.

VERSE 2.—This verse should read thus: "And on the *sixth* day, God ended his work, which he had made; and he rested (or *ceased*) on the seventh day from all his work which he had made."

Verse 5. This reiteration of the generation of the earth, by not paying regard to the order of the different creations, has led some to suppose that Moses was not an inspired writer, but that he gave the *two accounts as delivered to him by tradition.*

Whereas, on the contrary, the account in this chapter is merely a summary of the first, but expressed in hasty words, as much as to say:—Thus God made every thing, the earth, the grass of the fields, the rain that watereth it, man, and all the rest of the creation; in the same manner that it is said, (verse 19.) "And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air." This sentence is, however, the most obscure of the Mosaic account, it being uncertain which day of the creation it refers to: the second or the sixth.

If we are guided by the seeming connection of this verse with verse 7. we shall refer it to the beginning of the sixth day, immediately before the creation of man. If this sense be correct it would afford another

proof, if necessary, of the literal translation of the Mosaic account being the true one, for if the days of creation signify years, thousands of years, or millions of years, how can it be supposed that plants which were created on the *third* day could continue alive without rain through *three such periods of time*.

But if we take the literal interpretation of the beginning of this verse, it would signify rather the second day; when there was not a plant in the field nor a herb in the earth, neither was there a man to till the ground: "And God made the firmament and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament."

But it is almost impossible to affix any other time to the latter part of the verse than the sixth day—now the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth. So there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground. "And the Lord God formed man of (clay from) the dust of the ground."

"Thus the heavens and the earth were finished and all the host of them." Verse 1.[1]

[1] In the note to page 323 it is asserted that numerous instances might be adduced to prove the rapid formation of rocks. When we speak of the hardening of rocks, it must be understood that the hardest rocks are comparatively soft when in the earth. Dr. McCulloch states that the sand-stone of Skye may be moulded like dough, but in a few days it becomes solid. The Lime-stone of Cumberland is also flexible. Granite and other rocks vary in their hardness, sometimes they are found quite soft. In Cornwall alternately hard and soft.—(Boase Prim. Geol.)—Dr. McCulloch—Bakewell.

The fossil tree discovered in 1830, in the Craigleith quarry, in a slanting posture, and passing through a dozen different strata of sand-stone is considered a proof that this rock did not take long in forming and hardening: 'For the tree,' says Mr. Fairholme, 'must have been there at the time of the first stratum;' but it is not probable that (if, as some assert, these rocks required thousands of years in forming,) the tree would be retained in this position by the strata con-

The account of the Mosaic Geology is confined to the first chapter of Genesis, but as the repetition of

fining its roots. He therefore thinks that a few days during the deluge would be sufficient to form the whole.

The secondary strata, instead of being formed by slow operations, on the contrary, exhibit sudden and rapid changes; the hardest rocks having the impressions of fishes, without the least sign of change.—(Sir Humphrey Davy.) The marks of tortoises are apparent on the variegated, or new red sand-stone of Scotland, particularly in Dumfrieshire. Laminated sand-stone often has the appearance of sand at the sea shore, being in little rills; this, as in the former case, must have been covered with a layer of earthy matter before they were obliterated.—(Quarterly Review, April 1836.) But it may be said these instances are of uncertain date: to prove, therefore, the rapid hardening which takes place in rocks, we must know from well authenticated sources, the period when these changes commenced.

The mole of the Oder was constructed 1722. It is three hundred and fifty feet long, the height is fifty-four, and the breadth fifty-four at top and 144 at bottom. It is composed of blocks of Granite fastened together by iron cramps, the chinks are stopped up with moss, the spaces were filled up with Granite-sand which, from the oozing of the water, (it being impregnated with iron) became so hard in seventy years time as to be impenetrable to water, and impossible to be distinguished from the Granite blocks.—Kirwan's Elem. Mineral. Hantz.

In Oxfordshire there is a *tumulus* which has become a perfect mound of stone. Human skeletons, with British beads, rings, &c. were dug up in a *quarry* at Blankney, Lincolnshire, which was probably plain mould when they were buried. Some have also been found with Roman coins, fibulæ, &c. in a stone pit in Huxtonton Park, Norfolk.—No. 4, Quarterly Journal, 1828.

The formation of coal is another circumstance which has puzzled the Geologist. Dr. Buckland asserts that the coal formations consist of the remains of plants of a *former world*, buried in former seas, lakes, &c. in beds of sand and mud, which, by pressure, heat, friction, and chemical combinations, acting during an *immeasurable* lapse of time, have been converted into sand-stone and shell.

Now when coal has been buried for some time in the earth, from the actions of water and air, it undergoes a change, being similar to pit coal. At Bovey, Devonshire, a whole forest is found so bedded in clay and gravel, being carbonaceous block, of a ligneous form, and between bitumen and resin. The same may be found in Sussex and Ireland. Coal *may* be formed by heat under pressure, as shown by Sir T. Hall, but in reality it is formed by decomposition and water. This is evident from its being covered with loose sand-stones and schist, which have been deposited by water. Coal first appears as peat, then like Bovey coal, lastly it becomes coal.—Sir Humphry Davy

Timber has been found imbedded in the earth in many parts of Eng-

it in the beginning of the second chapter has been considered by some to be at variance with the former, I thought it would be advisable to examine and endeavour to explain the first seven verses of this second chapter, in order, if possible, to refute such objections.

land, particularly the banks of the Humber and Thames. In the isle of Axholme, between Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, oaks, firs, &c. have been found in the moor. But these have been cut down, the roots being still attached to firm ground, under the moor; some of these firs were thirty-six yards long. During the 17th century many cart-loads were taken away yearly. Trees have been found imbedded in Lough Neagh, in Ireland, and at Youle, twelve miles from York, in a bog of some depth, which is covered with sand, and this with soil. Those found on the Essex side of the Thames, in 1705, Dr. Derham supposed to have been levelled by inundations.—Hist. of Royal Soc. by Thomas Thompson, M.D. 1812.

Bovey coal is found thirteen miles S.W. of Exeter. The beds are seventy feet thick, being interspersed with beds of clay; the deepest beds are most like coal, the upper ones being like wood, and are picked up by the people as such. The beds incline 5 feet every 18.

Mosses always occur on plains which have received the waters from higher grounds. They are chiefly found with the remains of large trees, oak, fir, &c. which have decayed through age, and fallen down, and become covered with green moss: at which time it is too weak to walk on, but in the course of about forty years it is turned into common peat moss. The Solway moss contains about 1300 acres of deep and tender moss.—(Do.) As to the period which elapsed before the total decomposition of a tree, Sharon Turner observes, that when a tree is once dead, nature soon hastens the decomposition. It becomes covered with lichens and mosses, which attract moisture, which on being received by the empty pores, causes petrifaction. Fungi then get attached to it. Beetles, caterpillars and woodpeckers resort to it, till it falls, crumbles and becomes mould.

From the instances above quoted, it will, I think, be apparent that the number of years that have elapsed since the deluge is amply sufficient for the coal formations. The different instances we have mentioned are only varieties on a small scale; but the fields of coal now being explored and used in different parts of the world all bear evidence of being formed at the same time, which time we have no hesitation in ascribing to the universal deluge, particularly as some varieties of coal are found to consist of species of the vegetable kingdom now extinct.

THE DELUGE UNIVERSAL.

Genesis vii.

In the preceding chapter Moses represents God as declaring that, in consequence of the corrupt wickedness of mankind, he would destroy them by an universal deluge.

"And behold I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth, to destroy *all flesh wherein is the breath of life*, from under heaven; and *everything* in the earth shall die."—Verse 17.

"And the Lord said, I will destroy man whom I have created, from the face of the earth; *both man and beast*, and the creeping thing, and *the fowls of the air:* for it repenteth me that I have made them."—Verse 7.

And again in this chapter, verse 4, "and *every living substance* that I have made will I destroy from off the face of the earth."

Thus, though some (not being able to deny *altogether* the event of a deluge,) would have us suppose that it was limited to the east: yet here we have the Bible declaring to us, that the deluge was so universal, that God not only destroyed all mankind, but that the earth might be *thoroughly purged;* and that there should be no *remembrance* of the former generation, God not only destroyed man, but "everything that creepeth upon the earth wherein there is life."

"But Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord," and was allowed to take with him into the ark, together with his family, seven pair of every clean beast, and one pair of every unclean beast, "*to keep them alive.*"

Here we have an additional proof of its universality; for Noah would not have been enjoined so particularly to take into the ark some of every living thing that moveth upon the earth, "fowls after their kind, cattle after their kind, and every creeping thing of the earth after his kind."—vi. 20;—he would not, I say, have been so enjoined, had any part of the earth escaped the sentence.

Verses 6 and 7. "And Noah was 600 years old when the flood of waters was upon the earth. And Noah went in, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him, into the ark."

It is a remarkable circumstance, and shews that all the events of this world are governed by God's wisdom and providence, that notwithstanding the great ages of mankind at this time,—for Adam lived to see his grandson to the eighth generation, viz., Lamech the father of Noah, and Noah conversed with Abram his grandson to the tenth generation, (and outlived some of them,) and with all his ancestors, except Adam and Seth, (and Enoch, who was translated)—yet all these seven ancestors died, even Lamech his father, before the flood came upon the earth.[1]

	BORN, B.C.		DIED, B.C.		AGED
[1] Adam	4004	———	3074	———	930
Seth.....	3874	———	2962	———	912
Enos	3769	———	2864	———	905
Cainaan.....	3679	———	2769	———	910
Mahalaleel	3609	———	2714	———	895
Jared	3544	———	2582	———	962
Enoch.....	3382	———	translated in 3017.		
Methuselah	3317	———	2348	———	969
Lamech.....	3130	———	2353	———	787
	FLOOD 2348.				
Noah	2948	———	1998	———	950
Shem	2446	———	1846	———	600

Thus we see that God would not have carried all these off by death, had he suffered any of mankind to escape by journeying to a distant country.

Verse 11. "All the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened."—See note to i. 6. of Genesis, in "Mosaic Geology."

The highest mountain on the earth is not five miles high, which, in comparison to the whole globe, is not a greater inequality than the protuberances on the rind of an orange. We may, therefore, easily imagine how *small* a quantity of water (in comparison), emitted from the bowels of the earth, would be sufficient to drown the whole globe.

The mean depth of the Atlantic, as stated by Dr. Young, is three, and of the Pacific four, miles; and water covers at present two-thirds of the surface of the world.—See observations under the head of "Mosaic Geology," pages 328, 9.

Verse 19. "And the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth, and *all the high hills that were under the whole heaven* were covered."

	BORN, B.C.	DIED, B.C.	AGED
Arphaxad	2346	1908	438
Salah	2311	1878	433
Eber	2231	1817	464
Peleg	2247	2008	239
Reu	2217	1978	239
Serug	2185	1955	230
Nahor	2155	2007	148
Terah	2126	1921	205
Abraham	2056	1822	175
Isaac	1897	1716	180
Jacob	1837	1689	148

In the last column we may observe how rapidly the age of man diminished after Noah. He not only, therefore, lived to converse with Abraham, but actually outlived two of his descendants, Peleg in the fifth, and Nahor in the eighth, generation from himself, whose age he exceeded six times.

Here is another distinct statement of the earth being entirely surrounded by water.

Among geologists, Werner and many others are satisfied, from the appearances of the strata of the earth, that the whole earth was covered. Dolomieu observes, that limestone covers more than two-thirds of our continents, and that its beds being horizontal, and containing fossils, mark the long residence of the sea on them.

Verse 20. "And the mountains were covered; fifteen cubits upwards did the waters prevail."

These are the greatest proofs that we have of the deluge, and remain unanswerable. If *they* were covered, we may be sure that all flesh must have perished; and that they *were* covered is evident on examination, when we shall find them covered with sand, sea-shells, and skeletons of fishes.

Dr. Buckland states that mummulites (a species of shell-fish) are found so close together on Mount Bolca, the Alps, Carpathians, and Pyrenees, as to resemble the grains in a heap of corn.

Other parts of the earth have been covered with different strata since the deluge, which strata are still going on; but mountains being above their influence, expose only the stratum deposited by the deluge. And if we refer to the historian, we shall find that all nations have a tradition respecting it, and consider themselves as the direct descendants of a single pair of human beings, saved from the general destruction; which would not have been the case had any portion of mankind been saved besides Noah and his family.

In application we may remark, that though God has promised that "the waters shall no more become

a flood to destroy all flesh," Gen. ix. 15. yet a general destruction not only of the generations of mankind, but of the globe and universe, is plainly foretold, both in the book of Revelation, and by our Lord himself in chapter xxiv. of Matthew, from verse 29 to the end. But the *effect* of death will be the same whether we are taken off *now*, or at the *last trump*. "Watch, therefore, for ye know not at what hour your Lord doth come:"—"for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."

"Hast thou marked the old way which wicked men have trodden, which were cut down out of time, whose foundation was overflowed by a flood; which said unto God, Depart from us."—Job xxii. 15—17.

"Then the channels of waters were seen, and the foundations of the world were discovered at thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils."—Psalm of David xviii. 15.

"Thou coverest it with the deep as with a garment; the waters stood above the mountains."—civ. 6.

"The world that then was, being overflowed by water, perished."—2 Peter iii. 6.

The following passages seem also to refer to it:—Job xii. 15. Psalm lxi. 2; lxix. 1, 2, 15; xc. 1 to 6. 1 Peter iii. 20. 2 Peter ii. 5. Besides which, our Lord himself refers to it: see Matt. xxiv. 37 to 39.

THE RELIGION OF NATURE.

No. I.—Introduction.

To an attentive observer of the human race, whether in past or present times, few things are more striking than the prevalence, among all nations, of some form of religious belief and worship; however absurd may be that belief—however senseless or detestable the rites of that worship.

Be the idol visible or imaginary, wood or stone, animal or vegetable; be it the bull or the onion of ancient Egypt, the solar Apollo of the Greeks and Romans, the misletoe of the Druid, or the hideous and deformed image of India or Owhybee; still it is an idol—a false god, and it is worshipped as a divinity, whether by the horrible unnatural rites of Typhon, by the frantic orgies of the Bacchanalia, or by the bloody immolations of Juggernaut's car. It is religion, however absurd, however odious.

No nation is without some form, some degree of it; from the wise and polished sage of Athens or Crotona, and the mystical Brahmin philosopher of the banyan-tree, down to the debased cannibal of New Zealand, and the naked, besotted devil-worshipper of the Eboe river. All, however pagan, however barbarous, have some notion of a deity, either good or bad; some fear of his vengeance, some desire for his favour. It is left for civilized man, in

Christian lands, to be "the fool" that says in his heart, "There is no God;" or the worse than fool who proclaims the impious sentiment from his lips.

I need not occupy the time of my readers in proving to them what has so often been proved already—the general consent of mankind that worship, or, in other words, RELIGION, is needful to them, be it of whatsoever form or nature. My present design is to consider the origin, and not the existence of this universality of natural religion; and on this point various opinions have existed.

The learned Stillingfleet, in his second Origines Sacræ, (B. i. c. 1.) justly says that the prevalence of such a general notion of worship 'is a thing very fit to be inquired into, with more care than hath been yet used about it; for although we do not ground the truth of religion merely upon such a general consent, but upon those arguments which the wiser part of mankind hath insisted upon; yet such an universal consent doth manifestly show that there is nothing repugnant to the common sense of mankind in it; nothing that looks like a trick or imposture, which could never so universally prevail as this hath done, especially among the more sensible and civilized part of mankind.'

It forms, therefore, an indirect argument for the truth of religion itself; and I purpose to show that, in all its varied forms, it is derived from true religion, and so far from being an original invention of man, it is only a corrupted remnant from the primeval ordinances of God.

I know that great names have stood on the other side of the question; I am aware that I have an arduous battle to fight, but I believe it to be the

battle of truth, and therefore, to the best of my ability, I am ready and willing to fight it.

Perhaps the best and wisest of those who have maintained the opinion that revelation is based upon natural religion, was Archbishop Tillotson. To his views, therefore, I will address myself, and I will state them in his own words, from the third (or 1701) edition of his Sermons, which were published by himself.

He says of the Christian way of salvation, 'Another reason of this dispensation seems to have been, a gracious condescension and compliance of Almighty God, with a certain apprehension and persuasion, which had very *early* and *universally* obtained among mankind, concerning the expiation of sin, and appeasing the offended deity by the sacrifices of living creatures, of birds and beasts, and afterwards by *human sacrifices*, and the blood of their sons and daughters, by offering to God, as the expression is in the prophet, their first-born for their transgression, the fruit of their body for the sin of their souls. And this notion of the expiation of sin by sacrifice, whether it had its first rise from divine *revelation*, and was afterwards propagated, from age to age, by *tradition*; I say, from whencesoever this notion came, it hath, of all other notions concerning religion, (excepting those of the being of God, and his providence, and of the recompenses of another life,) found the most universal reception; and the thing hath been the most generally practised in all ages and nations, not only in the old, but in the new discovered parts of the world.'

Here even the Archbishop himself appears compelled to admit the robability of sacrifice for sin

being a tradition from revelation; but he forgets or abandons such an idea elsewhere, for as Spearman quaintly says, in his scarce and erudite Letters on the LXX. Translation and the Heathen Mythology, 'This great man saw so strong a likeness between Paganism and Christianity, that he considered Christianity to be nothing more than Paganism new vamped.' And farther on, he adds, 'The learned prelate hath produced such a strong conformity between Paganism and Christianity as necessarily brings the matter to this alternative, that either the Christian dispensation was made, as the Archbishop concludes, in compliance with the *common prejudices of mankind*, especially of the heathen world; or otherwise, that Paganism is a corruption of Christianity.'

That Tillotson was decidedly of the former opinion is evident, from his declaration that the Christian religion is 'a most perfect institution, being the law of nature revived and perfected;' and also from his stating 'that God hath very much suited the dispensation of the gospel and the method of our salvation, by the incarnation and sufferings of his Son, to the common prejudices of mankind, especially of the heathen world.'

But the Archbishop is not content with giving this general view of his system; he enters at large into the subject, and comprises the whole under five heads, which may be stated as follows: abridging, but not altering the exact words of his discourse, I will give them at length hereafter.

'I. The world was much given to admire *mysteries* in religion; the Jews, the heathen, almost every nation, had their peculiar mysteries; most of which were impure or cruel, and every way unworthy of

the Deity. But the great *mystery* of the Christian religion, "God manifest in the flesh," was such a mystery, as for its greatness and mercy, obscures all other mysteries, since the world had such an admiration of mysteries, the apostle says, "Great is the mystery of godliness," a *mystery* indeed, beyond all dispute and all comparison.

'II. There was a great inclination in men to worship a *visible, sensible deity;* now, to take them off from their idolatry, God was pleased to appear in our nature, that they who were so fond of a *visible god*, might have one whom they might worship without impiety or idolatry.

'III. Another general notion was concerning *sacrifice* for sin, especially human sacrifices; and with this God was pleased to comply, by the general atonement for the sins of the world, by the sacrifice of his only Son.

'IV. Another common notion of the heathen world, and a great source of idolatry, was the *apotheosis* of eminent persons; whom after death they advanced to divine dignity, and prayed to them as *mediators*. To take men off from this idolatry, behold one in our nature "exalted to the right hand of the Majesty on high," to be worshipped by all, the real Benefactor of mankind.

'V. The world was mightily bent on addressing their supplications to the Deity by *mediators;* who might humbly present their requests, and find acceptance for them. In compliance with this, God was pleased to appoint one in our nature, to be a perpetual advocate and intercessor in heaven for us.'

These views are not an original idea of Tillotson's; the arguments of Celsus against Christianity, in the

second century, were founded on the resemblance between heathenism and the gospel; and he urged that the latter was but an artful alteration of the former, precisely in the Archbishop's view of the subject, though with a diametrically opposite intention.

The Alexandrian philosopher aimed to destroy the divine system, which he declared to be 'Paganism new vamped;' the Christian prelate proposed to exalt the scheme of salvation by asserting the same thing.

Origen answered Celsus by simply asking which is the *oldest*, natural religion or revelation? And perhaps it might be sufficient to reply to Tillotson by the same question—Revelation began in Eden; from what era after the flood do you date the religion of nature? If it be thus long posterior to the former, then it must spring from it; otherwise we make the child to produce the parent, not the parent the child.

In order, however, more clearly to explain the subject, we will take each one of the Archbishop's propositions separately, and examine its probability, I had almost said, its possibility; and this examination will furnish us with matter for a few ensuing papers.

X. Q.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM GRAND CAIRO.

DATED DECEMBER 23, 1837.

I AM anxious to send this by the next packet, and must tell you as briefly as I can that, soon after sending off my last letter to you, we purchased two dear little captives; one with the money sent by Mrs. Thompson; another with ten pounds sent by that excellent man, Dr. Malan of Geneva, with the promise that the same sum should be remitted yearly, for the child's maintenance. Thus far all was bright and promising: one Christian friend after another seemed coming forward, to aid us in setting the prisoner free from earthly chains, trusting it was the Lord's means of rescuing them from Satan's cruel bondage: but scarcely was the purchase made, when a man, better acquainted with the English law than ourselves, determined to inform against us, although himself the proprietor of many slaves for the worst of purposes. Having purchased the children, we felt determined, if possible to keep them; but when we found, by the best authority, that transportation would inevitably follow if we persevered, and allowed the law to take its course, we therefore unwillingly and with much sorrow resigned our poor children to their wicked masters, who returned the purchase-money.

I cannot pass from this subject without naming an

interesting fact respecting the pasha. You are perhaps aware that a Dr. Bowring has been sent out by Government, to obtain, if possible, some just idea of the present state of Egypt. He has been induced to look particularly into the state of slavery, and found, as all must do who give themselves the trouble to inquire, that an Englishman would blush to write its horrors on paper, even to his dearest friend. Dr. B. determined at least to make one effort with the pasha, towards the annihilation of slavery here, especially as he is waging a most unjust war on the poor Abyssinians at the present moment, paying the soldiers by permitting them to hunt for, and take as many Abyssinians for slaves as possible; of course, the more they took, the better their pay. Dr. Bowring urged every argument he was master of, to induce the pasha to alter his proceedings, until at length Ibrahim Ali very nobly promised in future to resign all warfare in human souls, and to take every measure in his power to prevent his subjects from doing the same; and also, before Dr. B. had left him, he had letters written to the chief officers of his army in Abyssinia, prohibiting them to take, or suffer to be taken, another slave.

You ask me, dear Mrs. T——, how we intend to maintain our children? Chiefly by the sale of such things as our friends kindly supply us with from dear England; also we are able to make many things in the girls' school for sale, which will forward the maintenance of the orphan school, so that materials for making-up, such as canvas, fine lamb's-wool, or worsted in shades, with rug needles and floss silk, we are much in want of. Baby-linen takes here very much, even among the Turkish ladies, and

dressed Dutch dolls are liked; in short, bags, or any thing in the fancy or useful way will sell, either to natives or Europeans. If only the C——m ladies, who have so little to engage their time, would strengthen our hands in this way, or in any other, it would enable us to take more little orphans to train in the fear of the Lord; for it is to these dear children that we look for the fruit of our labours—it is by these that we hope to carry on the Saviour's cause among their countrywomen. Therefore I am so anxious to gather a little flock, whom we trust the Lord Jesus will bless, and make instruments of good in this dark nation, until he comes himself to destroy the enemy's power and kingdom.

A LETTER FROM THE CONTINENT.

Lausanne, March, 1838.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—A residence of nearly five months in the Canton de Vaud—at present, perhaps, the most favoured spot in continental Europe with regard to religious advantages—enables me to communicate to you some information which may, perhaps, be interesting and instructive to the readers of your Christian lady's little periodical. After spending a few weeks, on my way from France, in Savoy, among an amiable population (in many respects), sitting *contentedly* in the midnight shade of Popery, I arrived at the famous city of Geneva, where the pleasure I felt at finding myself once more upon Protestant ground was considerably and speedily damped, first by the sight of the statue of J. Jacques Rousseau, enthroned in a small island in the Rhone which bears his name; and afterwards by finding that, though there has there, too, been of late a partial revival of the religion of the reformation, and a *Societe Evangelique* actively at work has been happily formed, still the upas-tree of Socinianism continues to overshadow the national church, and to separate between the genial influence of the sun and air of the kingdom of grace and those that worship within its enclosure. In some of the most fashionable shops of the town, the words DIEU SEUL are exhibited in letters of gold and enamel. I thought that it was a pity that the remainder of the creed of

Islam, which would agree so well, was not subjoined, *et Mahomet est son Prophete.* But to proceed. Not being able to procure a convenient lodging in the town once sanctified by the abode and ministerial labours of Calvin and Beza, I proceeded hither on the following day, where I have now passed the winter. In the sequel of this letter I will proceed to tell you what I have seen, or heard of, good or bad, in this place since my arrival. I will begin with the *good;* and this, I am happy to add, is not a little. To begin with what is the most important of all:—there has been a most happy *general* awakening among the pastors throughout the whole of this canton, so that there is scarce a parish which does not actually enjoy the benefit of what may fairly and justly be termed an evangelical ministry. In Lausanne, the beautiful cathedral in which Calvin, Farel, and Viret once disputed so powerfully, and with such happy effect, and the two other parish churches, are all well served; and I never attended at any of them (and I delight to frequent the national worship here as much as I can) without hearing the true gospel faithfully, and sometimes eloquently, and with much point and power, preached. If I were disposed to criticize, I would perhaps observe, that the style of preaching here is rather that of *discours sur quelques sujets religieux*, than of comprehensive exposition of the scriptures, doctrinal or practical. The sermons are generally, I believe, first carefully committed to writing, and afterwards recited, almost verbatim, from memory. How far this preaching has penetrated into the mass of the people generally, it is difficult to say: it is, however, the opinion of those most capable of judging here, as I have heard

from some of themselves, that the impression hitherto made is neither very deep nor general. The most part of the usual town congregations (and I have seen scarce any other) are *women*, and those apparently of the middling and lower classes. The men—especially of the educated and professional description, are, I fear, to a very considerable extent, sceptically disposed, if not even worse. These rarely ever frequent the churches, except on *fast* or *sacramental* occasions! when it is the custom for all the world, influenced by a feeling of *nationality*, to present themselves, as a matter of course. I need not add, that *discipline* is as little attended to, and would as ill be borne, by the national church of the Helvetic confession, as by others that we may know nearer home. They have a liturgy, to which, in the national worship, the parties are most strictly bound; more so than *we*, who before or after sermon may pray in the church, according to our discretion, as we please: it is evangelical truly, beginning with a confession (in the words of Calvin or of Beza), which upon original sin is even stronger and fuller than ours: but, as a whole (and they feel and own it themselves), it is bald and dry, and would not stand a moment's comparison with the liturgy of the church of England. The same remark holds good with regard to both their sacramental services, at the latter of which, as a communicant at the Lord's table with them, I have attended twice: and for the burial of the dead they have, in common with our Presbyterians, neither service nor worship at all; but, as one of their pastors, who spent some years in England, expressed it to me, bury them *like dogs*. The attitude in public prayer here, is *standing*, which I

think, or feel, to be unfavourable to devotion; and the custom of singing *sitting* is, I would say, equally so. In regard, however, of *ceremonies*, I am not one of those who would raise a strife, so as all things be done decently and orderly.

With respect to religious reading here, and academical instruction, the scarcity of *Protestant* authors in the French language has led too much to the study of the works of the best French Roman Catholic writers, ancient or modern. The result of this is a too favourable opinion of the theology of the Church of Rome, connected with the idea, that the term *Protestant* applies to the reformed rather as directed against the grinding *despotism* of former times, whether civil or religious, than against any, or all together, of the *doctrinal pollutions* of the mystic Jezebel. In vain shall we search for the spirit of primitive Protestantism, whether in its aggressive or self-vindicating character, (and it cannot do the one without the other,) upon any part of the continent of Europe which I have seen. Here, where a healthier tone of evangelical religion exists than perhaps almost any where else in the present day, it might be looked for, but it is not found. Religious *liberalism*, and a disposition to fraternize with pious Romanists, rather than to seek to revive the spirit of brotherly love which once prevailed among the reformed of different outward denominations, who continue to hold the orthodox doctrines, is here, and I fear almost universally, rather the order of the day. Even Bossuet is praised as a Christian writer; and the *craft* of Dr. Nicholas Wiseman of Rome, whose learned book has been translated into French by an abbé (who, in his preface, classes Luther and Melancthon with Voltaire

and Rousseau!) does not seem to be in the slightest degree perceived or even suspected. 'Much may be learned from him,' you are told, in reply to any hint you may drop, respecting the danger of receiving into your *cabinet* the work of a Jesuit, purporting to be a defence of divine revelation against the assaults of the infidel philosophy of our times. In *politics*, since 1831, the doctrine of *the sovereignty of the people*, and of their capability for self-government, has been here embraced in its most extended sense; and a new constitution has been framed upon that basis. At the same time, the system is here to be put to the *fairest* trial, by a law of the same date, which makes it *imperative* upon every Vaudois citizen to teach, or cause to be taught, to all his children, until the age of 15, (when they are expected to confirm their baptismal vows, and to receive their first communion,) the Holy Scriptures, and to send them regularly and frequently to be catechized. Let time tell whether or no the experiment, even upon this small scale, will succeed.

I have only room to add that upon the subject of the second advent (or that of prophecy generally), both pastors and professors, with their respective hearers and pupils, seem to be in utter ignorance. They do not think upon such subjects—they all slumber and sleep. How much ground have the evangelical churches lost here, since the time of the Lollards and the ancient Vaudois, whose knowledge of the prophecies of Daniel and St. John saved them from the jaws of the Roman beast! Dr. Neander, a German theologian, who is regarded as an oracle here, has thrown out a doubt of the genuineness and inspiration of the Apocalypse, if he has not gone the length of rejecting it from the canon altogether.—D.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

DEAR MADAM,

Allow me, wrapped in impenetrable obscurity, to offer on the pages of your Magazine, a few remarks concerning the prevailing folly of my dear country-women: bold indeed must the individual be, who unconcealed should venture to attack this reigning absurdity: but having every reason to believe that no carpet work-frame adorns your drawing-room—no skein of floss silk or German wool ever peeps out from the corner of your work-basket, allow me to hope that you are an unprejudiced unbiassed party, not yet gone over to the side of the enemy, and will therefore shelter me in your editorial capacity, from the pricks of the thousand needles, which swift as thought, might be lanced against the daring antagonist of *worsted work*.

In my younger days, I am happy to say, I wept no tears over spoilt floss silk; I lost no hour of play through the misplaced eye of a dog, or the ill-shaded tail of a parrot—through threads miscounted, stitches crossed the wrong way, or canvas drawn too tight. No; I darned stockings, I sewed seams, I hemmed pocket-handkerchiefs; and if these employments were less graceful and classical, they were incomparably more useful. Tent-stitch and cross-stitch in hangings and carpets, on chair-backs and rugs, were always pointed out to me as sad mementos of the

lamentable waste of time in which our grandmothers indulged; and I question whether I did not in some sort regard the cessation of carpet-work and embroidery as one mark of the superior civilization of our own time. But, alas! I have lived to see the recommencement of that era; and being yet young, I know not to what height I may live to see it carried even in my days. Perhaps, like the ladies of old, the mistress of the house will be found sitting in the midst of her family, directing their tasks, with her daughters gathered round her, and all the maids employed upon the 'grounding.' Ah, my dear Madam, you know not the horrors of that 'grounding,' or you would not wonder at my selecting it as the task likely to be assigned to the poor maids; stitch after stitch, each one exactly like its fellow, and all to be crossed the same way, upon the dire penalty of spoiling the whole. Perhaps, it may be said, it is the same with needle-work. Very true; but the usefulness sanctions the occupation. The very same plant which is tended and nursed with the greatest care where it is needed for use, is cut down as a weed when it springs up in unprofitable luxuriance upon the streets of a tropical town—every stitch that a woman sets, every step she takes, every occupation, however trifling, in which she is engaged, which tends to the comfort of those whose presence makes her home on earth, is at once her duty, her province, and her happiness. And for myself, I confess I really cannot see what good object is promoted by worsted work: certainly not health, so far as the younger portion of the community is concerned; when the newly-invented swinging frame finds its way into the parlour, it is greatly to be feared that

Sir Benjamin Brodie's Suspension Triangle, will find its way into the bed-room; at all events the time children can spare from their lessons might, I should think, be better employed. But this occupation is not confined to any age, from the little creatures whose tiny fingers can scarcely manage a needle, to the aged lady, whose days on earth are drawing fast to a close, worsted work—worsted work is the resource of all. I am far from desiring to pass an unqualified censure upon it as an amusement, especially in the case of the old, as it may be pursued without much trouble or thought; or upon those occasions where, on an evening passed in the family circle, social kindness requires the book and every other selfish occupation to be laid aside, and when more useful and homely employments could not be allowed to find their way into the drawing room; but I think it would be well for the Christian ladies, for whose use I presume your magazine to be intended, and by whom, I presume it is chiefly read, to consider whether this mode of spending time is not carried to a blameable excess, superseding much that is good and much that is desirable. I will only briefly advert to two points, which I think might be profitably considered in relation to this subject. First, the employment of time; I know it will be said, 'We must have some amusement:—people cannot be always thinking or reading.' All very good—but I urge it as one of the great objections against worsted work, as at present pursued, that it does not take the place of an amusement, but of a serious occupation. I will put the question fairly to the reader, Can you say that you do not, and never have devoted more time to it, than, as a Christian, you consider yourself fully

entitled to give up to the purpose of your own amusement? If you are a genuine admirer of worsted work I doubt whether your conscience will clear you on this charge: at all events, it is a consideration not lightly to be passed over, as the short time which is allotted to us here is a part of that stewardship of which we must surely give an account.

The next point to which I would slightly allude is money: I entered once the apartments of one of the most fashionable warehouses for the disposal of these commodities, a perfect palace of patterns—floss silk and german wool, &c. it struck me how large the sums expended upon these articles must be, to render such a display either profitable or possible; the generality of women, among the middling classes, can command only a limited sum of money to be expended upon superfluities; such being the case it may bear a thought how far this money might not be better employed, even supposing it was still used to procure amusement in any other allowable manner: though I much doubt whether, as in the case of the employment of time, these sums, if correctly cast up, would not greatly overbalance their due amount. I do not mean, of course, more than can be properly afforded, but more than a Christian lady ought to have devoted to such a purpose.

However, in these few remarks I am desirous rather of urging the subject into the consideration of those whom it may concern, than of producing arguments in support of my own opinion. If any of my countrywomen are angry, I entreat their forgiveness; but this sort of work, in the course of about five or six years, seems to have proceeded from modest little urn-rugs and kettle-holders to ottomans, screens,

slippers, chair-backs, rugs, and even carpets: from the floor, doubtless it will creep up the walls, and some new stitch will enable our contemporaries to compete with the now faded beauty of the curiously wrought tapestry, which adorns some of the antique chambers in England's old castles, leaving their descendants to wonder at their folly, as I was wont to do at that of our predecessors. Nay, it strikes me, that as the whole of the hangings representing the history of the Spanish Armada were destroyed in the burning of the house of Parliament, the ladies of England will be able to devise a similar ornament, for the walls of the future senate house. Should the size of such a work surprize you, my dear madam, I must tell you that it is common for the different parties to contribute to the same performance, each working her own share separately.

Hoping, by a proposition so tending to the renown of worsted work, to propitiate those whom I may have displeased, believe me to remain, dear madam,

Your most obliged,

Q. Q. Z.

Review of Books.

A PROTEST ***against the introduction into Great Britain of any system of National Education not based upon the revealed word of God.*** **L. and G. Seeley.**

It is of great importance that all classes of Christians should be fully apprized of what is really intended by those who are labouring to establish among us a national system of education, recommended by a plausible exterior, and eagerly promoted by a numerous and active party, who spare no pains in pursuit of their object. This pamphlet is in the form of a sermon, preached by the Rev. Henry Hughes, A.M. well known as a faithful minister of the Established Church in London, and as the secretary to the London Hibernian Society. He has given a clear, simple, bold development of this favorite scheme; and as we earnestly desire our friends to be put on their guard against lending any sanction to the meditated mischief, as they might unadvisedly be drawn in to do, we recommend it strongly to their perusal.

The main point avowedly aimed at by the projectors, is a total separation of religious from secular learning: to accomplish this they present to the public two alternatives—either to exclude every kind and degree of scriptural instruction during the regular hours of teaching, leaving it to such of the children as may choose it, to listen to those who may volunteer their services according to the various creeds of the parents, after school hours; or to prepare such a book of 'Extracts,' from the Bible, as cannot possibly give offence to any person, be his notions what they may. To illustrate the good effects of the latter plan, we will give, not a view of our own, or a remark of Mr. Hughes', but a bona fide quotation from the evidence of the Rev. Mr. Wood before a committee of the House of Commons. Mr. Wood is a Socinian teacher: he says, 'I am always on my guard to see that neither the master nor any of the older boys introduce any Trinitarianism or Calvinism into the school; and I am equally anxious on my part never to introduce any thing that can be considered peculiar to Unitarians.' Again: Mr. T. Crossley, master of the Borough Road School, examined before the same committee, gives this beautiful instance of pure liberalism: 'A Jewish child has objected to reading the word CHRIST; in such case we have allowed him to pass it.'

This, we think, will be enough for most of *our* readers; but as Mr. Hughes gives a farther insight into the device, and shews the methods by which its framers and supporters are seeking to entrap the unwary into an acquiescence in their scheme, we repeat our advice to read the pamphlet, or sermon; and we think nine shillings would not be misapplied in pro-

curing a dozen copies to distribute among such as would not give one for the important information contained in it. We also tender to Mr. Hughes our thanks for the good service he has rendered; and hope many of his brethren in the ministry will go and do likewise.

THE SAINTS' EVERLASTING REST; *or, a Treatise on the blessed State of the Saints in Heaven. By Richard Baxter. Edited by the Rev. William Browne, M.D. In two volumes.* Oliphant; Hamilton and Co.

THE present state of the church imperatively calls for reprints of these fine old works: modern taste cannot relish them in their original prolixity, and the roughness of diction, or at least what we are pleased to fancy such, that conveys the rich thoughts of their authors. Some process must be gone through, the object of which is generally concentration of the essential essence; but what through evaporation and dilution, it is rarely that we are able to obtain a tolerable relish of the original flavour. Dr. Brown has adopted a very judicious plan in the present instance, for his abridgment consists not so much in altering the language, as in omitting less important matter from the volume: the language, though corrected, is not modernized; and we have more of the bona fide writing of Baxter in it than has appeared, out of his old quarto. For ourselves, we are too much bigotted to the quaint peculiarities of earlier days to desire improvements even in the orthography

of venerable black-letter folios of the sixteenth century, much less in works of a hundred years later; but this does not blind us to the advantages of making such precious books as Baxter's acceptable to those who would not be tempted to read the originals, even were they plentiful. This is, to our apprehension, incomparably the best reprint that has appeared of the 'Saints' Everlasting Rest.'

SERMONS ON THE CHURCH; *or, the Episcopacy, Liturgy, and Ceremonies of the Church of England, considered in Four Discourses, preached in the Cathedral of* DERRY. *By Archibald Boyd, A.M., Curate of the Cathedral.* Seeley and Burnside.

THESE sermons were not intended for publication. Circumstances led Mr. Boyd to consider it expedient, in the course of his pulpit ministrations, to draw the attention of his flock to the scriptural character of their own church establishment. He accordingly did so: and the result was an address, signed by the bishop, the dean, the clergy, and a long list of the principal inhabitants of Derry, connected with the establishment, calling on him to print these discourses. We venture to say, that no one who reads the volume will question either the judgment or taste of those who called for its publication.

Perfect originality cannot be looked for, cannot exist, in a work of this nature. The subject has been discussed again and again, until little is left for individual talent to achieve but the placing of it in new

positions and striking lights. In this Mr. Boyd has been eminently successful, with the addition of a great deal that is really original, in the scriptural illustrations and applications introduced. Of the style, we would rather give our readers the advantage of judging for themselves. Always lucid, always chaste and graceful and forcible, it rises sometimes to an elevation worthy of a Chalmers.

And no marvel—when a man has drawn his first breath within the ramparts of old Derry, and looked out, from infancy to manhood, upon the unchanged scenery encompassing her hill, and listened to the story of that glorious defence in which his ancestors bore a conspicuous part; when by converting grace he has been brought to receive, and by ordination in the church commissioned to preach the everlasting gospel—when the pulpit that for ten years he has occupied has been that of Derry cathedral, and the flock assembled round him are the descendants of those who died in defence of the ark of God, there enclosed, there assailed, and there triumphantly delivered—when this is the case, we confess it would be a disappointment to meet with a common-place, with a weak, languid or uncertain, sound from the trumpet of a watchman set on such a wall. Disappointed, however, we are not; but roused, invigorated, refreshed and delighted.

We give the following short extract to shew how truly catholic, how totally free from the narrowness of party is the author, who, while establishing most conclusively his point as to the scriptural warrant and excellency of his own, thus candidly speaks of other Protestant churches.

'In the midst of the dissension which all this must

occasion, it is well to bear in mind that the materials for unity still exist. All disagreement between religious denominations is not of the same kind, nor are its causes all equally important. It sometimes subsists between communities on the ground of discipline, and sometimes upon that of doctrine; and there may be perfect harmony in reference to the one, while there is utter discord in respect to the other. Thus, between the Established Church of this kingdom and the orthodox dissenting communities, there is (and we bless the Lord that it is so) perfect unity in reference to doctrine. Our creeds are substantially the same. Our confessions are kindred in their character. We concur in rejecting the same doctrinal errors, and we coalesce in embracing the same essential truths. And yet while there is thus a oneness of opinions in reference to doctrine, there is an utter diversity of opinion in reference to discipline. On the other hand, there is a partial similarity between the English and the Romish Churches in respect of government, while there is an entire separation between them in matters of faith. In these two cases, the causes of disagreement are broadly distinguishable from each other. That which separates the established and the orthodox dissenting communities from each other, being merely of discipline, is comparatively trivial and unimportant. It affects not the life, the soundness of the bodies. It relates to the external structure; it is a fragment of the scaffolding, and touches not upon the integrity of the building. It is far otherwise in the second case. The cause of disagreement between Rome and England is of the first—the most formidable magnitude. It is connected closely and

essentially with the peculiarities of belief. It bears upon the entire structure, nay more, it is wrought into the very foundation of its building. The one church is based upon the shifting sand of mortal inventions; the other rests upon the Rock of Ages. The one deposes the Redeemer from his supreme throne; the other knows nothing but Christ and him crucified. In such a case union is an utter impossibility. The wall of partition is of such a character that it cannot be overpassed. The motto of the establishment now is the same which formed the leading principle of the Reformation: 'No peace with Rome.' But, in the first case, union is not only possible, but practicable. The communities, harmonious in belief, and separate in externals, have but to act upon the principle of attachment to things essential, and forbearance in things immaterial; and they can meet without collision, they can be cordial without compromise.' Page 35.

THE MINISTER'S FAMILY. By a Country Minister. *Johnstone, Edinburgh; Nisbet and Co.*

A PLEASING, interesting tale. Christian practice based on Christian principle is shown in the various situations in which the different characters are placed: and all is unexceptionable in its tendency.

A THIRD PAMPHLET, *by the Rev. L. J. Nolan, lately a Romish Clergyman, but now a Curate of the Established Church at Athboy.* Carson; Nisbet and Co. Third Edition.

A HELP for the defective vision of such as cannot see Popery to be what we proclaim it. But alas! the majority of these turn away from the evidence continually offered in proof of those assertions, and persist in disbelieving the report, however authenticated. It was but the other day that twenty individuals openly embraced the Romish delusion in one chapel in England, and this is only the beginning of what a few really Protestant ministers warned their flocks would assuredly be fulfilled throughout the land as a consequence of the national alliance with Antichrist. In what solemn tones was that awful text re-iterated in the hearing of a heedless people—"Hear ye, and give ear; be not proud; for the Lord hath spoken. Give glory to the Lord your God, *before he cause darkness, and before your feet stumble upon the dark mountains; and while ye look for light he turn it into the shadow of death, and make it gross darkness.*" Jer. xiii. 15, 16. Here, in Mr. Nolan's pamphlet, is a strong light shed upon those dark mountains that so many are now stumbling on. We earnestly desire it to be read and circulated. In our present number is an extract from it, with the striking remarks of the Rev. Hugh McNeile.

THE PROTESTANT.

THE call in my last paper has been responded to, beyond my expectation; and prayer ascends on the appointed evenings from many a quiet dwelling, from many a secret chamber, the Lord meanwhile placing his mark on those who sigh and who cry for the abominations that be done. Oh, that we could better realise this awful truth! He looketh down from heaven, considering the children of men: among the nations there is one especially and peculiarly blessed, where a church of his planting—I mean nothing exclusive by the word church—has glorified him in the fires, has come forth purified, has been made the favoured depository of his truth and, as from a central point, dispersed it over the globe. Look at the missionary efforts of England for the last thirty years; look at their results; consider what was the state of distant nations at the close of the last century, the vast territories of the east, the wild woods of the western hemisphere, the islands that lie in the bosom of the Pacific, the burning regions of Africa, and the snow-clad mountains of the polar north. Was God worshipped there? Was Christ known? All presented one great spiritual desert, or rather a world in arms against its King, rendering to devils the service due unto the Lord. Look again: fountains have sprung up in the wilderness, and streams flow in the desert. You shall scarcely find a language or a

dialect into which the Holy Scriptures have not been rendered; or a country where at the name of Jesus some knee has not learned to bow. And where is the central point, whence all these rays of divine light diverge to gladden the nations? Within the narrow compass of that island domain which stands out from the European continent like an advanced guard—like a messenger prepared to start on a willing embassy over the wide waters, and to bear throughout the globe glad tidings of salvation wheresoever there is an ear to hear, or a heart to receive them.

Such is our position: what is our state? The enemy, thus boldly assailed on other borders, invades our own. We are planting the Lord's vine in every land, while that which in ours has taken deep root, even till the boughs thereof are like goodly cedar trees, is left unguarded. A devouring worm is at its root; the foxes, the little foxes spoil the grapes. We are, especially at this period of the anniversaries, in peril of Nebuchadnezzar's sin: we look round upon the palaces and gardens that crown our distant missionary labours, and cry out, "Is not this great Babylon that *I* have built?" Or, at the best, we offend with Hezekiah, in the ostentatious display of better treasures than those of silver and gold. The Lord wills not that flesh should glory in his sight: he will humble us, he will scourge us, he will teach us that his ways are not our ways, nor our thoughts his thoughts. In the midst of our spiritual triumphs we have sinned a great sin. Elated by the abundance of his gifts, we have been unmindful of the Rock that begat us; and by way of strengthening our hands for further conquests, we have cried, 'A confederacy,'

where the Lord has forbidden any fellowship. We have thrown down the partition which He builded, and by walls of our own raising have joined on the house of idols to the temple of the living God. Are these things to pass unpunished? It is impossible. Our sin will surely find us out; and to prevent our mistaking the origin of the judgment, it will reach us through that very avenue—that unhallowed opening in our national temple.

But though the Lord thus marks the iniquity of presumptuous sin, he will not make an indiscriminate slaughter. Noah, Daniel, and Job shall be delivered, though neither son nor daughter may plead the parent's faith for the remission of their own guilt. Whosoever repenteth, and forsaketh his sin, shall find mercy: "He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Reproof has been uttered in every quarter: from the throne, by the prophetic warnings, by the inflexible resistance of our beloved and venerated George III. From the senate, again and again, in both houses, and under circumstances that occasioned it to be carried into all classes of society. From the pulpits of the Church of England —witness Hugh McNeile; of the Church of Ireland —witness Henry Irwin; of the Church of Scotland— witness Henry Cooke; of the dissenting churches— witness Joseph Irons, who never allows one Sabbath to pass without bearing with it a testimony of his fidelity to the great Protest. From the platform, not only yearly, but almost weekly; and from the press, in every variety of expostulation, remonstrance, entreaty, and denunciation. Let none therefore say, when the sudden destruction comes on them like an

armed man, 'I did not harden my neck against frequent reproof.' Alas! you did.

If this view be correct—and that it is so, each day furnishes new proof, we have two strong inducements indeed to be instant in prayer. We have our own souls to deliver, as regards national judgment; and we have our slumbering brethren to intercede for, that the Lord will awaken them ere it be too late. With these objects at heart, I venture yet again to press on my readers the observance of the stated days, and of as many other seasons of intercessory and deprecatory prayer as they can command. This valley of Achor is given us for a door of hope: the national transgression, with its consequent fruit of bitterness, draws us nearer to our God. These things are noted in his book.

I must now recur to some counsel given me by my good uncle, which I feel strongly inclined to adopt. He says, 'Although out of the abundance of our hearts our tongues run fluently on, and your pen is ready enough in transferring the discourse to paper when Protestantism is the theme, yet I think you might do better still if you devoted a portion of this article to extracts from the writings of men who not only made their protest, but stood ready to seal it with their blood, as some among them really did. I will not send you to the diluted and modernized reprints, but to the original black-letter records of their opinions and experiences given in their own nervous language. What braced the church a century and a half, or three centuries ago, may do some service again in her present relaxed, debilitated state of health.'

'Do you then propose, uncle, the abandonment altogether of our wonted plan?'

'Not exactly that. I should be unwilling to forego the privilege of an occasional remark on passing events in the only department where they are admissible. I merely desire to give a stronger stimulus to the feelings of your readers, to appeal more forcibly to their principles, than could be done by us alone. A few quotations from early writers, an occasional reference to historical facts, would be acceptable to many; might in the end prove profitable to more.'

This was my uncle's suggestion: I purpose trying the experiment. We did not, however, go farther into the subject then, for he had a good deal to communicate on various topics. 'You will perhaps smile,' he began,' 'to hear me acknowledge it; but it really gave me a most pleasurable sensation to hear of the late transfer of Worksop manor, at this particular juncture.'

'Why so, sir?'

'The duke of Norfolk, you know, is a Romanist; in point of rank he may be called the representative of the whole party in England, standing as he does at the head of our aristocracy, of regal descent, and enjoying hereditary privileges that were not so lightly esteemed in England's better days as now they are. This princely nobleman has never given occasion for the lip of reproof to move against him, on account of his adherence to the Romish faith: nor do I believe him to be tainted with the vile spirit of intrigue and treachery so awfully manifested elsewhere. This I say, niece, to clear myself from any imputation of personal prejudices. Well, among the numerous privileges of the Duke of Norfolk one was held in right of his owning that manor of Worksop: it entitled him to support the arm of the sovereign at

the coronation, and to present a richly-embroidered glove for the royal use. The Duke of Norfork lately resolved to dispose of the manor: a purchaser offered the required sum for it, and the bargain was concluded.'

'Go on, uncle.'

'I am going on: half reluctant to utter an old man's fancy, but really, my dear child, I cannot get over a feeling of delight at what I should fain regard as an augury of good. The manor and its privileges have passed into the hands of the purchaser—report says, his grace of Norfolk knew not who he was dealing with—but be that as it may, I'll go on the 26th of June, if alive, to see the delicate arm of our youthful queen resting, if but for one moment, on that unflinching upholder of our national faith—the honest, unwavering, energetic Protestant Duke of Newcastle.'

'Take me with you, dear uncle. I can fully enter into, fully reciprocate your feelings. It *is* a very singular circumstance, that at such a time the privilege of supporting the royal arm should pass, incidentally too, from the most exalted Romanist to the most uncompromising Protestant in the English peerage.'

'Not so fast; where are you leaving Lord Winchilsea and others whom I could name?'

'I am leaving Lord Winchilsea where I found him, uncle, leading on the forlorn hope, with resolution as unabated and vigor as untiring as though the wreath of conquest already touched his brow. Nevertheless, I think the Duke of Newcastle has been a greater martyr to the cause than any other man. Has he not?'

'I believe he has: and such is the boundless extent of his devotion to it, that you know he would

not stay in the house to witness, or to vote on a division where any thing that partook even of wavering was secure of a majority. It is unfair to draw comparisons, though I remark you carefully confine yourself to the English alone. Well; you don't laugh at me, and that is enough. What say you to the plan of curtailing the coronation splendors?'

'Quite in keeping with the rest, sir; but it seems the citizens of London have something more cogent to say than I have. How do you like their plan of supplying the needful means?'

'Exceedingly. These are no times to weaken the old ties between the people and their monarch. I would eschew all vain parade, and extravagant display: but I would not sanction the miserable penuriousness in regard to the wonted accompaniments of royal state, which stands out in such disgraceful contrast to the wanton prodigality of the Canadian deputyship.'

I did not wish my uncle to get into that line of thought: for his indignation at the removal of Sir Francis Head, and at the puppet-show substitution for a government, as he calls this embassy, would lead him too far. I therefore ventured to interpose another question.

'Why are the ministry allowed to go on, uncle, when it really seems to me that one vigorous united effort of the conservatives would, to use your own expression, heave them overboard?'

'You must ask Sir Robert Peel; and if he can give a satisfactory answer I am greatly mistaken. It is grievous to see with what indifference these men look on, while the country is hastening to destruction through the misgovernment of a faction only retained

in power by their connivance. Sir Robert actually helps them on: with cutting scorn on his lip, he stretches out his hand to lift them over every obstacle that would otherwise prove insurmountable. I sigh for the days of Pitt and Fox, when both parties evinced the depth of purely patriotic feeling, and disinterested zeal in the public cause, however widely they differed as to the best means of promoting it. Each honestly believed his own plan of legislation to be the most conducive to England's welfare; and either would have disdained to sanction for a moment the course that he considered opposed to it. With such parties as those to freight the wavering scales, and such a hand to trim the balance as that of 'Good old George the third'—oh, I had better forget it all. The contrast is too sickening, the inference too dreadful; for, surely, surely the Lord has forsaken his people, and is wroth with his inheritance.'

'No, not with his own inheritance, uncle. He is angry with the wicked every day, and according to the abundance of wickedness will be the tokens of his indignation. You cannot despond more than I do, in reference to the nation: but since it has become a part of the world which is arming itself for the great battle against Christ, let us cherish the word that secures us against the condemnation reserved for those only who are found included in that unrighteous confederacy. We, by grace, are made partakers of a better hope; and may humbly though rejoicingly say, "The Lord of Hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge."'

'It is true,' answered my uncle, with a heavy sigh; 'but I cannot cease to love my poor country.'

'Never, uncle; never. Think of Moses, who,

when obliged to approach the Lord on the part of revolted Israel, with the confession, "Oh, this people have sinned a great sin," made it the ground of most ardent intercession—yea, an exhibition of the strongest patriotic feeling that could be displayed, only equalled by that of the apostle Paul. With such examples before us, dear uncle, we shall find our faith a strong stimulus to our love of poor England, in this day of her declension, and an incentive to double earnestness both in prayer and in efforts to promote that for which we pray.'

'Yes. I would that some one could be found to set before these leading Conservatives, as they are called, the criminality, the cruelty of allowing matters to take their present course without an effort—I mean a real effort—to put a stop to the mischief. It is, indeed, doubtful whether we should be gainers to any considerable amount by a change of ministers, seeing how little the aspirants to office seem inflamed by a zeal for the cause of truth; but can you suppose for a moment that Ireland would continue in its present appalling state if the impunity now secured to offenders was at an end? There may be seen the full working out of the system, by any who have nerve to contemplate such a spectacle.'

'It seems, O'Connell promises to tolerate the union so long as Lord Mulgrave is left to bless the land with his paternal sway.'

'A little longer, I fancy, niece. Do you seriously imagine that any rational mortal now attaches the weight of a straw to any of that braggart's ridiculous vapourings?'

'I should think not: it seems a part of his compact to give the ministry the support of his breath; but

when deeds are required, the Canada question affords a tolerable specimen of the degree of reliance to be placed on him and his myrmidons. What think you of the letters of M'Hale, respecting the National Board?'

'That it is a palpable *ruse*, my dear; a mere feint —a black ground, artificially smeared over, just to shew off in amiable contrast the very liberal and very loyal moderation of his fellow titulars.'

'Yet methinks, uncle, it looks very much like the natural raven here of undisguised Popery.'

'Why, so it is. M'Hale is telling the truth so far, but he tells it with a deceptive purpose. He takes up the high position at which they all ultimately aim; but he takes it alone, in order that the contented aspect with which the rest seat themselves some stages lower may lead the unwary to conclude that he is singular in his extravagant assumptions. It would not do for Popery to feign a total oblivion of her former arrogance of place: it suits their purpose better to exhibit one doughty champion of the old school, in the higher order of their confederacy, with the presumption that some in the inferior ranks of ecclesiastics are of his mind, that the remainder may more plausibly yield in appearance to the liberal spirit of the day, until our foolish credulity removes every remaining obstacle to the completion of their design. They dread nothing so much as the abandonment of the national scheme—desire nothing so much as its extension and permanence, and they hope that a determination not to be bullied from it by John M'Hale, together with the secret surmise, that after all it is not so palatable to their church as we imagined, will confirm us in the pernicious system.'

'"Mystery of iniquity" is its name, indeed. Oh for the day when the Lord shall consume it with the breath of his mouth, and destroy it with the brightness of his coming!'

'Something will yet be done,' resumed my uncle, 'to check these titulars in their presumptuous insolence. Lord Lorton has given notice of an inquiry into their breach of the law by assuming prohibited titles. Ministers endeavoured to shuffle it off; but, like the desecration of Derry grave-yard, it will be carried on to a full exposure. What news have you from that fortress of Protestantism?'

'Something remarkable. A series of controversial sermons having been preached from the pulpit of the dear old cathedral, at which a very large number of Romanists attended, and listened with deep interest, there is good hope of a shaking among the dry bones. Meanwhile, from perusing the scriptures and some spiritual tracts, several young boys at Gwyn's charity school became convinced of the abominations of Popery, and left the mass. One of these attended the smaller church in Derry; his mother pursued him, and with much violence dragged him thence in the midst of divine service. Some of the congregation followed her out, and quietly remonstrated: they were prosecuted for an assault on the woman; and, after the usual exhibition of gross perjury on the part of the accusers, were of course acquitted. Another little fellow being hotly pursued by an angry sister in the street, called to the Rev. Mr. Seymour, and a clergyman of the Scotch church, who were standing near, to protect him. The former gentleman just held the girl's shawl for a moment, while the boy ran off, and was charged with an aggravated assault, and brought to trial.'

'What, our mild, benevolent friend Seymour?'

'The same, uncle. The charge was dismissed by the Recorder of Derry, with the indignant reprehension it merited: but all this looks as if the clouds were breaking. Oh that light may again dawn from within, and shoot its blessed radiance far and wide around those glorious old walls!'

PORTIONS FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

FRIDAY, MAY 11.	FRIDAY, MAY 25.
Deut. xxxii. to ver. 44.	Psalm ii.; Rev. xviii.

In addition to the works mentioned before, for private or family reading on these occasions, we would recommend Mr. Nangle's 'Gospel Lever,' Coverdale's 'Letters of the Martyrs,' and Bishop Hall's 'No Peace with Rome.'

THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1838.

CHAPTERS ON FLOWERS.

A LARGE garden is undoubtedly a source of large enjoyment; but a small garden has this advantage, that it brings under your notice the personal and domestic concerns of every inmate of its narrow boundaries. In the former case, you must admit the aid of a gardener, who, whatever predilection he may have for his calling, will never enter fully into your views and wishes. His professional wisdom will clash with your secret partialities: he will see a necessity for closely pruning some shrubs in the wild luxuriance of which you take especial delight: he will straighten, to your great discomfiture, shoots that naturally incline to the curving line of grace; and leave indelible traces of art where you would rather dispense with such appearances. A large garden is at best but a very limited monarchy, where all the

power is vested in the administration: your Premier will indeed allow you to walk round it, and see how *he* manages matters; but beyond that your privileges are wofully curtailed.

Now, in my own little territory I am a perfect autocrat: shrubs may run as wild, twigs grow as awry, and flowers spread as unrestrainedly as I please. Not a leaf can unfold, but I take personal cognizance of it; not a blossom expands, that I cannot rejoice over as the fruit of my special culture. No intermediate link separates me from my loving subjects: the royal prerogative of doing no wrong is mine, upon the agreeable principle that, having nobody else to please or to dissatisfy by my proceedings, my rule of right is simply to do whatever I like best. I therefore recommend to all lovers of floriculture who are troubled with more ground than they can manage alone, that they forthwith enclose a very limited space, with a strict prohibition against intrusive hoe, rake, or pruning-knife. They will find it a most interesting experiment, if they do really love flowers as flowers deserve to be loved; and not like caps and ribbands, merely for the effect of form and colouring, irrespective of any peculiar interest in the article itself.

Probably this is not so often the case as florists may presume it to be. Few, perhaps, have accustomed themselves to particular trains of thought as they looked on the various individuals which, in their parterre, represent so many families: fewer have traced so close a connection between the flower and its appropriate meditation as to find in the former a note-book of ideas and events which, but for such a memorandum would be forgotten, or very slightly re-

tained. This habit may be unconsciously acquired while life itself is but a gay garden of sweets, and the secret language of inexperienced confidence is, "I shall see no sorrow:' but it needs somewhat more than a sip of the bitters mingled for God's children in this mortal state to excite a relish for the mysterious sweetness thus reserved to qualify the unpalatable draught. God has given us richly all things to enjoy: the worlding may possess, but the Christian alone can enjoy those gifts. And as through the merely mechanical arrangement of types and paper, ink and pasteboard, into certain forms, a book is produced which shall contain a correct transcript of the revealed word, and become, under divine operation, the means of bringing life eternal within the grasp of its readers, so on many an inanimate object, formed, like ourselves, from the element of earth, a blessing is made to rest,—a name is written which no man can know save he that receiveth it as a gift from God.

Over and over again have I noticed in these pages the strange power of sympathy conferred on these lovely preachers; and still, as the season of their glowing abundance returns, I am constrained to acknowledge it anew. It is indeed one of those impressions that cannot be swept away by the current of time; because every succeeding year adds something to the store of recollections, and something also to the sad experience of this world's nothingness —if that can be called nothing which has so much power to sting. Man's corruption disposes him to be fickle, ungrateful, unkind; this inflicts a wound, on some hearts an almost intolerable wound; and when it comes from a quarter where the reverse was

confidently expected, a chilling sense of the universal depravity seems to cast a blight over the whole face of the earth, and, blindly unconscious of our own participation in the general spot, we seem to stand alone, cast out and disowned by a race with whom we hardly care to claim the affinity which, nevertheless, exists in all its natural force. Under such a feeling there are some who know what it is to turn a retrospective eye, and to call up images of the departed, with the fond, regretful thought, '*They* loved truly, loved always—they would not have changed with the changeful world; or if they were liable so to do, how sweet to know that they were taken away before that hour arrived—that nothing damped their warm affection, or clouded the brightness of their confiding looks with mistrust and displeasure.' At such a moment the slightest relic of a departed friend is doubly precious: a line of his writing, a sketch by his pencil, a trifle that once was his—all are invaluable: but to me the smiling aspect of a living flower, connected by one of the links so often inscribed with the memory of that departed friend, comes home to the bosom with greater power, inasmuch as it both partakes of the vitality which in the other things is wholly wanting, and also inevitably leads me to the contemplation of that which is not earthly.

There is something awful in the beauty and symmetry of a flower; even when without the superaddition of that fragrance which extends the influence of the lovely production to the atmosphere around it. That such a thing should have been made to spring out of the colourless and scentless dust is strange; that it should be made only to wither is stranger yet: that the only abiding part, in many of the most

exquisite flowers—the seed vessel—should present an unsightly contrast to the glowing blossom which ushered it in, and become, in general, more displeasing to the sense, in proportion to its increasing value—all is a mystery: but, oh! how instructive that mystery is, when read by the revealing light of God's word! Dear, precious little comforters the flowers of the field and garden are: they first meet me on my own ground, indulging the selfish mood, saying, Those of whom we now tell you smiled on you to the last of their mortal existence, as we shall do: they fell, but never till they fell were their loving looks averted. This is the language that soothes a natural feeling, partaking no doubt, and largely, of natural discontent and rebellion: but the Lord has altered his beautiful world to suit the altered condition of his sinful creatures: and the flowers that in Eden might have bloomed unchangeably under the easy culture of a faithful vicegerent, an ever-present type of his own holy, safe, and rejoicing state, now wither and die, to bring spiritual comfort home to the dying rebel. Yes, I think they die to soothe us; for I could not so love, or so intimately connect the memento with what it commemorates, if it was itself exempt from change. It seems fitting that its tints should wax pale, and its petals shrink and fall, leaving me half reconciled to a lot so universal, and giving me the promise of again watching every budding indication of their annual return. Here it is that the natural feeling begins to rise into something more elevating. I look on the still blooming flower, and acknowledging its imaginary language, another shade of regret steals over me as I ponder on the shortness of its stay to soothe an aching heart. But

I know it will return. Why? Because God has said that while the earth endures, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, shall not cease. I have the experience of my own life added to the record of some thousands of years, that one word of his good promise has never yet failed: and I know assuredly that it never can fail, but must stand fast for ever and ever, when all seasons, with the earth itself, shall have passed away. And then some one of those rich promises will come to my mind, dissipating in its glorious light every lingering shadow, whether of discontent or of unbelief. Am I afflicted? It must needs be so, for he has spoken it. "In the world ye shall have tribulation." It is no matter whence it springs: an unkind word, or injurious suspicion, is as heavy a trial to some minds as a very serious calamity is to others: and herein, by the way, do good people so grievously err in rebuking another for smarting under what would be utterly unfelt by themselves. The Lord knows in what particular direction the patient requires to be probed; and it is singularly presumptuous on the part of an ignorant, blind stander-by, to pronounce that he means nothing by the operation, just because the creature's wisdom would suggest a different mode of applying the instrument from that which the Creator judges best. There are some who can bear me witness, because they have experienced both, that a bodily affliction of some magnitude is light, is nothing, in comparison with unkindness, or even cold indifference, where the heart might naturally turn for the reverse. To such, sickness and pain are half welcome, for the sake of the tender soothings that they call forth from beloved friends; while health and prosperity are embittered

by the lack of those sympathies on which the spirit loves to repose itself. God gives or takes away accordingly. Let him do what seemeth him good.

I have not been able to select a particular flower for this paper. The burst of beauty in my little garden bewilders me; and having peopled it with mementos already recorded, I am at a loss to add another to the wreath. One, indeed, there is, a stranger altogether both there and in the soil of England; but so humble, yet so dear! It died down to the ground, and totally disappeared in the winter: that hard season levelled many a stately tree and luxuriant shrub, and I dared not to hope that it had spared my poor wild flower. I guarded the spot, however, from the spade, and watched with as little of hope as could possibly be mingled with such anxious longing. It re-appeared—and when the long feathery leaves stretched out on every side, not rising from the ground, but overspreading it, and the small germ of a future flower was discernible in the centre, I know not for what upon this earth I would have exchanged it. It bears a little yellow cup, much like a buttercup, though larger, and is as common a weed as can be pointed out in the meadows of its native isle, near the water's edge: and on such an edge I found it. I stood for the first, and I suppose the last time, on the margin of the most lovely lake that spreads its bright bosom to the sunbeam; several miles in circumference, yet lying before the eye like a mirror, with its boundaries distinctly marked out, and the swelling banks so gently diversified, here with a plantation, there a meadow of emerald green, and several little islands speckling the bright surface with their beautiful verdure,

crowned with tufts of trees—I have it before me now, and shall have it before me while I live.

On the spot where I stood, a light and buoyant step had rested, one sunny day in June, previous to entering a small boat. Ten minutes afterwards that spot was pressed again beneath the heavy tread of those who landed a drowned corpse and bore it away. Years had passed—I visited the place, and looked around, and amid the bewildered feeling of the moment my brain seemed to receive an uneffaceable transcript of the whole scene, and there it remains. I looked down, and beheld this simple wild flower laving its long leaves in the ripple that evermore rolled a refreshing moisture to the root. I scooped it up from the bed of transparent pebbles where it grew, a solitary green thing, with its cup of living gold turned sunward. I rooted it in native earth, and it grew under my eye, by day and night ever near me, travelling many hundred miles on my knee, until it reached the selected spot in my small garden, where a young hawthorn waves a faint shadow near it, and a daily watering supplies the refreshment it was wont to derive from the hundred sweet springs of Lough Ouel.

I have said it was planted in Irish earth: true to its character, that handful of soil threw up a little weak seedling shamrock, which, strange to say, never once quailed nor changed its vivid green during the past destructive winter. They grow together, and my hand shall never part them: for God has united the spirits in heaven, and why should I divorce the poor memorials below? Their near neighbour is the heartsease; and many a sweet recollection, many a far sweeter hope, is clustered in a space too homely

to attract the glance of taste, and so narrow as to render it a marvel that such a volume of consolation should be written there. Yet written it is; and daily read, and frequently resorted to, for that same mild lesson alluded to in the foregoing pages. The white stone-crop from Vinegar-Hill fell beneath the frost: a plant from the walls of Derry died likewise, though both were cherished in a sheltered room: but the wild weed of Lough Ouel, and the shamrock of the meadow outlived it in the open air. It is better to receive whatever changes the Lord may appoint, whether atmospheric or otherwise, in the situation where he has originally placed us. How many a constitution is ruined by over-nursing, I have often remarked; how many a mind is unnerved, and unfitted for the endurance of inevitable evils, by being too carefully guarded from all that might shock its sensibilities, I also know too well. An early blighting of luxuriant leaves may preserve the root for future and vigorous vegetation, when the artificial covert of a roof would retain the evanescent bloom at the imminent risk of immediate destruction from any accidental admission of external air. This is also instructive, as are most of the peculiarities attending the delightful employment of horticulture; and I think such teaching finds a readier admission to the mind, when we voluntarily draw it, as the bee does his honey, from the nectary of a sweet flower.

But still the charm that most endears the flower is that resemblance to what was kind, and loving, and confiding. Guileless itself, the mind does not suspect others of sordid or unworthy motives; and such a mind is well depicted in the aspect of a flower. Perhaps, in the whole range of intellectual suffering, not

resulting from conscious guilt, there is nothing more trying than to know one's-self the object of unjust suspicion: to perceive that what is done in perfect integrity of heart and uprightness of intention, with a single eye to some evident duty, or service of love, is viewed through a false, distorted medium; or misrepresented by the craft of Satan, to alienate the affections that would otherwise flow naturally towards an individual disinterestedly employed in the service of others. There is a remedy in this case: there is an appeal that is never unanswered in the end. One alone has the power of searching the human heart: we cannot try and know our own, but He can and does; and although a fearful mass of undetected sin cleaves to all that we do, or say, or think, still there is a relative uprightness of purpose, which may challenge a just judgment, as between man and man, at the hand of the Omniscient. It is when vexed by a collision with the injurious and unkind, who too often lead us to complain of being wounded in the house of our friends, that the dead pass before our mental view, with all the confiding candour which belongs to a noble, loving disposition; and we feel the bereavement in a new, an almost insupportable sense of its irreparable character. The sting of a nettle will endear the harmlessness of a violet, though the latter needs no such enhancement.

Oh what a day will that be, when every noxious thing is uprooted, and cast forth from the fair garden of this renovated earth! The figure is of constant recurrence in scripture. "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree; and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree." "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad because of them; and the

desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." Before that day of the church's triumph and blessedness, I shall be gathered among the clods of the valley; and the bright offspring of the soil, which now soothe and cheer my heart, will be blossoming over my head, and telling forth to others the same precious truths that they declare to me. It is not to be supposed that such a book has been spread before man for six thousand years, in characters illegible to those who glanced upon it. Isaac's meditations in the field at eventide may have partaken of the same nature, as the gorgeous blossoms of the East unfolded their glowing tints around him. David, from considering the starry heavens, may have turned his regards to the flowers of earth, and read their declaration of the glory of God in terms no less emphatic than the voiceless testimony of the skies. The skill that hung those elegant pendants on their slender stalks, and arranged a drapery of foliage around them, had a meaning in the act. I will not reject the comfort, nor disregard the instruction that they seem designed to yield me. What my gracious Lord and Saviour has invited me to consider, I will not overlook; what he tells me that Solomon in all his glory could not equal, I will not refuse to admire; and what he represents as being clothed by the hand of God, as a symbol of his providential care over me, I will not fail to recognize as among the sweetest tokens of his love. While I live, flowers shall multiply in my garden, and be cherished in my bosom; and when I die, if any kind hand will place them there, flowers shall smile upon my grave.

C. E.

THE BYSTANDER.

No. XIX.

THE most profound admirers of systematic theology will probably be disposed to admit, that theologians, in common with other makers of systems, are apt to look at a subject too exclusively from one point of view. The point chosen by each, is that which places his favourite doctrine in the fore-ground; and he is so much occupied in an exact delineation of all its parts, that he gives a slight, and sometimes incorrect, sketch of other objects; while it may happen that something which in itself is of equal or even greater importance, may appear in the far distance faintly drawn in greatly diminished proportions. It is owing to this, more than to the promulgation of positive error, that such different and apparently incompatible views are given of the glorious scheme of man's redemption. One divine sees nothing but election, and pourtrays it on so large a scale, that the love of God to a perishing world is completely hid behind its gigantic dimensions; while another, anxious to paint the doctrine of justification by faith in the most glowing colours, seeks to give it additional prominence in the view of the beholder, by throwing personal holiness into the shade. And thus God's plan of mercy to a fallen world, so perfect as a whole, so harmonious in all its parts, is too often presented to the inquirer as a mass of confusion; and while each author congratulates

himself on the consistency of his scheme, the poor reader is bewildered with a multitude of seemingly contrary propositions, which he in vain attempts to arrange in symmetrical order.

Perhaps there is no truth that has suffered so much at the hands of orthodox theologians, as the doctrine of human responsibility. They are puzzled to find a corner in this nicely compacted system into which it will exactly fit; and therefore generally leave it out altogether, to be seized on as the exclusive property of the upholders of man's free-will and absolute independence. But those "holy men of old, who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," are content with simply announcing the truths that were revealed to them. They usher in their warnings with: 'If thou doest thus:' and denounce threatened judgments with: 'Because thou hast done so;' without stopping to reconcile the alleged reason with the eternal decrees or foreknowledge of God. And if every one to whom the revelation of God comes, would receive its announcements in the same simple and child-like spirit, not only would many vain reasonings be spared, but much practical good would result from an unquestioning obedience to the precepts of scripture; based on the conviction that a just and holy God cannot command, or require of his creatures, that which is absolutely impossible.

The question respecting man's responsibility in the matter of his soul's salvation, seems to me rather obscured than elucidated by an inquiry into the state of the heathen. We are certainly told in scripture that they have a capability of discovering the being of a God of power and goodness; and are therefore answerable for not glorifying him as God, and being

thankful; (compare Rom. i. 19—21. with Acts xvii. 25—28.) But the chief practical use we can make of the knowledge of this, is, that if so much be required even of the heathen, much more must necessarily be demanded of us. The point at which the higher degree of responsibility commences, is, the knowledge that the Almighty Creator of all things, the great First Cause, has made a revelation of his will to man, and that this revelation is accessible to us. It is perhaps not too much to say, that this lowest grade in the scale of information is much less removed from the highest degree of scriptural knowledge, than it is from the utmost attainments of the heathen state.

It would be interesting to trace the "sundry times and divers manners" in which God has revealed himself to man, from the first communication in the garden of Eden, down to these latter days when he has spoken to us by his Son, viewed in connection with the condition in which each successive mode of revelation found those to whom it was addressed. Amid the diversity of manifestation, whether in the direct communication, instituted sacrifice, or traditional truth, that prevailed previous to the Jewish dispensation; or in the features of that dispensation itself; or in these of the present dispensation; we clearly perceive the doctrine of man's responsibility for his mode of receiving the revelation of God, to run through them all. There is no hint given that the evidence may be insufficient to produce conviction that it is really a revelation from God; nor any intimation that there is such an incapacity of faith in the hearers, as forms an excuse for the sin of unbelief. Passing over the sojourn in the wilderness, concerning which we are tempted to imagine, that

the continued succession of miracles must have rendered unbelief impossible, and disobedience doubly sinful, let us consider the state of the Israelites when settled in their own land. They had, it is true, the standing miracle of the Shechinah; but this was seen by the high-priest alone; and an unbelieving Jew might have said, with as much reason as our modern infidels: 'How can I know that this religion is from God? It may be all priest-craft: I was not present when the law was given, or the sacrifices instituted: it may therefore be entirely the invention of man.' This Jew, like the unbelievers of the present day, might have a variety of evidences set before him; and like him would find, that though these contain ample proof to satisfy the candid and impartial inquirer, there is nothing in them of a nature to overwhelm the doubts of a determined sceptic. During the time of the second temple, there was no visible presence of God in the Jewish church; but they had the record of his dealings with their forefathers in the scriptures of truth—these "oracles of God," which were committed to their keeping; and to the use they made of these, our Lord frequently appealed. "Had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed me, for he wrote of me." And if, in the dimmer light of former dispensations, men were justly upbraided for their unbelief, shall we dare, in the noon-day brightness of Christianity, to say of the careless, the worldly, and the formal professors, that they *cannot help* their not being sincere and devout Christians?

Three very different classes have agreed in lessening, or altogether denying, man's responsibility, by stating that the great majority of those who have access to the revelation of God are absolutely in-

capable of rightly understanding it. The ultra-Calvinists, who think that salvation is not really offered to any but the elect, speak of the rest of mankind in a way that fully absolves them from the sin of unbelief; for if it be true that Christ did not die for them, they are in fact believing the truth when they believe that he was not a propitiation for their sins.[1] The infidel party maintain that a man is no more answerable for his religious creed, than he is for the colour of his skin. And the Oxford divines of the modern school argue, that as the majority of mankind have neither leisure nor ability to investigate evidences, it is the duty of all men to submit themselves to the judgment of the church in matters of religion. With the first of these classes I cannot now enter the lists, as it would require a discussion foreign to the subject of this paper to confute their premises, of which their conclusions are only the legitimate consequence. To the others it may be answered, that although the facts which substantiate the authenticity of the gospel of Christ are cognizable by the intellect, yet the good message itself is not addressed to that part of man which investigates proofs, and weighs evidences. It is addressed to that which loves, and hopes, and fears; and its truth ought to be recognised by that inward monitor which God has planted in every breast, though in many it may seem withered and lifeless. While some few have magni-

[1] Many who hold such views are shy of avowing them, and do not give them utterance until their opinions are extorted from them; their sentiments, therefore, are chiefly to be gathered from the few who venture to speak out. Any one who wishes to see the unvarnished opinions of this party may consult the 'Gospel Tracts' of the Rev. R. Hale, Vicar of Harewood. Published by Heaton, Leeds; and Higham, London.

fied the power of conscience into an internal light, sufficient to guide men into all truth, many persons seem to forget that it is declared in scripture to have a capacity of recognising truth when presented to it. The apostle Paul states, that the manifestation of the truth by himself and the other apostles commended them to every man's conscience; and adds, that where truth is not thus perceived, it is owing to an evil influence exercised on the conscience. "But if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost, in whom the God of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not." (2 Cor. iv. 3, 4.) And he elsewhere mentions, as a consequence of "giving heed to seducing spirits," having the "conscience seared as with a hot iron;" and says of those whose ways are "abominable and disobedient," that "even their mind and conscience is defiled." (1 Tim. iv. 1, 2; and Titus i. 15.) A defiled conscience is one of the chief causes both of speculative and practical unbelief; it is the opposite of that "single eye," which makes "the whole body to be full of light;" and the mode of life which produces and accompanies it, is quite the reverse of that doing "the will of God," which enables men to "know of the doctrine whether it be of God." (John vii. 17.) A man may be perfectly sincere when he says, 'I cannot believe what you propound to me as being the gospel of Christ;' and the suitable reply to him, and to similar objectors, may be, not an array of additional evidences, but the words of our Saviour to objectors of a like character, "How can ye believe, which receive honour one of another, and seek not the honour that cometh from God only?" Should any complain to us that all they hear and read on the subject of re-

ligion makes no impression on them, we may venture to remind them, that to be continually occupied with a succession of trifling vanities, beats down the heart into the hardness of the highway, rendering it a soil in which no good seed can take root. Or if others lament, that though lively impressions are made on them from time to time, through the use of the various means of grace, yet that these are evanescent, and produce no spiritual fruits, we may warrantably suggest, that "the cares, and riches, and pleasures of this life," and "the lust of other things, entering in, choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful."

I have been drawn on to speak more in the tone of a theologian than I either wished or intended, from a conviction that while the doctrine of our responsibility in regard to spiritual matters is of unspeakable importance, it is difficult to bring it forward in such a way as not to offend many truly excellent persons, who are so jealous for what they term the sovereignty of God, that they are disposed to quarrel with it in almost every shape in which it may be presented. I am far from saying that either they, or the authors of the theological systems to which I before alluded, would deny the doctrine in the abstract; for all preaching, writing, or speaking to others on the subject of religion, presupposes some measure of capability of reception in those to whom such efforts are addressed; what I affirm is, that while the latter exclude it from their systems, the former resist the individual application of it. The effects of this are nowhere more painfully apparent than among the younger branches of many religious families. They have been instructed in the great truth, that they cannot be 'born again,' without a direct operation of

the Spirit of God on their hearts; and the conclusion they draw from this is, that as they can do nothing of themselves, they must patiently wait God's time for working this great change in them. They see, perhaps, an elder brother or sister turning from the vanities of the world to serve the living God; and they complacently think that by and by their turn will come; but in the mean time they cannot help being just what they are.

'Do you mean to say I can change my own heart?' said a young friend to me, not long since.

'No, my dear Anna,' I replied, 'as well might the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots. But I know you can produce a very powerful effect upon your heart: you can *harden* it; you may make it, to use the forcible language of scripture, "like the nether mill-stone;" and this I fear the course you are pursuing has a tendency to do.'

'What do you mean by the course I am pursuing, Miss Markwell? I am not aware of doing any thing that deserves such strong reprehension.'

'I do not speak of particular acts as being very reprehensible; but your mode of life tends to increase the natural alienation of the heart from God, by your being constantly occupied in what has no reference to him, or to spiritual things. Trifling books, or such as, at best, concern this world only; trifling pursuits, and trifling conversation, occupy the larger share of your time. I would not be too severe on your companions, but conscience must tell you, that you do not choose those who are most pious for your associates. Then in regard to amusements, you know that you go to the very verge of what your worthy parents tolerate, and beyond what they cor-

dially approve. I am fully convinced that if the restraints imposed by their authority, or by your regard for their opinion, were removed, you would plunge at once into all the frivolous gaieties of the world.'

'No, that I am sure I would never do.'

'You think so now, because the world's amusements are at a distance from you; but if you were brought near them, and found your chosen friends engaged in such enjoyments, it would require very little persuasion to induce you to join them.'

'But what can I do? I have read many religious books, and never found myself the better for them. I could easily pretend to like them, and many other things which I do not like; nay I might perhaps, like many persons I know, persuade myself that I had some pleasure in them; but I can neither force myself, nor reason myself, into a real love for them.'

'No, my dear young friend, you cannot; this is the disease of your soul, the universal epidemic of fallen humanity. But a remedy has been provided for this disease; and the remedy is freely offered to you.'

'Is it not mockery to say it is freely offered, when I cannot have it by merely wishing for it?'

'I know very few things that can be had by merely wishing for them: did you obtain education or knowledge of any kind that you may possess, by merely wishing for it?'

'O that is not to the point; things we can attain by our natural abilities are quite different from spiritual things.'

'I know they are different; I do not mean to represent them as completely analogous; but there is much more resemblance in the mode of their attain-

ment than you are willing to allow. Success in spiritual things, as well as in temporal, is made to depend on diligence. The words of our Saviour are "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find." Suppose we should come to an extensive common, which must be crossed in the way to a city seen in the distance, and found it intersected by paths going in various directions, each path so obstructed by briars and thorns, that its route could scarcely be traced: suppose we there saw two travellers, both professing a desire to reach the city: one diligently tries every path that appears to lead in the right direction, and when he finds the one he is in, diverging to the right hand or the left, he quits it, and tries another. 'If I keep my eye steadily fixed on the city,' says he, 'I know I cannot go far out of the way; and hope, at length, to find a straight path leading to it.' This man, you would say, acted in a rational manner. But what would you think of the other traveller, if you saw him, with his back to the city, contentedly walking in a path that evidently led in a direction exactly opposite. He might tell you that it was impossible for him to discover the right path; that he hoped he might find some one to shew it to him, and in the mean time he did not think it signified what direction he walked in. Would you think the conduct of this man rational?'

Anna replied in the negative.

'And yet such is your conduct,' I replied; 'you profess to wish to become a real Christian; while you constantly employ yourself in matters that lead you away from Christ, and foster the corruptions of your heart. You cannot relish conversation or books that savour of the things of God, because your taste

is vitiated and diseased. Do not call me *legal*, when I exhort you in the words of the Holy Ghost: "Wash you, make you clean, put away the evil of your doings." Enter more frequently into your closet, read the word of God with meditation and prayer; and if, for a considerable time, you feel it dull, and heavy, and lifeless work, remember the fault is not in the heavenly remedy, but in the inveterate nature of your disease. I deny not that many are suddenly arrested in the midst of their rebellion, and brought back to God by a special act of distinguishing grace; but many also are cut off in their state of carelessness and indifference about spiritual things; and I see no warrant you have for concluding that you must belong to the former class rather than to the latter. But this I know, that "*every one* that asketh, receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." Why, then, give up a certainty for a bare possibility?'

MARTHA MARKWELL.

OUR unthankfulness for, and our light estimation of God's word, will do more than any thing to help the Pope into the saddle again.—*Luther.*

NEGLECTED FRIENDS.

AT the beginning of the year which has lately passed, some interesting thoughts under the present title appeared in this Magazine. The term was then applied to the 'ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation;' and it may not be perhaps deemed an interference with the views of that writer, if I make use of the same words while pleading in behalf of a community for whose watchful care we ought to be at least as grateful, and to whom, as they are with us in bodily presence, we have more decidedly the power of acknowledging our obligations. It will be readily seen that I allude to those who are appointed to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord and the day of vengeance of our God; whose office it is to watch for souls as they who must give account, who are willing to spend and be spent in the service of their Lord, and who labour in body, struggle in watchfulness, and wrestle in prayer, that they may win souls to Christ!

It is with deep feeling that I profess myself a lover of our established church, and *that* not only from having been brought up within its communion, and educated in its principles, but from knowing, and therefore admiring, the scriptural and beautiful system which, if its canons were strictly adhered to, would provide us in all cases with guides, of whom

it might be said, 'Be ye followers of them, as they are of Christ.' All the ministers of that church, as a body, and not a few of them as individuals, I esteem very highly in love for their works' sake, 'according to the apostolic injunction.' But it is not for the purpose of professing to the readers of the Christian Lady's Magazine the attachment of an obscure individual to the church of England and its members, that I am induced to write these lines: I have a specific object therein, and that is, to remind my readers and myself of the best way in which we can make any return for the benefits which many of us have received from the ministry, and which is, to fulfil the request frequently urged by the earnest and humble-minded amongst them, who feel their need of support in the arduous work, 'Brethren, pray for us.' I do not desire to accuse any congregation, or any single member, of neglecting this duty; but there may be, nevertheless, some who, like myself, cannot but acknowledge to their own hearts, 'we are verily guilty concerning our brethren in this matter.' I write this while one of the most affecting appeals for the prayers of a congregation, from a minister to his people, is yet fresh in my memory. It is not the first of the kind I have heard, nor the first that has filled many hearts with prayer and eyes with tears; appeals such as these must surely meet with a response in every breast; and may their effects be seen and felt, to the lasting benefit of ministers and people, and to the glory of God!

I do not wish to be censorious; but I have frequently been pained by the ill-restrained mirth with which the inconsistencies of Christian ministers are sometimes spoken of, and the recollection of ever

having had any share in such conversations is one of an humbling character, and calculated to produce a feeling of wonder at having at any time fallen so low as to be guilty of such a breach of the law of kindness. It is said that 'pity is akin to love;' but I should think it difficult to trace the connection between Christian love or charity, and that scanty expression of pity which is sometimes awkwardly patched on at the end of a long dissertation or jocose story, to the disadvantage of a fellow-Christian, who may have been misinterpreted or misunderstood. The story is eagerly told, the auditors eagerly listen, the laugh which has been excited is, after a while, suppressed, and the narrator exclaims, 'Poor man, how I pity him!' And this is echoed by the bystanders, each of whom, may be, goes straightway to relate the same story to the next knot of listeners.

It seems that the mania to tell 'or to hear some new thing,' is so common and so strong in human nature, that it frequently swallows up better feelings; and it has been observed, with much truth, that, especially amongst our less educated class of fellow-countrymen, the hurry to tell a melancholy piece of news is at least as great as that to tell the most pleasant information. At the close of the late season of severe frost, a boy, tempting the almost melted ice on an adjoining pond, was, as might be expected, in a moment plunged beneath its surface. In a very few minutes a crowd surrounded the bank, all in a state of anxiety about the child, and when, after the lapse of a quarter of an hour, the lifeless body was dragged out of the water, every one of those who had been standing round was eager to tell the story; and all that afternoon knots of gossipers might be

seen in different parts of the small town where the event happened, all discussing the circumstance, with a degree of animation which might lead a stranger to suppose that some delightful holiday was taking place, or that a benefit to the town was anticipated from some unexpected and joyous event. A novel writer of the present century shewed his knowledge of human nature when he wrote that part of his story which relates the excessive disappointment of a servant girl, when the gentleman whose hanging she went to witness had been so ill-natured as to effect his escape, and thereby disappoint herself and others of the gratifying sight. Now in neither of these cases was there any personal animosity against the unfortunate objects of interest, and how is the conduct I have described to be accounted for, if not in the scriptural declaration I before alluded to—the mania to hear and tell some new thing?

And is there no analogy between this and the conduct too often observed from members of a Christian church towards each other? Is there not frequently exhibited an anxiety to hear or tell some new thing against the doctrines or character of those who *have a right* to the prayers of their people? It has frequently occurred to me, that if we were all as earnest in prayer for our ministers (and not only for those with whom we are personally connected and acquainted, but for all that part of Christ's church *as a body*)—were we as often in prayer for them as we are engaged in assisting the circulation of reports to their discredit, whether true or false, things might be improved, asperities might be softened, the clergyman and his congregation would feel that each was interested in the other; and if the answer be delayed

or denied in a particular case, still the prayer would not return void, but would be abundantly blest to the heart that offered it. We cannot say thus much of the other mode of treating the faults and inconsistencies of our Christian brethren; no good arises from it to the subject of animadversion, for it is not generally intended that he should hear what is said: no good arises to the listeners in most instances, for it is calculated to make them think less of their own sins and more of their neighbours'; and no good ensues to the narrator, except the satisfaction of having told a good story in an animated style. But no feeling arises in his heart that he has been engaged in a labour of love; for, on the contrary, when he reflects on it afterwards, he cannot avoid the consciousness of having been guilty in one instance of that complicated branch of sin—offending with the tongue. My dear Christian friends, let us all take heed to our ways in this matter: if any of us have been betrayed into this censorious, slanderous, un-Christian spirit, let us seek to do so no more, but rather let us pray for the whole state of Christ's church militant here on earth, and especially for those who err concerning the *faith*, and therefore who cannot but wander concerning the *practice* of Christianity; and may we no more be forced to own our want of love in this particular, and to look upon our ministry as *neglected friends!*

Intercessory prayer, in general, is a sweet and profitable Christian employment, and the same remarks I have just made may be also applied to all Christians. In the memoirs of Mrs. East, we have a beautiful example of a praying Christian—an example which it is possible for every member of Christ's

church to follow; and I wish my feeble recommendation might be the cause of adding this little book to every Christian lady's library, where it has not yet found a place. In these latter days of much profession on the one hand, and rebuke and blasphemy on the other, Satan is very busy with all who name the name of Christ, and especially with those who bear rule in the church. While, then, we mourn over some who are misled into divers heresies, let us not omit to pray for them; let those who really value their ministry set apart a portion of their time for private devotion, for this particular duty, and if they have a dear intimate friend, or a brother or sister, who agrees with them in this matter, let them also unite in their prayers on behalf of the watchmen of Israel. If I might suggest a plan of my own, I would say, let our Sabbath morning devotions have a particular bearing on this subject—for our own minister; for those in the town and neighbourhood wherein we dwell; for the church in our own country; for that in our own sister island, and where shall our supplications stop? They will only be bounded by the limits of the world itself, for the wings of prayer will flee away far from this country of privileges, even to those distant lands where the missionary is engaged in proclaiming to his little band of half civilized, half savage hearers, the wonders of redemption. What a field for a supplicating, wrestling, Jacob-like spirit is this! Our beloved church sets us the example, when she directs us to pray that it may please God "to illuminate all priests and deacons with the true knowledge and understanding of his holy word," or "that God would send down upon our bishops and curates, and all congregations committed to their

charge, the healthful spirit of his grace," and we may well model at least the *substance* of our private petitions upon the pattern given us by the holy men who compiled our Common Prayer Book.

The present season is one which, perhaps, of all the year round is most calculated to stir up our praying as well as thanksgiving energies. Who that "is on the Lord's side" is not animated with a holy excitement, while listening to the heart-stirring appeals made during the progress of what are called 'the May meetings?' And while we thank God that the glory is not yet totally departed from our land, that there are still many among the highly-talented, not only of the clergy but of the aristocracy of our country, who lift their voices, constrained by the love of Christ, in behalf of those various associations for the glory of God in which English Protestants may yet rejoice; let us not retire from the arena of their glowing eloquence as those who listen "to the very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument;" (Ezek. xxxiii. 32.) but let our redoubled efforts and more earnest intercessory prayer shew that we have not heard in vain!

In pleading the cause of the ministry, I have entered on a wide sphere, for it is also pleading that of my country and my God; and though I am but a weak advocate, there is a strong one who intercedes at his Father's right hand, and whose plea cannot be resisted. May he, by his Spirit, impress us with earnestness in behalf of that holy cause, and then it cannot but be blest.

'For he is safe and must succeed
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.'—COWPER.

W. M.

THE RELIGION OF NATURE.

No. II.—Mysteries.

A FRIEND has objected that, in my last paper, I have spoken of Christianity before Christ. The charge is correct: Christianity and revelation are synonymous terms; for, from the first promise of Christ in Eden, the whole Bible is Christianity. Spearman briefly says, 'Christianity was the first religion.'

Let us now proceed to the archbishop's first proposition. 'The world,' he says, 'especially the heathen world, was much given to admire mysteries in religion; the Jews had theirs—the heathen likewise had theirs; so that almost every nation had their peculiar and celebrated mysteries, most of which were either very odd and fantastical, or very lewd and impure, or very inhuman and cruel, and every way unworthy of the Deity. But the great mystery of the Christian religion, the incarnation of the Son of God, or, as the apostle calls it, *God manifest in the flesh*, was such a mystery, as for the greatness and wonderfulness, for the infinite mercy and condescension of it, did obscure and swallow up all other mysteries.

'For which reason, the apostle, in allusion to the heathen mysteries, and in contempt of them, speaking of the great mystery of the Christian religion, says, "Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness, God was manifest in the flesh," &c. Since

the world had such an admiration of mysteries, he instanceth in that which was a *mystery indeed;* a mystery beyond all dispute, and all comparison.'

That the nations of antiquity had mysteries in their forms of worship is as well-known as any fact of history. They were celebrated with the utmost pomp, under circumstances of awe, and amid darkness and silence, well-calculated to subdue the minds of those who were initiated. They were divided into the greater and lesser mysteries, of which the latter seem to have been the most ancient and the most general; the knowledge of the greater initiations was confined to a few persons, and was supposed to contain ineffable truths. The system of mysteries appears to have had its birth in the east, in very early ages, and thence to have travelled into Egypt, where it became celebrated by its union with the worship of Isis. It was also introduced into Persia and Thrace, and, subsequently to the era of Homer, into Greece, where it was established in its greatest splendour at Eleusis.

That great truths were taught to the Epoptæ (or those initiated into the greater mysteries), cannot be doubted. Bishop Warburton says, that the unity of God, and the doctrine of a Providence, were taught in these celebrations: others have supposed that the principal doctrine inculcated was that all the heathen gods were only deified men. A doctrine, by the way, for teaching which Plutarch calls Euhemerus an impostor, who wrote a book full of incredible fables, and diffused every sort of impiety through the world.

Plato says that the object of initiation was to restore the soul to its native state of perfection, whence it had fallen; an idea amplified by M. Orwaroff, in

his learned and elegant treatise on the Eleusinian mysteries. There seems indeed little doubt that the fall of man, the divine interposition, the promised Redeemer, and the future combat between the good and evil deities, ending in the death, yet victory, of the former, were generally taught under the various fables of Pagan antiquity.

We will not now enter at length into the origin of the ancient mythologies: I will only state my firm belief that they were *corrupt traditions from revelation;* with the sole exception of those portions which are derived from early historic facts, or which have their birth only from the wild loose fancy of the poets who narrate them. Plato himself declares that he and the other Greeks derived their fables 'from certain barbarians more ancient than themselves,' and he also says that by *mythos* (a fable), he means a mythologic tradition received from elsewhere.

But Plato, though in himself a host, is not my only authority; Pausanias says, 'I know that the Chaldeans and the magi of the Indians are the first who pronounced the soul to be immortal; from them the Greeks learned their doctrine, and *above all Plato* the son of Aristo.' Zonaras also confirms the statement.

It is quite improbable that doctrines taught in fabulous disguise, by the poets and sages of the early world, should have been omitted in the most solemn of antiquity's religious rites, the mysteries: though it is very possible that they were confined to the greater initiations; the lesser ones being perhaps only signs and symbols, without interpretation. We know that in the Egyptian mysteries of Isis, there were scenic representations, setting forth the death of

Osiris, destroyed in battle by Typhon, (the evil principle,) and also exhibiting his resuscitation (or *resurrection*) as Horus; while Isis laments his death, and searches for his mangled remains.

We have no reason for supposing the Egyptians ignorant of the original history of mankind, however it had been corrupted and altered by ages; and we have still less ground to conclude that they invented a *slain deity* (a contradiction in terms, as viewed by man's natural reason); the grief of the earth, or universal nature, for his loss; and his final restoration under a form of immortal youth.

If these were the doctrines set forth in the mysteries, whether of Isis or Ceres, we must allow that they have sprung from the tradition of a Deliverer to come, and that the archbishop, if he imagined the "mystery of godliness" to have been adapted, in any manner, to them (in accordance with his other views which we have specified), put the cause for the effect, and the effect for the cause.

It appears to be the fact that the mysteries came from traditions of primeval truths; not that Christianity was adapted to, or made to comply with the love of mankind for mysteries in religion. This latter idea, and indeed the whole of Tillotson's scheme, is founded on what Spearman quaintly calls 'the notion that hath too long prevailed, that man, from the beginning, was left to hammer out of his own head what God and religion must be.' But the prelate here takes an incorrect view of the subject, for an older writer has observed, that 'man was not left to reason for so much as one day.' God taught him in Eden—all his descendants had equal access to the same natural source of information, their fathers'

wisdom; and thus onwards, from generation to generation, until man's wilful ignorance and perversity brought on the earth the judgment of the avenging and purifying flood. Then the system recommenced; the second father of the world taught to his children the same truths, and nothing but voluntary forgetfulness could cause them to be ignorant.

Thus, however debased and deformed by careless or ungodly men, the notions of the ancients came originally from the same source as revelation (or Christianity) itself, and the similarity between them is no longer a matter of surprise.

I do not mean to say that the mysteries of Egypt or Greece, which were most probably engines of political priestcraft, were set up because there were mysterious things in the divine plan of salvation.

The apostle, no doubt, does allude to them in the passage quoted by Tillotson; and he intends to throw contempt on them, by saying, "*without controversy great is the mystery of godliness;*" as though he had said, 'many opinions are extant as to your heathen mysteries, some admire, some despise them; some think them wise, others foolish; some view them as divine, others as diabolical; but I challenge all men to controvert or deny that God manifest in the flesh, which is the mystery of *godliness* (or Christianity) is indeed a mystery, a great mystery; great in wisdom, great in mercy; great in its invention, great in its execution.'

I only mean to state what I have already endeavoured to prove, that the heathen mysteries were derived originally from revelation, and that revelation was not—could not be, in any way adapted to them. There is that in their extreme absurdity, impurity,

and idolatry, which the God of holiness would abhor, would abolish: but which we cannot think he would ever condescend to countenance, so far as to use them for stepping-stones, to help mankind to a reception of his own sublime plan for their salvation.

X. Q.

UNAUTHORIZED CONCLUSIONS.

MADAM,

I FULLY concur in a sentiment which is found in your last number. It is this, 'The importance, the great importance and responsibility to the writer, of writing on religious subjects:' and having no doubt that your magazine has for its object the glory of God and the salvation of men, I am grieved to find any thing in its valuable pages calculated to derogate from the one, or impede the other. I allude to a fact related in 'Sabbath Musings,' the death of young N——, a Cambridge student, of whose salvation the writer has no doubt, because a text of scripture was applied to the mind of his mother, which in that awful extremity she interpreted as an assurance that mercy was extended to her son. In order to support a fact we must supply evidence, and though the powerful impression on the mind of the mother is given as such in the case before us, yet it is an unscriptural mode of deciding on the safety of the son; for religion is a personal thing, and one man cannot be saved by the faith of another. Before we take encouragement from any promise, we must carefully

examine whether it is intended to meet our state and circumstances, as it is a common device of Satan to suggest a text to the mind, that, by being interpreted apart from its context, he may lead us into presumption. There is nothing from Genesis to Revelation, that can encourage a hope that any soul can enter heaven without a title to and a meetness for its glory. The thief on the cross gave the most indubitable proofs of his faith in Christ and of the renovation of his heart; but here we are told of a young man following in life the course of this world, without ever bestowing a thought on a better, and though he left no evidence in death of repentance towards God, faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, or of a new birth unto righteousness, we are assured "that his happy spirit is among the redeemed." Now has not such a statement an evident tendency to induce the light, the giddy and the gay to turn the grace of God into licentiousness, and to make his uncovenanted mercy a motive for deferring the care of their souls? There are many, I fear, who if they read such a history would profanely bless God and take courage in their pursuit of sin and vanity, and be glad to risk their salvation on the efficacy of a mother's prayers in their last hours.

I remain, madam,
Your faithful servant, in the gospel of Christ,
C. X.

[In candor we must confess that on reading over the paper referred to, we were much inclined to take the liberty of expunging the concluding anecdote; and afterwards seriously regretted not having so done. Our valued friend, M. F. D. will, we think, on mature

consideration, agree in the view taken by C. X. Individual feeling must not be indulged at the expence of that scriptural view which it behoves us all to take, and to uphold. We could not, ourselves, have built the slightest hope upon such a supposed private revelation, unaccompanied with any token of a saving change in the object of the most awful and painful solicitude that one human being can feel respecting another; therefore we would not recommend, or seem to sanction it.—ED.]

WE cannot fully understand a single attribute of Jehovah, nor form any more comprehensive idea of that vast system he is pleased to carry on in the universe, from the small portion of it before us, than we could of the immensity of our globe, from a single blade of grass gathered on its surface. In this, our imperfect state, we have only to receive what is in mercy made known to us, and to remember that as a reluctant will must obey the commands of God, so a reluctant reason must receive his revelation, not because of the matter, but of the author, whose inscrutable designs will be developed to the new faculties of our glorified souls, when the glass through which we now see darkly shall be withdrawn, and heaven's pure light shed upon the mysteries of godliness, become to our admiring eyes, the interpreter of its own designs.—*Walker, of Truro.*

HINTS ON READING.

No. VI.

So many months have elapsed, my dear young friend, since my last letter, that if any do me the honour to remember my former papers, the feeling must be associated with them that they are, and will be left incomplete. It is unnecessary to explain the causes of the long delay; suffice it to observe that the conviction is, to say the least, not weakened, of the importance of cultivating all our faculties, as far as time and opportunity extend, and of devoting them unreservedly, cheerfully, entirely to the service of our only Saviour. This is the principle on which I would go, and I say to you solemnly and affectionately that unless we have some fixed scriptural principle to act upon, and some regular plans based upon that principle, our lives are worse than useless.

My first letter to you was upon scriptural reading; my second on religious reading, history, and biography; my third touched on scientific knowledge; in the fourth I guarded my previous letter from appearing to recommend too wide an extent of study, and in the fifth I attempted to point out some of the advantages, and yet more particularly some of the dangers of reading poetry. In this closing letter my intention is to offer you some general practical directions, in conformity with the advice previously given, to be careful *how* you read. And may he, without

whom we can do nothing, direct me so to write as may really be useful to yourself and to others!

In order to fit a woman for her sphere of action, (for that is the point to be kept in view,) her sphere of study need not, in ordinary cases, be very extensive. This truth is not, in reality, so humbling as at first view it appears, for the properties of a circle, whether large or small, are always the same. If a lady intrudes into the studies commonly appropriated to the other sex, it generally follows that either health is the sacrifice, (the physical strength of woman being rarely equal to severe mental or bodily labour,) or duties and studies are neglected, which are incumbent upon her own sex. At the same time, I would not, and I do not countenance light and superficial acquirements: the female mind, as far as its capabilities go, should be exercised; and if exercised, the power acquired and the habit formed will be felt through life, in every circumstance of life: there are circumstances in which knowledge, excepting scriptural knowledge, is of little use; there are few circumstances indeed in which a really cultivated mind, with its concomitants, energy, industry, and perseverance, may not be found available.

A certain portion of time each day should be given to mental improvement, for the mind requires food as well as the body, and cannot continue in health without it. Before young persons have entered on the active duties of life, two hours each day might surely be devoted to solid, substantial reading, and this, in the course of one year, would amount to a considerable sum. When the mind is really employed on a subject, much may be done; there is a species of half working, which is nothing more than a kind of spe-

cious idleness; it may satisfy the conscience, or rather lull it asleep, but it is quite opposed to real satisfactory progress. The question is not the number of hours that are employed in a pursuit, but the degree of vigour put forth. Some persons live as much in a day as others do in six months, and we might as well estimate the quantity of thought in an author by the number and length of his sentences, (a kind of yard-wand calculation,) as measure what really deserves the name of life by the time which elapses between birth and death.

As regards, then, the *manner* of reading, I advise you, in commencing any work, to take a general survey of its contents, so as to understand the intention of the author in writing it. I am now speaking of such works as really deserve to be studied: the author must be taken into account as well as his book: you must ascertain the period at which he lived, the times in which he wrote, and the prejudices which he might be likely to imbibe from the manners and habits of the age, or from the circumstances of his education. In reading a work carefully through, you must observe the bearing of the parts one upon another, and the general effect of the component parts as a whole. It is in grasping a whole that I think the mind of woman generally fails: her mind is, if I may so speak, analytical rather than synthetical; she can more easily dissect and examine than join together and behold: and it is necessary to bear this in mind.

Not that I would have you to overlook *parts*. Endeavour to understand clearly the meaning of every sentence; nay, of every word, and take all requisite helps for so doing in proper books of reference.

Locke said, a gentleman's library ought to be well furnished with dictionaries; I am sure that a young lady's ought; and they should be used too. I would not go quite so far as a celebrated critic and philologist, who maintained that all disputes in religion arose from nothing but ignorance of grammar, yet it is certain that many errors and disputes *do* arise from ignorance of the sense in which words are used by particular authors. You are aware that the conventional meaning of words is often very different from what we might have expected in considering their derivation, and it is a curious part of the philosophy of language, to trace the causes of this difference. This is not, however, all that I mean: some writers use words in particular senses; and in order to ascertain a writer's meaning, it is important to inquire what sense he attaches to his words. None of our English authors, I think, take such liberties as Kant, the celebrated German metaphysician, who is stated to have used words as hieroglyphics, attaching to them arbitrarily his own meaning, and thus enveloping his doctrines in obscurity scarcely to be pierced. Again, words change their meanings in different stages of a language, and have different acceptations according to the state of society, and the progress of civilization; and all this should be attended to.

To exemplify my meaning by an instance from Spencer, I may recal to you that 'careful,' both in the Shepherd's Calendar and in the Fairie Queene, signifies sorrowful, full of cares; 'bower,' a sleeping apartment, and 'gentle' seems to imply highly descended and highly bred. I might give many other instances, but these are sufficient.[1]

[1] The writer may, perhaps, be permitted to add, in a note, an in-

In recommending such close attention to the meaning of words, it is that you may have a clear idea of things, so as to form a distinct picture in your own mind, or a compact arrangement in your own thoughts. In reading travels for instance, realize to yourself the height of trees, mountains, buildings (comparing them with objects interesting to you); also the distance of places, and the extent of countries. Do not think your time lost in occasionally pausing and calculating. Rail-road travellers lose the sight of the beauty of a country. In historical or scientific readings, calculations are of great value; they make us feel that we are acquiring knowledge by our own efforts, and what is thus acquired, besides the advantage to the mind itself, will be found very permanent. We are very apt to estimate the value of objects by the pains which their acquisition has cost us; and we shall be much more likely to hold that knowledge firmly and tenaciously which we have taken pains to search out, than that which is merely laid on our hands. In scientific reading it is evident that you must very frequently make calculations, in order to enter into the author's meaning at all. But with respect to history, it may be necessary for me to

stance, from her own experience, of our aptitude to assign wrong meanings to words. In following the reading of the fourth chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews, a few days since, with the original in her hand, she was surprised to observe how long and how readily she had assigned an incorrect meaning to the expression in the twelfth verse, "The word of God is *quick*." We naturally give the word "quick" the signification of 'rapid,' but here incorrectly: our venerable translators however used it, in this passage, in the sense of *living*, the same as in Numb. xvi. 30. and as it has been employed in our creed, "the quick and the dead."

There is a passage in Colossians which is frequently misunderstood, "Lest any man *spoil* you through philosophy." The meaning is, 'carry you off through a spoil.' Other instances of misapprehension might be given; but enough has been said for the purpose intended.

be more explicit. In reading of any remarkable event or discovery, it is very useful to observe how long it was before or after another remarkable event or discovery, and thus to form some idea, either of the intermediate state of society, or of the progress of the human mind. For instance, the discovery of America, and the subjugation of the native inhabitants, could not have been effected without the mariner's compass and gunpowder; and it is very interesting to observe the exact length of time that these had been in use before Columbus set out upon his voyage. The revival of learning in Europe, and the invention of printing, are events that take an increased interest from being viewed in connection with the epoch of the Reformation. The age of remarkable individuals at the time of particular events is often a source of interest; but I have said enough to exemplify what I meant, and enough, I hope also, to induce you to act on the advice given.

Since writing a former letter, I have seen Arrowsmith's Atlases, and I wish to mention, that for clearness, fulness, and correctness, I prefer them to any that I know. Where further details than a general atlas commonly affords are required, the maps which are published by the Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge are easily procured, and very good. I know from excellent authority, that that society's maps of France are the best maps of that country which have been published in England. It may appear inconsistent to speak of a society which limits the application of the term 'useful knowledge' to a species of knowledge useful in this world only, leaving beyond the bound that which maketh 'wise to salvation;' but you will per-

ceive that I speak of its maps, not its general publications.

If a book is your own property, it is well to mark with a pencil the passages which you consider most striking and useful, so that, on a re-perusal, (and every book which is worth reading once is worth reading twice,) they may meet your eye with readiness.

I recommended to you most strongly (I have found the habit invaluable) to keep a kind of common-place book, in which to enter an abstract of every valuable work that you read, with the date of reading it, and your own remarks upon it. Bishop Jewell, a man of deep and vast erudition, used to say that 'Men acquire more knowledge by the frequent use of their pens, than by reading many books.'

You will say that in the way in which I advise you to read, it will be impossible for you to read many books. This is the conclusion to which I wished you to come. 'I fear,' Erasmus used to say, 'the man of *one book*.' You are aware that I consider the acquisition of knowledge as a subordinate point in mental cultivation; but even that is to be aimed at, not so much by deluging your mind with a vast variety of books, as by feeding on the pith of a few good and well-selected ones; and to console you under the plan I recommend,—if you read, really read a few good books, you will be enabled to know, by a very cursory perusal, the contents of a great number. The original thinkers in this world are, comparatively speaking, very, very few: the book-makers are many, and the consequence is, that the vast majority of books which issue from the press are mere compilations from preceding publications, literally verifying the saying, that 'There is nothing new under the sun.'

In addition to writing down your reminiscences, it will be very useful to converse on what you have read, or are reading, with a well-informed friend, one capable of directing your mind and forming your judgment. Besides many other advantages, this will give you a facility of expressing yourself on rational subjects, and it will increase your power of rendering your knowledge available. Lord Bacon's sentiments on this subject have always appeared to me extremely judicious. 'Reading maketh a full man, speaking maketh a ready man, writing maketh an exact man. Therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he speak little, he had need have a ready wit; and if he read little, he had need have a great deal of cunning, to seem to know that which he doth not.'

I had almost forgotten another piece of advice. Many books will be recommended to you, and in the ardent thirst for knowledge we are sometimes tempted to read all that fall in our way. Self-denial must be exercised in this as in other things. After ascertaining as well as you can what branches of knowledge are likely to bear on your daily duties, make out a list of books, or ask some judicious friend to make out one for you, from your plans of study, and keep to them. Read one valuable work quite through in the way that I have recommended, before beginning another. Arrange your knowledge as compendiously and conveniently as you can. Method is one of the principal divisions of logic, and logic is, you know, defined to be the right use of reason.

No one will, I believe, accuse me of under-valuing intellectual power; but to some I may appear to over-value it. I hope, however, that this is not the

case. Truth, in ordinary cases, does not lie in the extremes, but in the middle; and while I would cast from me every word that would appear to make religion a plea for mental indolence, I would equally guard against fostering pride of intellect, or an undue exaltation of human reason. Beset with snares on every side, the only way for safety is to cast ourselves at the feet of our Saviour, and entreat of him to be our Teacher and our Guide. Study can be begun with right motives, and carried on in a right spirit, only when it is closely joined with a spirit of prayer; so that while the mind is acquiring increase of power, the soul may be daily 'growing in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ.'

My dear Fanny, I have named the Master whose I am, and whom I desire to serve; and I cannot close my series of papers without tenderly and affectionately entreating you to seek *entire* devotedness to his service. See that nothing separate between you and your God. He gave himself wholly for you; yield yourself then wholly up to him, to be employed as shall be most for his glory, where he will, when he will, as he will. Rely simply on his merits and intercession; seek daily and hourly grace and strength from him, and endeavour (the words are Dr. Owen's) 'to do all things in the strength of your Saviour, for the love of your Saviour.'

I could not feel happy without saying thus much; and may the Lord, who can send even a little word to the heart, bless what has been attempted to be said with a view, I humbly trust, to his glory!

In closing my series of papers, I change my initials to my signature.

M. A. STODART.

THE POOR SOLDIER.

THE following letter was read from the platform of Exeter Hall, by J. Hardy, Esq. on the recent anniversary meeting of the Protestant Association. We have been favoured with it by the friend who supplied Mr. Hardy with the copy; and now present it to our readers, assuring them that it is a simple statement of the event, just as it occurred.

MR. ——, (rector of a large parish in Ulster) was informed about the end of last January, that a man who had just returned from the army was lying sick in the house of his father, who, with all his family, were bigotted Roman Catholics, and, *against his wishes*, had brought the priest to him. Mr. —— goes on to state, 'My informant was a pensioner's wife, who said the poor man in question was a pious man. I immediately set out with my curate for the house, which is in a Roman Catholic neighbourhood. Finding the door open, we entered, went straight into the sick man's room, and inquired of two women who were there, Whether the sick soldier was within? They said, Yes, and pointed to his bed in the corner of his apartment, where I found him lying, exceedingly weak. On talking with him, I found he had been colour-serjeant in the 93d. (Colonel McGregor's regiment), and that he had been in the habit of teaching the children of the regiment to read the scriptures;

and that his conduct in the service, as appeared from his discharge, had been 'very good.'

'I said, 'As you have been in the habit of reading God's word, I hope you know the salvation revealed in it.' He immediately began, 'O yes, sir, "It is a faithful saying, and worthy," &c. "God so loved the world,"' &c. I then asked him, 'And do you love the Lord?' he answered, 'Yes, sir, and I believe the Lord loves me.' I asked whether he had the scriptures in the house? He shook his head, and said in an under voice, '*They would not be allowed here.*' On talking with him for some time, I perceived that several men had collected in the house, and that much excitement existed among them. One whom I afterwards found to be a brother of his, called Mick, sat on a second bed in the room, and was trembling from agitation, then in a respectful manner begged leave to speak, and said he hoped we would not be offended; but that there had been much noise in the neighbourhood respecting his brother, and that the family had suffered much uneasiness and persecution on his account, and that as the priest had been there, and *done all that was necessary*, he intimated a hope that there might be no further interference from us. I then turned to the sick man, and informed him who my curate and myself were, thinking it possible he might not know; and I said it was not my wish to cause any disturbance between him and his family: that I had heard he was one who feared God, and to whom a visit from me might be acceptable, but that if he desired it, I should not come again. He told me, in reply, he loved to talk with any one he believed to be a true Christian, and that he was obliged to me for coming to visit him, but that he had been the

cause of much uneasiness to his friends, and had been obliged to use great *policy;* this he repeated several times. By the use of the word *policy,* I found he meant that he *considered his life, even in his father's house, not in safety,* if he openly avowed his opinions, or resisted the visits of the priest; and that both on this account, and to save his family reproach, he showed in this respect a timidity he felt he ought not.

"I was, at this moment, in much doubt how to act; whether to tell him my mind fully, or to wait for a more favourable opportunity. His father, mother, brothers, sister and cousin (a very violent fellow), seemed, with the exception of Mick, ready to break out into some violent conduct towards the poor sick rough man, if not also to us; and I thought it unwise to increase the excitement, and merely said, I trusted he was under the protection and guidance of God's Spirit, and that He would show him his duty, and preserve and bless him; and after taking out a few tracts to give him, I was rising to leave the house, when Mick requested to be allowed to speak, and, addressing his sick brother, he said, 'You have given us all much uneasiness, and have been saying often hard things: now, before these gentlemen, speak out your mind openly, and let it be known what your sentiments really are.' My poor friend remained silent for a few moments, and then slowly raising his emaciated body, and sitting up in his bed, said with great firmness, 'Well, Mick, if you wish to know my mind, and it is your desire I should conceal nothing, I will, before God and these gentlemen, without any disguise, plainly tell you that I have been a Protestant for the last fifteen years; and I wish to continue one.'

The whole house was thrown into violent confusion,

on hearing this declaration. The father and mother clasped their hands, and gave vent to the most piteous lamentations, *that they should have reared up a son, so to disgrace and ruin them*, and a vast deal more of the same nature. His cousin, who had sometime before been beaten for taking his part, when he was called by some of his neighbours 'Turncoat,' now ran up to his bed-side, and swore he should never leave the house alive; and one of his brothers went down on his knees in the kitchen, and prayed that Jesus Christ would send some mark of his displeasure upon him. I cannot now attempt to describe to you the scene; but Owen (the sick man) seeing how things were, and knowing how they were likely to be, turned to me, and said, 'Now sir, the sooner I get out of this house the better. Pray get the police, and take me out of this.' I told him, if possible, we must avoid that course, and that I would first try what could be done in an amicable way; and turning to Mick, who appeared a very sensible and well-disposed man, I begged that he would continue to act with the moderation he had done, and that he would use his influence to prevent anything taking place which would raise confusion in the neighbourhood, or bring trouble on the family. This he consented to, and I then turned to the next of the family, who were pouring out their complaints on poor Owen, for having disgraced them, ruined them, &c.: and pointing their attention to the poor fellow, as he sat up with all the resolution of a martyr, I said, 'Look at that man; you say you are disgraced by him—I cannot but say he is an honour to the family to which he belongs; did you ever see greater strength of mind than he exhibits at the present moment, about to rise up from that bed in the state you

at present see him, and to leave father, and mother, and brother and sister, for the sake of his conscience and his God. I believe that nothing but the grace of God could enable him to act as he is now desirous of doing.'

"I must be brief in the rest of my narrative. The question as to his faith was repeated, and a similar answer returned; and after much discussion, it was settled that he should forthwith leave the house. 'The devil is in him, let him go,' was cried out by one or more. I first expostulated with them, as I thought it impossible he could be moved in his weak state. He however exclaimed, 'Let me get two sticks, and crawl off in some way.' With great difficulty, Mick and I got on him merely as much clothes as would cover him, whilst my curate was busily endeavouring to quell the storm in the kitchen, to which the other members of the family had retired. Mick then (for he had great influence with the rest) got his father and the remainder of the men who were present, to shut themselves up in a room at the other side of the kitchen: and, with the assistance of two sticks, Mick under one arm, and myself supporting the other, he passed, or rather we dragged him out of the house, neither his mother nor sister, who were sitting at the kitchen-fire, taking the least notice of him. And when we got thus, about fifty yards from the house, Mick, who trembled greatly, and whose heart all the time seemed ready to burst, stopped, and said he dared not go farther—he *had already done he feared too much;* and, stooping down, he pressed his lips to his brother's hand, and then crying, 'I have lost my brother!' he returned immediately to the house.

My curate and myself, with great difficulty, got

him to a neighbouring house we found, and something better in body and comforted in soul. The next morning, when I called I asked how he felt himself, to which he replied, 'Oh, quite happy; I have not spent such a peaceful night for a long time. I have been all the morning thinking upon that psalm, "My soul is escaped as a bird from the snare of the fowler;" and again, "I have been in the lions' den." The house he left was, I understand, the day afterwards, *purged by an office* (a form in the Roman Catholic church), and by sprinkling of holy water, &c.

"Be it remembered, the above removal of the poor man from the house was during all the intensity of a January frost."

After reading the foregoing simple narrative to a most attentive auditory, Mr. Hardy remarked on the tenor of the exclamations uttered by the poor soldier's family, as proving what we well know to be the fact, that the temporal misery brought on the connections of a converted Romanist, by the priest-led persecution of the neighbours, not any spiritual loss sustained by the individual, gives rise to the violent opposition offered in such cases. When will the eyes of English Christians be generally opened, to behold this monstrous system as it really is—a cunning contrivance of worldly policy, painted and decked out to resemble a religion, the more effectually to entrap and to fetter its victims!

THE GRAVE-YARD OF DERRY.

'Would the bones of the Protestants of Derry lie worse because those of old Mrs. Cathcart lay among them?'
(Vide O'Connell's Speech on Sir R. Bateson's motion.)

No, scoffer! the bones of the true and the brave
Would welcome her dust to their Protestant grave,
And, peacefully mouldering where nobly they died,
Would bid a poor sister repose by their side.
Oh, had we but guarded their sacred bequest
With half the devotion that glowed in their breast,
How oft would yon heaven ope its portals of gold
To lost ones, now wandering afar from the fold!

What marshall'd those heroes in dauntless array,
To bide the fierce onset and brave the wild fray—
Unflinching to gaze on the home-wreck—the strife
Of famine, sword, pestilence, warring with life
Where life was the light of their bosoms—the breath
Of beauty, age, tenderness, gasping in death—
The mother, the sister, the infant, the bride:—
What nerved them, when these in mute agonies died,
To guard the poor shells of their dwellings, that stood
Like storm-riven rocks in an ocean of blood?
Oh say, thou false tongue, was it rancour that fed
That beacon of hope when all joyance was fled?
Oh say, was it hatred that humbled them there
At the footstool of God in that temple of prayer?
And when life's ebbing pulses no longer could play,
When, famished, they sank on this pillowing clay,
Did curses of wrath wing the fast-failing breath,
And enmity darken the visage of death?

No! caught from the day-spring that sparkles above,
Was the zeal of our fathers—their spirit was love!
Not even thy scornings can brighten their fame,
Not e'en thy revilings add praise to their name;
Nor insult, nor outrage can deeper endear
This spot—for the dust of our martyrs is here.
The temple they cherish'd still hallows the ground—
In death, as in life, they are girding it round;
And we, as we pace the loved precincts, can feel
The boundings of hope and the kindlings of zeal;
And faith will exultingly take up the strain,
Defenders of Derry! ye died not in vain!
On the lowly abodes of yon vallies and hills
Even now the soft dew of the gospel distils;
There, slowly but surely, dawns out the fair day,
The fetters of darkness are melting away;
The Lord will arise in his glory—the sound
Of peace and salvation shall echo around;
And, like the vain pageant that dimly moved on,
Polluted this scene for an hour, and is gone,
The plague-spot of Erin shall vex her no more:
The days of thy mourning, sweet isle! shall be o'er.
Thy children of God shall be taught, and each string
Of thy wild harp shall thrill to the praise of thy King.
And they who would erringly kindle the breath
Of wrath, by invading this region of death,
Oh! they will press onward in brotherly strife
With us to inherit the regions of life;
And then, while they ponder in awe-stricken thought,
On mercies renewed and deliverance wrought,
With lip and with heart they'll re-echo our strain,
'Defenders of Derry! ye died not in vain.'

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

April 5, 1838.

ON THE GENERAL RESURRECTION.

Genesis i. 26.

"And God said, Let us make man *in our image*, after *our likeness*."

As God created man perfect, it is probable that all his other creations were full made and perfect also, though accomplished in the period of one day each. "And the evening and the morning were that day." So likewise *if* geologists were able to *prove* that millions of millions of years *were* necessary for the formation of the different strata of the earth, it is the more incumbent on us to ascribe glory to God, who accomplishes such great things by a single "*Be.*"

"Let *us* make." He speaks to those who have the power of creating, and who must therefore be *equal* to him in the Godhead.

The early Christians regarded this as a plain intimation of the Trinity in Unity. Epiphanius says, 'Adam was formed by the hand of the Father and the Son, and the Holy Ghost: as all the faithful believe.' St. Barnabas and St. Chrysostom also speak in like manner. See St. John i. 1—3. Genesis xi. 7. Isaiah vi. 8.

"In our image, after our likeness." This expression might be very well passed over with the general remark, that it refers to "the image of righteousness and true holiness." But as the doubt may probably occur to the mind of every one on first reading the

passage, whether it does not also refer to the image of *appearance:* we will proceed to examine different passages that seem to have any connection with such opinion, though we must do so with the greatest humility and reverence, and without in the least asserting it to be orthodox, or even our opinion; for nothing more can be known of the attributes of God, the Trinity in Unity, than has been revealed by God himself, till that great day of the Lord shall come, when we shall "see God face to face."

Any assertion, therefore, beyond this knowledge must be the greatest impiety.

God's nature is above our understanding. God is an essence, and diffused everywhere; we cannot, therefore, suppose him to be limited to a body; yet he may assume an appearance, in compassion to the weakness of our minds, on the occasions of his revelations. Thus, though the Holy Ghost, being God, is a Spirit, and diffused everywhere, yet he has assumed a shape to the eyes of men, viz. as a dove. Matt. iii. 16. Mark i. 10. Luke iii. 22. And as a cloven tongue, Acts ii. 3.

But these appearances may be said to represent the gift rather than the giver. Though the likeness and image of God is often spoken of in the holy scriptures, yet the passages are never so worded that the *literal* signification must be the accepted one. They are consequently all taken figuratively, referring to the qualities of the mind and heart, as in the following texts: Gen. v. 3. Eph. iv. 24. Col. iii. 10.

It is repeatedly asserted in the New Testament, that "no man hath seen God at any time." John i. 18. vi. 46. 1 John iv. 12. And though the following texts seem to contradict this, it must be remembered

that they were intended to refute the opinion of those who supposed that the *divinity* of God the Father was superior to that of Christ. Matt. xi. 27. Luke x. 22. John xii. 45. xiv. 7—9.

The following texts speak perhaps more strongly to the literal meaning of the passage, "No man hath seen God at any time:" viz. John v. 37. Deut. iv. 12. 1 Timothy vi. 16.

In the first chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews, the third verse, Christ is spoken of as "the *express image* of God's person."

In the glorious transfiguration of Christ with Moses and Elias, St. Mark testifies, together with St. Matthew and St. Luke, that his raiment shone as the light;" and St. Luke adds, "that the fashion of his countenance was altered;" and St. Matthew, that "his face did shine as the sun." Matt. xvii. 2. Mark ix. 3. Luke ix. 29—33. This has been considered by some as a representation of the appearance of the just when made perfect. Dr. Macknight supposes, from St. Peter's expression, "Let us make here three tabernacles," that he considered that Jesus had now assumed his proper dignity, and that the kingdom was at length commenced. Finally, reference is made to the general resurrection and entrance into eternal life.

"For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know, even as also I am known." St. Paul, 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." 1 John iii. 2.

"Christ shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself." St. Paul to the Philippians iii. 21.

"But now we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." St. Paul, 2 Cor. iii. 18.

In St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians, and the fifteenth chapter, we have a long account of the raising of the body at the general resurrection, which we cannot do better than quote. He begins (ver. 35), "But some man will say, How are the dead raised up, and with what bodies do they come?" And replies, "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain: but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body."

This signifies, that as the seed, before it becomes a plant, must be buried in the earth, so our earthly body must perish before it is converted into a spiritual body; for the spiritual body will not be the mere earthly body re-formed in its original fashion and constituents, but so far differ from it in glory and excellence, as a plant in its full growth and flower differs from a seed.[1]

The apostle continues (verse 42)—

"So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is

[1] The three following verses, 39 to 41, relate to another doctrine of the resurrection, viz. the difference in station and glory which the saints shall attain to in heaven, one above another; a subject which would embrace far too much space to be treated of here.

sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: It is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. And so it is written, the first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit." "As is the earthy, such are they that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

Here we are told that the body of Adam was a natural body, but that of Christ a spiritual body: and as Adam's was, so are our bodies, earthy; and as Christ's is, so shall our bodies be converted at the resurrection, and appear, like his, heavenly.

The apostle adds (verse 50 to 52)—

"Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God: neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I shew you a mystery: we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump, for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed."[1]

Thus so different will the spiritual body be from the earthly, that at the last trump, when Christ cometh to judgment, those who will be then found on the earth, though they will not die, yet must they undergo a sudden change, to fit them for the future state.

[1] These two latter verses touch upon another subject, viz. whether the soul is sensible of the change immediately after the death of the body, or whether it waiteth for the last trump? But of this we can say nothing, as it is known to God only.

Dr. Whitby and Burkitt observe, that the apostle, by shewing the happy change which shall pass upon the raised body, gives a full and satisfactory answer to those philosophers who considered it a thing unworthy of God to raise the body and unite it again to the soul, whose happiness consisted in being separated from it.

Earthy we must needs be here, being formed from one who was created so; but when we shall be raised by Christ, our heavenly Saviour, our bodies shall also partake of the heavenly and immortal qualities of his.—*Pyle.*

So that in the text, where Adam's body is said to be in the image and likeness of God, the strongest interpretation that we can put upon the words must be, that it bears the same likeness that a seed does to the plant in full growth and blossom.

But this consideration of the glorious nature of the spiritual body naturally leads us to reflect on the state of the resurrection of the wicked.

As the spiritual body will ripen into all perfection, and beauty, and evidence of bliss, so will the condemned body be matured in the image of guilt and misery. The form, then, though easily recognised as that of the sinner on earth, however gifted he might then have appeared, will become an index of his sin, bearing the very stamp of guilt, impiety, revenge, dishonesty, and falsehood; of avarice, indolence, cruelty, or all united. Sin will be then unmasked, and seen in her true colours: the secret sin be exposed to the eyes of countless myriads; and hypocrisy, that clothed herself as an angel of light, stand confessed in her naked deformity.

Then will be seen lust wallowing as a hog, and

pride at the bottom of the gulph. Indolence will never rest, nor the cruel cease from his torment. The atheist will be then convinced, and the blasphemer silenced. But in each eye there will be evidence of eternal misery and despair.

Here we see the two states portrayed—eternal happiness, and eternal pain. But, alas! how many have chosen, and still continue to choose, the latter. Oh that we may be enabled to attain the former!

But if we have no authority for the belief that our bodies will bear a faint resemblance to God's glorious body, yet our Lord has frequently revealed himself to the patriarchs and others, under the figure of a man. Gen. xviii., iii. 8. Daniel iii. 25, &c.

The form of man then being thus honoured by God's appearance in it, and taking upon him our mortal flesh, it may in a sense be said to be hallowed, as being the form most approved of by God. Gen. ix. 6. 1 Cor. xi. 7.

Wherefore then, bearing his image, and answering to his name, "What manner of persons ought we to be *in all holy conversation and godliness?*" Lest pride, however, should take the place of humility and gratitude in our hearts, for God's mercies and condescensions towards us, let us remember that we are but a brother to the *worm*, as we both came from and return to the same *dust*.

THE QUEEN.

THE QUEEN! What a host of touching and powerful emotions does that little phrase summon up! Many are the daughters of earth who have borne that title: 'daughters of the famous nations,' now 'gone down into the nether parts of the earth.' Imagination loves to conjure up these phantoms of departed greatness, and as they 'pass in beauty' to question them of the days of old; of the agitating scenes in which they were actors, and of the then absorbing interests, which are now as though they had never been. How vividly does history, that 'light of other days,' bring before us in living, acting reality, the renowned of other lands, or the beloved of our own! Antiquity is brought home to us; distance of space and of time is annihilated; actions that are long since past are again enacted; and we weep with those who wept, or rejoice with those who did rejoice, as though they were the beings of yesterday, and we the sharers of their joy or grief. Again we tremble at the name of Semiramis, that 'terror of the mighty in the land of the living:'—again we weep over the fallen fortunes of that Lady of the Desert, the captive Zenobia:—lament for the perverted talents of the gifted Cleopatra:—or, as we pause upon the record of more recent times, shudder at the enormous guilt of the cruel De Medicis:[1]—or stand in breathless admira-

[1] Wife of Henry II. of France.

tion while the heroic Queen of Hungary presents her infant son to the assembled nobles, and they rend the air with their acclamations, 'Let us die for our Queen Maria Theresa:'[1]—or follow into voluntary exile her whose deep thirst for knowledge induced her to take from off her brow the queenly diadem; and who, resigning alike the cares and honours of royalty, in the retirement of private life, and in the enjoyment of literary leisure,

'With study and lone musing nurs'd her youth.'[2]

But it is in the fortunes of the memorable women who have held the highest place in our own country, whether as partners of the throne or as sole proprietors of its honours, that we dwell with the most intense interest. What English woman can contemplate, unmoved, the self-devotion of the loving wife of our first Edward—the intrepid heroism of the brave Philippa—the youth, the beauty, the talents, and the piety of that gentle lady, whom they 'took by force and made a' Queen—the domestic trials of the ill-fated Elizabeth of York—of the repudiated Catherine—or the more secret sorrows of the second Mary? And last, but not least, what heart does not beat with admiration and love, at the name of that devoted Christian wife, who, while watching by the sick bed of a dying King, soothed by her tenderness his painful approach towards the dark valley, and strengthened by her faith his trust in that "Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world?"

But all that the records of the past afford to touch our feelings, or excite our interest, fails, in compa-

[1] Moriamur pro rege nostro, &c. [2] Christina of Sweden.

rison with that spectacle which our own age and time affords. The sceptre of the mightest nation on earth in the hands of a young and tender girl! What cause have we to adore that providence who has raised up this graceful scion of many a blended stock of royalty, to "have the rule over us;" in that he has so ordered "the course of this world," that "peace and happiness, truth and justice" are so far established among us, as to secure the throne to her "whose right it is," although wanting the strong arm of physical power to curb, with iron rein, "the madness of the people." Time has been, when woe to the fatherless girl upon whose head had devolved the diadem, though in her pure veins ran the blood of a hundred kings!—Woe! in those days of rapine and robbery, to her who now, encircled by a nation's love, and protected by a nation's justice, is borne on the shield of universal favour, to the footsteps of her hereditary throne.[1] The grey-haired warriors of her time have bowed their laurelled heads before her, and wept tears of joy, while they pledged their willing faith. The sons of wisdom and of piety, each in his secluded walk of high and honourable pursuit, have paused to contemplate the scene, and to invoke the blessing of the mighty One, upon his chosen vicegerent. The sympathies of all have been powerfully awakened, and even children glow with unwonted ardour at the name of their youthful queen. Seated on the throne of the kingdoms, her dominion extends "to the ends of the earth." The red hunter of the Moose-deer, on the banks of the far off Ottawas, owns her sovereignty, and his Antipodes, the savage New

[1] The ancient Saxon warriors, when they elected their chief, carried him on their shields to the place of inauguration.

Hollander, bows to her sway: the swarthy negro of the west, pants to exult in the name of her freedman, and the languid Hindoo, reclining "by Gunga's wave," regrets not the departed glories of the race of Tamerlane, while he views his country, for so many ages the prey of the conqueror, awakening to virtue, to knowledge and to happiness, beneath her beneficent rule. The dream of the poet in the golden days of her renowned predecessor comes with peculiar freshness and force of application to the mind:—

'This royal lady,
(Heaven still move about her) promises
Upon this land, a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness; she shall be
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be. All princely graces
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her;
She shall be loved and feared; her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow; good grows with her:
In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.'

But who is it, to whom the name of our queen is dearest? In whose heart is it enshrined with a mingled feeling of affection and reverence, of the depth and reality of which they who have never felt it, can form no adequate notion? It is the Christian. The Christian, who takes his standard of duty, and his rule of life from the "living oracles," beholds his sovereign in a very different light to the mere politi-

cian of this world. To the one, the Queen is the first magistrate of the state; to the other, she is "the minister of God for good;" and, viewed as the chosen of God, she becomes also "precious" in his eyes. The combined feelings of affection and reverence with which men in patriarchal times regarded those who had the rule over them, is well exemplified in the very expressive name of the ancient kings of Gerar; Ab-i-melech, "my Father-king." What can more touchingly give to view that mingled feeling of reverence for a divinely instituted authority; submission to a divinely appointed rule, and affection for a divinely consecrated office, than this term, significant alike of the duty of a subject and the love of a child. True loyalty looks beyond the mere personal qualities of the monarch, to those peculiar properties of office with which the word of God invests him: in this sense it is, that the Christian in every age can pray for his "most religious and gracious king:" but how is the fire of his devotion enkindled, when he prays for the young, the virtuous, the uncompromising friend of God's laws and altars; herself a diligent student of his word, and a nursing-mother of his church. Oh! how does the Christian *so* circumstanced delightedly obey that command of his Saviour, which enjoins that "first of all supplications and prayers, intercessions and thanksgivings be made for His Queen."

But if there be any among the mystical body of Christ, who can, more than others, enter into the fulness of this happy feeling, it must surely be a youthful Christian lady. You, whose timidity would shrink from that eminence which exposes its possessor, like the tall tree of the forest, to the full violence

of the storm; how should you be incited to pray that God may shelter the sacred head of England's loftiest cedar (Ezekiel xxxi.) from the wild tornados which have desolated the high places of other lands. You who know what it is to lean upon others for protection, and to find safety and peace in docile submission to appointed rule; how should you pray, that she who is so far elevated as to have none on earth above her, may find in the King of kings a father and a friend: how should you pray that the everlasting arms may be about her, and the eternal God her refuge and support. Oh! upon that eventful day, when they will place upon her fair young brow the jewelled crown of England, that crown to which the Christian Alfred added lustre, and the Protestant Elizabeth renown,—when her sweet voice is heard solemnly promising 'to execute judgment in mercy, to maintain the established religion in England and Ireland, and the *Protestant*, Presbyterian form of worship established in Scotland,'[1] will not the united petitions of many comparatively pure and holy hearts, (her Christian sisters in the bands of the gospel, her most zealous and affectionate subjects in the providence of God) will not the united prayers of such, ascend for a threefold blessing upon THE QUEEN? Will they not ask, in the beautiful words of holy writ, that the hand of God may be established with her and his arm strengthen her: that the enemy may not exact upon her, nor the son of wickedness afflict her: that the faithfulness and mercy of Jehovah may be with her, and his loving-kindness never fail: that she may cry unto him, "Thou art my Father, my

[1] Vide Coronation Oath.

God, and the rock of my salvation:" that he may make her, by adoption here and glory hereafter, "higher than the kings of the earth;" may prevent her with the blessings of goodness, and set a crown of pure gold upon her head, in that day, when, having resigned her dominion in time, it shall be said unto her in eternity, "Come, thou blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

LYDIA.

[We purposed devoting some pages to this subject, had not our kind correspondent so ably and feelingly treated it. We now echo *Lydia's* call, earnestly beseeching every reader of these pages to be instant and constant in prayer for the royal maiden whose pledge to her people is about to be ratified in the most solemn manner. May our young Queen indeed become the uncompromising friend of God's laws and worship; may she be 'a diligent student of his word, and a nursing mother of his church!' We well know that the divine power can break through all barriers, and overbear all opposition. Though the throne should be surrounded with evil counsellors, and every snare of worldly dissipation laid, to hinder her feet from seeking the right way, all would be vain, if, in answer to the prayer of his believing people, the Lord would speak the word, saying, "I will work, and who shall let it?"—ED.]

CULTIVATION OF POETICAL POWERS IN CHILDREN.

A FEW poems were lately shewn to me, written by a very young lady, which certainly appeared to me remarkable specimens of precocious powers; the thought naturally occurred, how far it is desirable to cultivate a talent for poetry, when it developes itself in young persons. To many I may appear most unreasonably strict and severe, if, standing upon the same ground as Locke, in his Treatise on Education, but not assigning the same reasons, I should be inclined to recommend very great caution, to say the least, in encouraging the sproutings of early poetical talent. As it regards females, for that is the point in question, my opinion is founded on considerations relative to the cultivation of the mind, and to the formation of the character. Undue encouragement to poetry appears to me much the same to the mind as dieting upon trifle and sweetmeats would be to the body. The faculties require more solid, as well as plainer and more wholesome food, in order to acquire their due strength, and I might even pursue the subject to a greater extent: education is to call forth all the faculties of the mind, and to employ them to the highest ends; she does not perform her duty if she rests satisfied with calling forth *one* only, and that the very one which she is bound to watch with most suspicion, and to keep most carefully within due limits.

A mind which, under proper cultivation, might have towered up, flourishing in strength and vigour, may thus, for want of the judicious use of the pruning hook, vegetate in wild, useless, and unsightly luxuriance. What Sir Joshua Reynolds said of a certain class of painters, 'They begin by being more than boys at sixteen, they end by being less than men at thirty,' is, it is to be feared, with a slight alteration, too applicable to very many prematurely developed minds, and more particularly to those whose powers are very early directed towards poetry—or perhaps I ought, with greater correctness, to say, towards rhyming. The mind of a rhyming child is evidently in a state of activity, and calls, on that account, for particular watchfulness and care. Steam left to itself either evaporates uselessly, or explodes hurtfully: under the hand of science, it may be directed to subserve a variety of useful purposes. I would not entirely stifle early poetical powers, but, both as it regards future usefulness and future happiness, I would cultivate them very sparingly.

It is in looking at the general character that I feel the importance of moderation and common sense on this point. One of the very greatest misfortunes that can happen to a child is to be led to imagine itself on any account, or in any way, but more especially on an intellectual account, different from other children. Such persons as have had the disaster of stumbling on these little prodigies, can bear me witness that I am not exaggerating in stating that they are, to say the least, very disagreeable little animals. They know more at ten years of age than persons who have read and studied, and thought and seen, know at fifty, and they give their opinions more freely and more

confidently. Like John Bunyan's Shame, there is no saying them nay, and they cling to you almost as pertinaciously. The being different from other persons is, as it regards themselves, invariably synonymous with superiority; they seem very far from being aware that it might more justly intimate inferiority. I am sketching a class, (and it is to be hoped a small one,) not individuals. In after life, intercourse with the world, the acquisition of some general knowledge, and greater self-acquaintance, may modify the disagreeables which have been as it were almost engrained into the character, by softening the roughnesses, or by casting a veil over them; but only the Spirit of God can effectually root them out, and long and painful discipline under the sole and sovereign Sanctifier of the human heart, is often necessary. I am tempted to suggest a word of caution to those parents who may have poetical children; and if my paper should fall under the eye of any such, to add an affectionate warning to the children themselves, I would remind them that in these days, when 'the school-master is abroad' and his ultra workings seem in fashion, against a species of hot-bed forcings, which has proved highly injurious in every way to many a promising child. Parental vanity urges forward, and upon that shrine, the health and substantial improvement of a young immortal being is too often sacrificed. One of our most eminent physicians goes so far as to say that many of the brain diseases which have fallen under his inspection, and which have in many cases proved fatal to intellect, he has been able frequently to trace up to the system of undue exertion and excitement, in childhood.

One of the most sensible mothers of my acquaint-

ance invariably expresses her thankfulness that her children have good, plain common sense, and are nothing remarkable; and to say the truth it *is* a cause for thankfulness. Another equally sensible person, not a mother, talking to me on this very subject, several years ago, remarked, 'Had I a daughter, I would endeavour first of all to swathe her into a resemblance to other girls, and to extinguish every spark of originality, which I am convinced is but another name for affectation."

The subject deserves to be treated more at large; these brief hints may induce some correspondent of the Christian Lady's Magazine to take it up: and with that hope I leave it.

N. N.

THE church has passed through many difficulties and varied trials; the power of man and the subtlety of Satan have made common cause for her destruction, but she has surmounted and outlived them all. The history of the church, and the history of the world, are alike the records of Zion's preservation. An unseen arm has ever discomfited her foes, and like the proud bulwark of the city has rolled back from its unscaled front the most tumultuous tide of her assailants.—*Boyd on the Church.*

HYMN FOR THE SABBATH EVENING.

ONCE more the covenant day is given,
A sign between our souls and heaven.
Its hours have run their sacred round;
But have our willing hearts been found,
Glad the covenant to fulfil;
Stands the sign unbroken still?—Ex. xxxi. 16, 17.

We entered in the house of prayer;
But went the soul to worship there?
Or was it wandering far and wide,
With earthly pleasures occupied?
Who hath required it at our hand,
Thus guilty in his courts to stand?—Isaiah i. 12.

Now, from the morning watch begin,
Count o'er each moment's added sin;
No day of common note has flown;
God claimed each instant as his own;
Each vacant hour, each idle word
By Him was marked, by Him was heard.—Is. lviii. 13.

His name is "Jealous"—yet our feet
May still approach the mercy seat.
Repenting now, we may obtain
The pardon never asked in vain;
Yet count not on an hour's delay,
NOW is Christ's accepted day.—2 Cor. vi. 2.

M. A. S. BARBER.

Review of Books.

THE PARAGRAPH BIBLE. *The Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments: translated out of the original tongues; and with the former translations diligently compared and revised. By His Majesty's special command. Arranged in paragraphs and parallelisms.* Printed by Eyre and Spottiswoode, for the Religious Tract Society.

THIS is what we have long been desiring to see. Occasionally we have noticed the peculiar advantage derived from using what is called the Bible *de suite*, where the obvious sense is followed in dividing the matter irrespective of the plan of chapter and verse. These are marked distinctly on the margin, so as to afford all facility of reference; but they do not interfere with the course of the narrative or exhortatory portions. This 'Paragraph Bible' is a decided improvement on the preceding; varying from it principally in the arrangement of the poetical parts. In the former, the Psalms, Job, and metrical portions of

the prophets, are divided into verses, following exactly the common arrangement: in this they coincide with the Hebrew. As an illustration of our meaning, we will select part of the 46th Psalm, leaving our readers to compare it with the same, as printed in their bibles.

God is our refuge and strength,
A very present help in trouble.
Therefore will not we fear,
Though the earth be removed,
And though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;
Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,
Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah.
There is a river,
The streams whereof shall make glad the city of God,
The holy place of the tabernacle of the Most High.
God is in the midst of her;
She shall not be moved;
God shall help her, and that right early.
The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved;
He uttered his voice, the earth melted.
The Lord of hosts is with us;
The God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah.

The authorized version is punctually followed, according to the most correct editions, collated with the first edition of 1611. The name of the Rev. T. Hartwell Horne, under whose auspices, combined with those of the Rev. Dr. Henderson, the volume has been prepared, will afford a guarantee for its accuracy. Nothing can approach the sublime magnificence of some passages in Job and the prophets, as now arranged: while the perspicuity given, or rather restored, to other parts of the sacred volume, by removing injudicious divisions that obscure the meaning, is wonderful. It may be as well to remark, for the benefit of such as are not aware of it, that the division into chapters was made by a Romish cardinal, Hugo de Sancto Charo, about the year 1250; and that

into verses, by a French printer, Robert Stephens, in 1551. He, however, placed the figures in the margin, as in this edition; it was not until Elizabeth's days that the text was broken up as we now have it in our common bibles. Our blessed Reformers drew their spiritual sustenance from pages resembling those which we now—after long using a similar volume in private—heartily recommend to all our bible-reading friends: and surely we have no friends who are not bible-readers?

THE LIFE AND MINISTRY OF THE REV. SAMUEL WALKER, B. A. *formerly of Truro, Cornwall. By the Rev. Edwin Sidney, A. M. Author of 'The Life of the Rev. Rowland Hill, A. M.' &c. Second edition, revised and enlarged.* Seeley and Burnside.

THE book and its subject are already well known: we congratulate the public on the appearance of this enlarged edition. A work more profitable to the laity, more invaluable and important to the ministry, of the church of England especially, we could not readily name. The memoir is particularly encouraging to those—and they are many—who, removed from the wider and more conspicuous walks of ministerial duty, are confined to the cultivation of a stubborn soil, unaided by the powerful, we do not say the salutary stimulants of notoriety and public applause. The narrative part of this work is admirably written, with a constant view to the reader's personal edification: an object too often lost sight of by modern biographers, in the eagerness of a desire to give all

possible prominence to the departed subject; with, sometimes, a conspicuous niche for the living chronicler of his worth.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF EXETER HALL, *in* 1834—1837. *By one of the Protestant Party.* Nisbet and Co.

THE sketches contained in this book very much resemble those in the famous Random Recollections of the Peers and Commons, but with this difference, that, while graphic and amusing to a high degree, they are totally divested of the sneering sarcasm, prejudice, and ill-nature that do certainly render the political work very disagreeable. By the by, we generally find that those who profess to belong to no party are the most inveterate of partizans: while, on the other hand, one who takes his stand boldly and openly, on what he considers the right ground, and avows his determination to maintain it, usually acts a more liberal part than the affected neutral. We, being most decidedly and avowedly of the same party with the author of these Random Recollections of Exeter Hall, are delighted to see such even-handed justice dispensed even to Daniel O'Connell and Lord Brougham. The first we have never, to this day, beheld: the latter only for a moment, some years since, in a dark court, on a dark day, shrouded in the chancellor's wig. Yet we could undertake to pronounce the description given of him in these pages a perfect portrait—distressingly accurate. Of others we can speak more confidently: let any one who has never

seen Lords Roden or Winchilsea, Dr. Cooke or Dr. O'Sullivan, but has studied their speeches, read the 'random recollections' of their appearance and manner, he will be almost as familiar with the latter as with the former; while those who carry away with them their own recollections of those noble champions of Protestantism, will be delighted to refresh their memories by means of these pages. The style is not only lively but humourous; many a laugh burst forth while running through the very sketchy delineations. In general they are abundantly favourable to the individuals concerned—not flattering, but fair and just. Some parts are highly comic, all thoroughly effective.

We will now let our readers into a profound secret, which they will use their discretion in keeping. We have good grounds for something more than vehemently suspecting this book to be the production of a certain X. Q. who first appeared in our own pages as the redoubtable maintainer of female equality, taking up the gauntlet thrown by M. A. S., and who, with a sly reservation against ever seeing Mrs. X. Q. reduce to practice the beautiful theory of her sex's champion, offered battle, some people thought with more gallantry than sincerity, to all gainsayers. We were then, and for a long time after, totally ignorant who the individual was, who in a very kind letter, encouraging our humble work, had mentioned being often near us in Exeter Hall. For a long time, as our eye glanced along the goodly ranges of the platform, a kind of X. Q. suspicion fastened itself on every determined-looking gentleman, name unknown, who appeared to take a warm interest in Protestant matters. The occasion for dropping the mask was no other than the presenting us with the entire property

of these Random Recollections of Exeter Hall, to be applied to the advancement of the Protestant cause in the Western districts of poor Ireland. Those, therefore, of our fair readers who acknowledge a debt of gratitude to X. Q. for coming forward to assert their full equality with the lordly sex, not many of whom would make so generous an admission, must now give their unfeed advocate the farther credit of having provided them with a most entertaining little volume, and Ireland at the same time with a valuable benefaction. We take this occasion of publicly, and most warmly and gratefully thanking the writer, while, for reasons both interested and disinterested, we bespeak a wide circulation for the book.

THE MARRIAGE RING. *By Jeremy Taylor, D.D. Chaplain in ordinary to King Charles the First; and some time Lord Bishop of Down and Connor. With Preface and Prayers, by the Rev. J. Cumming, M.A.* Baisler.

WITH great judgment Mr. Cumming has reprinted this little treatise, and sent it forth in a most attractive form, at the present juncture, when, as he truly remarks, 'Marriage divorced from religion, and education prosecuted without the bible, are of all plans the most likely to be successful in contaminating the population of our country, and turning a world already sadly dismantled into a very pandemonium.' He proceeds to represent that 'our whole hope, under God, of averting so disastrous results, must now lie in the success we experience in imbuing *individual* minds with a sense of the power and excellence of the gospel, as the cement of every relationship.' The

preface is an excellent piece of writing; the little treatise truly spiritual and practical, and the volume elegant, particularly those in white silk, tastefully lettered and ornamented with gold. We should like to drop one in the waistcoat-pocket of every bridegroom, or to slip it into the hand of the bride. We must be diligent now in such works, on the principle laid down by Mr. Cumming, that individuals are to be dealt with under the sad conviction of a rapid failure in what once embraced in its wide range a Christian community *as such*.

THE WORLD. *By a Deserter*. No. I. Nisbet and Co.

THE class of persons to whom we wish this little work to find its way consists of those whose moral principle has not yet been swept away by the deluge of licentiousness; and who, while reprobating what is openly vicious, strenuously battle for a participation in theatrical amusements, on the score of their harmlessness, under certain restrictions. Another class there is, of persons themselves spiritually enlightened and separated from the world, who, while waiting the answer to their prayers for their children's conversion, permit them, in the interim, to range at will, not even interdicting the play-house. We recommend this first number of a series which we earnestly hope may be continued, to parents, guardians, and experienced Christian friends. Some discrimination must be used in circulating it, as they will perceive. Many will stand aghast on perusing it; and will perceive the peril to which they may have unwittingly exposed

their sons in a most terrific light. The theatre is the principal topic of this number; and even that subject is not exhausted. The book is small, in stiff covers, very handsomely got up, as the phrase is, and thereby fitted for circulation among the more elevated and refined classes to whom it is addressed. Any thing more forcible we have not met with: each remark carries conviction to the mind; and the good to be hoped from its *judicious* use is in our opinion very extensive.

AN APPEAL *to the British Nation in behalf of her Sailors. By Rear-Admiral Sir Jahleel Brenton, Bart. K.C.B. Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich Hospital.* Nisbet and Co.

THE days are gone by when, from good old George the Third upon his throne to the youngest urchin who played about the streets, the most popular, and most important and interesting of all subjects, was, 'The wooden walls of old England'—when he would have had his nationality, or at least his allegiance, called in serious question, who had not been *au fait* at chorussing the universally known ditty—

Hearts of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men.

Those days may however return, when, under God, we must look to our navy for protection; and much it is to be feared that our sin will then find us out—the national sin of grossly neglecting the bodies, and more cruelly yet the souls of those who, remaining on the broad seas for our defence, were thereby shut out from the means of grace abounding in the land round

which their bulwarks floated, year after year, in watchful guardianship, or chased the enemy into his distant ports.

There is something very beautiful in the exhibition of a veteran commander, who has borné an ample share in the perils and conquests of those stirring times already referred to, now enjoying a season not of selfish indolence, but of peaceful activity on behalf of the neglected men with whom none is better acquainted than Sir Jahleel. We speak not from report, but from something more substantial, when we say that, in his capacity of Lieut.-Governor, residing in Greenwich Hospital, Sir Jahleel Brenton is the sailors' friend and father, promoting alike by influence and example whatsoever may best glorify God in the well-being and well-doing of his creatures. When the outrageous attack that the Temperance Magazine condescended to make on us, without the shadow of a provocation, almost induced the hostile feeling which was falsely presumed to exist in our mind, against a system that could consist with such unmeasured intemperance of language in some of its most strenuous advocates, we were attentively watching its beneficial results under the judicious *Christian* direction of Sir Jahleel Brenton, and one or two like-minded with himself, in that vast establishment. This by the way.

In the volume now submitted to the public, Sir Jahleel has sketched, with the plain, bold, steady hand of a British sailor, the claims of his subordinates on a forgetful public. It is a most manly work, replete with sound arguments, interesting anecdotes and unanswerable appeals—or at least only answerable by a hearty response to his just demands. We

wish him the greatest happiness that he can enjoy in this stage of an immortal existence: the consciousness that he has not only faithfully done his duty by them who through many a trying scene and hard-foughten action have gallantly done their duty with him, but also that his powerful 'appeal' has awakened many a dormant recollection, struck many a chord of long-silenced feeling, and elicited from the followers of the Captain of their common salvation whom he also follows, a sterling proof that the British nation has not forgotten her worn-out and disabled sailors; but desires to prove to them that even now the pure Christian charity, which,

> Like a sweet little cherub sits smiling aloft,
> Will look out a good berth for poor Jack.

THE WILD GARLAND: *or Prose and Verse illustrative of English wild-flowers and forest-trees. By S. Waring, Author of 'the Minstrelsy of the Woods,' &c. Second edition, with additions.* Frys.

A VERY pretty miscellany, containing about a dozen accurately coloured plates of flowers, which every English cottage child will recognize as familiar to his eye. Some of the poetry is really beautiful, the prose entertaining, and the whole bespeaks a mind fully alive to that continual feast which God has spread before us, in the exquisite works of his hands.

THE PROTESTANT.

'WHATEVER may be done towards the rescue of this country,' said my uncle, 'will be effected by divine power, in answer to the prayers of God's people. But as the Lord works his will by ordinary means, it does not follow that the revival will be brought about by sanctified instruments. Suppose my household to be visited by a deadly disease: I make my supplication to the Most High for its removal; and I look for an answer to my prayer in the blessing vouchsafed to medical skill, though the healing potion may be prepared and dispensed by worldly hands. What would you think of me, if I neglected to watch, or refused to rejoice over the favourable symptoms of my suffering family, because the physician may not have prayed over his prescription, nor the apothecary over his mortar? Even so, I am able to bless God for any approach towards political soundness of view, and propriety of treatment, on the part of those who must be the means in God's hand of healing the hurt of the daughter of my people.'

'And do you perceive such an approach, uncle?'

'I think so: indeed I am sure of it. A large and leading portion of the Conservative press has hitherto studiously avoided taking up the ground on which Protestantism must stand in open avowed opposition to Popery, as a system of spiritual iniquity. They have been willing to concede to it a place among religious

communities, keeping distinct the theological faith and political practices of the Romanist. In this they were farther strengthened by the honourable conduct of our Howards and a few others, who have not yet been summoned by infallible authority to sacrifice their gentlemanly feelings of rectitude, and respect for obligations entered into with an honest purpose of being true to their knightly word, to the interests of their wily church. Sir Robert Peel and his fellow-emancipators expressed no conviction that they erred politically, much less that they sinned against God, in admitting Popery to the high places of the land; and the press in general has denounced as fanatical and chimerical all proposals for undoing the mischief. I certainly mark a growing disposition in both quarters to abandon this untenable ground, and to acknowledge that the recent developement of vigorous life in the old Popish principle, charitably supposed to be defunct, of 'no faith with heretics' must throw us back upon our ancient, strong position, 'No peace with Rome.'

'I wish you would explain to me, uncle, the matter to which you so often refer; the late exposure of duplicity in parties taking the oath.'

'First, read the oath itself: here it is, as taken upon the gospels, within the last few months, by every separate Romanist now holding a seat in Parliament, 'I do swear that I will defend to the utmost of my power the settlement of property within the realm, as established by the laws: and I do hereby disclaim, disavow, and solemnly abjure any intention to subvert the present church establishment as settled by law within the realm; and I do solemnly swear that I never will exercise any privilege to which I am or

may become entitled, to disturb or weaken the Protestant religion or Protestant government in the United Kingdom: and I do solemnly in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare that I do make this declaration, and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words of this oath, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatever. SO HELP ME GOD!' This is the pledge, the solemn pledge given by every member of the Romish church, on his admission to the exercise of legislative or other public functions under the British crown. A short time ago, Saverio, an archbishop of that church, titular bishop of Malta, having this oath tendered to him, as a member of the council in that island, with a noble, and alas! a singular uprightness of mind, refused to take it. He knew that his obligation, as a Romanist, to labour in all possible ways for the destruction of Protestantism, was utterly incompatible with such a pledge: he therefore referred the matter to Rome. No doubt the Pope and his propaganda most heartily regretted the unreasonable conscientiousness of this priest: but, after a long delay, they were compelled to answer his honest appeal. The official reply states that the form of oath having been examined, 'it is found not to be approvable by the holy see, and that it never has been approved of.' Consequently it comes under that class denounced in a decree of Gregory IX. and Innocent III., which being contrary to the interests of the church of Rome, '*are not to be considered oaths, but perjuries!*''

'But surely this oath cannot have been administered to, and taken by, all who have obtained the benefits of that emancipation act, during nine years,

throughout the British empire and its vast colonies, without a reference to their head of the church.'

'If, my dear, you will indulge in such uncharitable surmises, I cannot help it. But, seriously, the utmost stretch of mortal credulity cannot admit the possibility of the Irish members being ignorant of the fact. They have taken an oath every session, the keeping of which would, according to the infallible decree of infallible pontiffs, be perjury. All enlightened Protestants were fully aware of the fact: but so long as the parties at Rome kept their own counsel, we could not prove that the afore-mentioned decree was still in force. It was for the providence of God, acting upon the not fully seared conscience of a naturally honest man, to bring to light these hidden things of darkness, and to show us the extent of our peril—too late, perhaps, to avert it, but sufficiently early to involve in tenfold condemnation all who shall promote, or in any way connive at, the sacrilegious mockery to be repeated every time these men resume their adjuration of the great and terrible name of the Lord God, to witness their commission of what a power which they exalt above HIM has declared to be perjury. The occasion on which this has been so broadly laid open before the British public, was the majority obtained in the Commons' House on the 15th May, when the question of appropriating the revenues of the established church in Ireland to purposes totally unconnected with religion—exclusively subservient to popery and infidelity, was carried by a majority of nineteen votes hostile to and disturctive of the Protestant church. No fewer than thirty-seven men, who had taken the oath which we have just read over, voted on that night in direct, deliberate viola-

tion alike of its letter and spirit. Lord Surrey, and his son, Lord Fitzalan, refused to vote at all: so proving the rule by an honourable exception. Political consistency would have demanded of them a cordial support to the Whig measure; but from an act of perjury they shrank, and the country will know how to appreciate the sacrifice.'

'But has Sir Robert Peel made any distinct avowal of regret for having carried that fatal measure of 1829?'

'He has: he most expressly declared, that had he been informed by the claimants what use would be made of the concession, that measure would never have been carried. He also said, that if his personal ambition or private feelings had been allowed to influence him, he would rather have abandoned office than have consented to it:—public opinion, and the personal request of the King, alike led him to retain his position, and to pass the bill. It is here, my dear child, that I trace the dawning of hope. In the Lord's hand are all the hearts of men: he turns them as he wills, and bends them to the accomplishment of his own purposes. Our part is to pray without ceasing, to make our requests known unto God, and leave it to him to answer the prayer in his own time and way.'

'But we are not to be idle, or silent, surely?'

'Just the reverse of both. We cannot be too perseveringly active in working, or too explicitly distinct in speaking, for the furtherance of the cause. At all times, in all places, under all circumstances, let us testify against Great Babylon, and her allies: let us weaken her hosts by proclaiming deliverance to her captives; and paralyze her strength by laying

bare the hateful deceptions by which alone she can, as yet, practise and prosper in this country. What a noble work is in progress, by means of the Irish language, among the poor people of that priest-ridden generation!'

'There is, indeed, uncle: and however overlooked by the wise and the mighty of this world, it is preparing the way for still greater things.'

'I really think,' observed my uncle, after a pause, 'that the public meetings held by those societies the object of which is the promotion of Christianity in direct opposition to popery, have produced a vast, and in some quarters an unsuspected, effect. A few striking facts there detailed, finding their way from time to time into the daily papers, have thrown light on the great subject in the sight of some who before were greatly blinded, and who would not have come to hear what a parcel of fanatics might say. The Protestant, the Irish, the Reformation, and the Hibernian meetings have been especially useful in this way. Happy are they whose hearts the Lord has disposed to co-operate in the great work of arming the church against her coming conflict!'

My uncle then drew forth a paper, and proceeded. 'In an old book,—Perry on the glory of Christ's visible kingdom,—I lately met with some striking remarks on the subject of the witnesses, whose slaying was then, as I have no doubt it yet is, future. The writer gives some interesting details of a conversation held with that eminent man of God, Archbishop Usher, shortly before his death, in 1656, by a friend. Without attaching to Usher's observations a directly prophetical character, I was much struck by their coincidence with my own private opinions and ex-

pectations. Here they are: your readers may judge for themselves.'

The passage is as follows: the Archbishop's friend had put this question to him, "Whether this dismal time, which he had often heard him speak of, was not past, seeing that we have had abundance of trouble and distresses in nations and kingdoms during late years? To which he answered, 'That they were yet to come, and that he did as confidently expect it as ever he had done;' adding, 'that this sad persecution would fall upon all the Protestant churches of Europe.' To which the other replied, He hoped it might have been past to these nations of ours. But this holy man, fixing his eyes upon him, with a serious and ireful look, which he usually had when he spake God's word, and not his own, and when the power of God seemed to be upon him, and to constrain him to speak, which speaking differed much from his usual speaking, he said thus: 'Fool not yourself with such hopes, for I tell you all you have yet seen hath been but the beginning of sorrow to what is yet to come upon the Protestant churches of Christ, who will, ere long, fall under a sharper persecution than ever yet has been upon them: And therefore (said he to him) look you be not found in the outward court, but a worshipper in the temple before the altar; for Christ will measure all those that profess his name, and call themselves his people; and the outward court worshippers he will leave out, to be trodden down by the Gentiles. The outward court (says he) is the formal Christian, whose religion lies in performing the outside duties of Christianity, without having an inward life and power of faith and love, uniting them to Christ: and these God

will leave to be trodden down, and swept away by the Gentiles; but the worshippers within the temple and before the altar are those who do indeed worship God in spirit and in truth, whose souls are made his temples, and he is honoured and adored in the most inward thoughts of their hearts; and they sacrifice their lust and vile affections, yea and their own wills to him: and these God will hide in the hollow of his hand, and under the shadow of his wings; and this will be one great difference between this last and all other preceding persecutions; for in the former the most eminent and spiritual ministers and Christians did generally suffer most, and were most violently fallen upon; but in this last persecution these shall be preserved by God as a seed to partake of that glory which shall immediately follow and come upon the church, as soon as ever this storm shall be over; for as it shall be the sharpest, so it shall be the shortest persecution of them all, and shall only take away the gross hypocrites and formal professors; but the true spiritual believers shall be preserved till the calamity be overpast.' The question being put to him again, and that was to know by what instruments this great trial should be brought on? He answered, by the Papist. The other replied, that it seemed very improbable that they should be able to do it, since they were now little countenanced, and but few in these nations; and that the hearts of the people were more set against them than ever since the Reformation. He answered again, that it would be by the hands of the Papists, in the way of a sudden massacre, and that the then Pope should be the chief instrument of it. All this (saith he) I heard him speak with so great assurance, and with the same serious and

concerned countenance which I have before observed him to have, when I have heard him foretel some things, which in all human appearance were very unlikely to come to pass; which yet I myself have lived to see happen, according to his prediction; and this made him give the more earnest attention to what he then uttered. The bishop further added, that the papists were, in his opinion, the Gentiles spoken of in the eleventh of Revelations, to whom the outward court should be left, that they might tread it under foot, they having received the Gentile worship, in their adoring images, and saints departed, and in taking to themselves many mediators. And this, said he, the papists are now designing among themselves; and therefore be sure you be ready. This was, saith he, the substance, or the greatest part of the very words which this holy man spake to me, not long before his death, and which I writ down, that so great and notable a prediction might not be lost and forgotten by myself nor others.

"This gracious man repeated the same thing in substance, to his only daughter, the Lady Tyrrel, and that with many tears; (as he saith) she assured me with her own mouth to this purpose, 'That opening the doors of his chamber, she found him, with his eyes lifted up to heaven, and tears running apace down his cheeks, and seemed to be in an extacy, wherein he continued for about half an hour, not taking the least notice of her, though she came into the room; but at last turning to her, he told her that his thoughts had been taken up about the miseries and persecutions that were coming upon the churches of Christ, which would be so sharp and bitter, that

the contemplation of them had fetched those tears from his eyes; and that he hoped he should not live to see it, but possibly she might, for it was even at the door. 'Therefore take heed,' says he, 'that you be not found sleeping.' The same things he also repeated to the Lady Bysse, wife to the present Lord Chief Baron of Ireland; but adding this circumstance: That if they brought the king back, that is king Charles II., it might be delayed a little longer but (said he) it will surely come; therefore be sure to look, that you be not found unprepared for it. But to conclude the matter in the words of Dr. Bernard, speaking of this excellent person: 'Now howsoever I am as far from heeding of prophecies this way, as any; yet with me it is not improbable that so great a preacher, so sanctified from his youth, so knowing and eminent throughout the universal church, might have, at some special times, more than ordinary notions and impulses in doing the watchman's part of giving warning of judgment's approaching.' Now that which made me willing to insert this prophecy of bishop Usher is because I look upon that time of calamity or persecution which the bishop hath foretold, will surely come upon all the reformed churches in Europe, to be the time of the witnesses being slain. For though the calamity will fall only upon the outward court, whose profession lies in the performance of the outside duties of religion, without having the internal life and power of grace in their hearts: and that the people of God are to be preserved from the storm, and so consequently, not corporally killed; yet they being so secretly and securely hid by the Lord from this dismal massacre, there will not, as I humbly conceive, be one of the witnesses

appear to give an open and visible testimony, during that little time of the calamity; and therefore may be said to be spiritually slain. But at the end of this time, the spirit of life from God will come down, and raise up these witnesses, as a seed to partake of that glory which will immediately follow; and that they may be spirited to fall upon their enemies, in the utter overthrow of Babylon. Thus I have freely given my thoughts concerning the death and resurrection of the witnesses, I shall now leave the matter to the reader's serious consideration. But if all these things be laid together, it doth carry evidence in itself that this glorious time which I have been speaking of, is very nigh, even upon the very borders of fulfilment."

'It seems,' I remarked on concluding the extract, 'that the good archbishop considered those things to be very near at hand almost two hundred years ago, for which we are now looking.'

'Yes; as the Thessalonians expected the day of the Lord to come during Paul's life-time. The great interpreter of prophecy, time, has shewn us the gradual unfolding of that mighty chain of events which has most certainly brought us very near the last links. Usher had witnessed, and barely with his life escaped, the terrible rebellion and massacre of 1641. It is singular that so soon after beholding so tremendous a scene of carnage—for thirty-seven thousand Protestants were murdered round about him by every variety of torture that cruelty could devise, he should have anticipated so much fiercer a visitation. Nothing equalling, or even approaching to the horrors of 1641 has yet befallen these lands.

Let us look to it, for I have no manner of doubt as to the rapid approach of that which the good Usher expected.'

'It will doubtless be a portion of that "great tribulation" whereof our Lord has warned us, as winding up, in the latter days, the church's militant history under this dispensation. Whether the prediction of the archbishop be correct or not, as to the personal safety of sincere worshippers, we have much encouragement, uncle, to proceed in praying and labouring for the souls who are now partakers of the sins of great Babylon, that they may come out of her, and so receive not of her plagues.'

'Ay: what a spirit-stirring, heart-cheering day we had on the anniversary meeting of the Protestant Association! It warmed me more than any thing I have witnessed for many a long month has done. I would make a pilgrimage any day, as far as my limbs would carry me, to look on such a specimen of what an English nobleman ought to be as we had before us in that unflinching Protestant, the earl of Winchilsea. Between joy at seeing one like him come forward as he did, and sorrow that so few, so very few of his rank are found to stand beside him, I could have wept.'

'I did, uncle. Give us a phalanx of such men as our Winchilseas, our Rodens, our Lortons, our Plumptres and our Hardys ——'

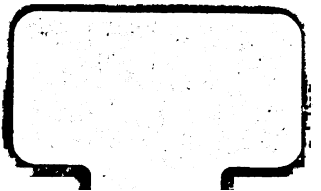
—'And Gordons,' interrupted my uncle.

'True: give us a host, small as Gideon's, and like them set apart for the achievement of the victory, and what will be the result?'

'I know not, my dear, what the result may be to this land; but I know what it will be to themselves.

Meanwhile, let us, in our humble sphere, be also found faithful to the great and glorious cause. Take dear Lord Roden's beautifully appropriate family motto: '*Faire mon devoir ;*' and add to it the signet which you wear on your finger, and, by God's grace on your heart too—'NULLA PAX CUM ROMA.'

PORTIONS FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE.

FRIDAY, JUNE 8. Judges vii. 1 Tim. iv.	FRIDAY, JUNE 22. Dan. vii. 15. Gal. vi.

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